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PICTORIAL REVIEW

A.N.C. P.D.C. SUBS.

JULY 1934
TEN CENTS



Frederic Pallerson Marsh

Printed in Canada

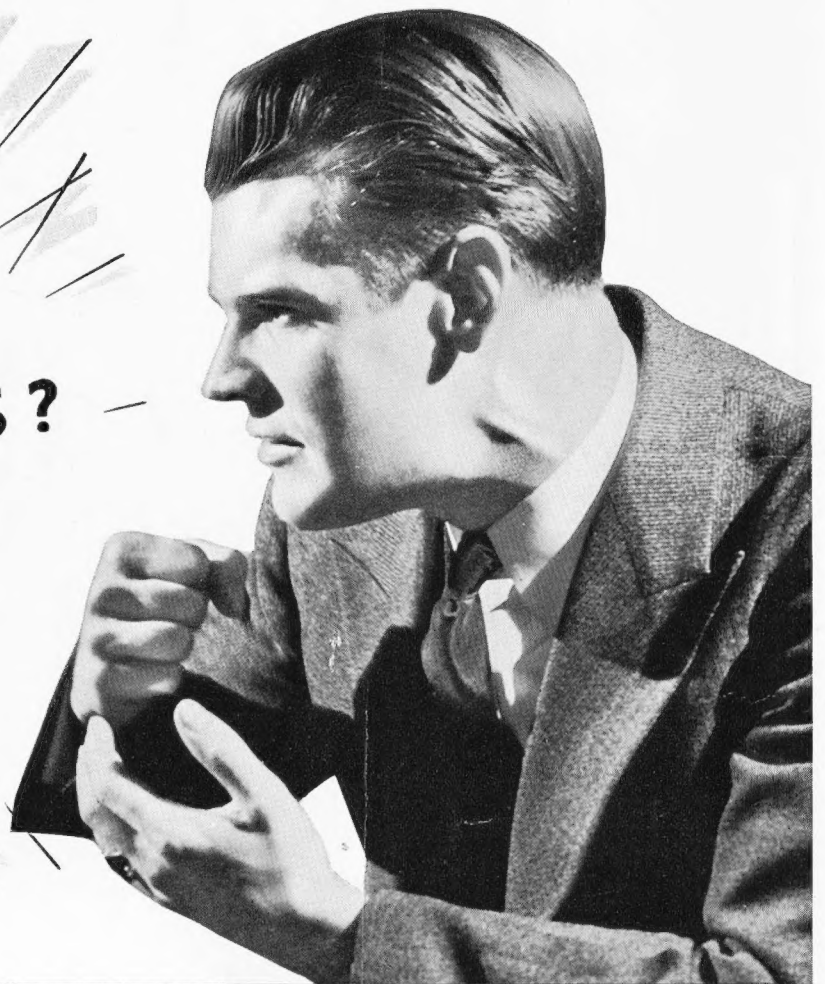
THE MOTHERS CAN BE SAVED

MARIE DRESSLER turns down a fortune

Also ELISE JERARD · VALMA CLARK · EMMETT GOWEN



**MORE
STOCKING RUNS ?
—YOU'LL RUIN
ME, BABS**



THEN THE BRIDE LEARNED HOW TO CUT DOWN COSTLY RUNS



"My husband said to write..."

"All you say about Lux is true—Luxing my stockings every day has cut my runs down amazingly. My husband thinks you ought to know how much it means to us, when every dollar saved counts so much! I wouldn't ever go back to my old cake-soap rubbing method or use soaps containing harmful alkali."

Barbara Rainforth



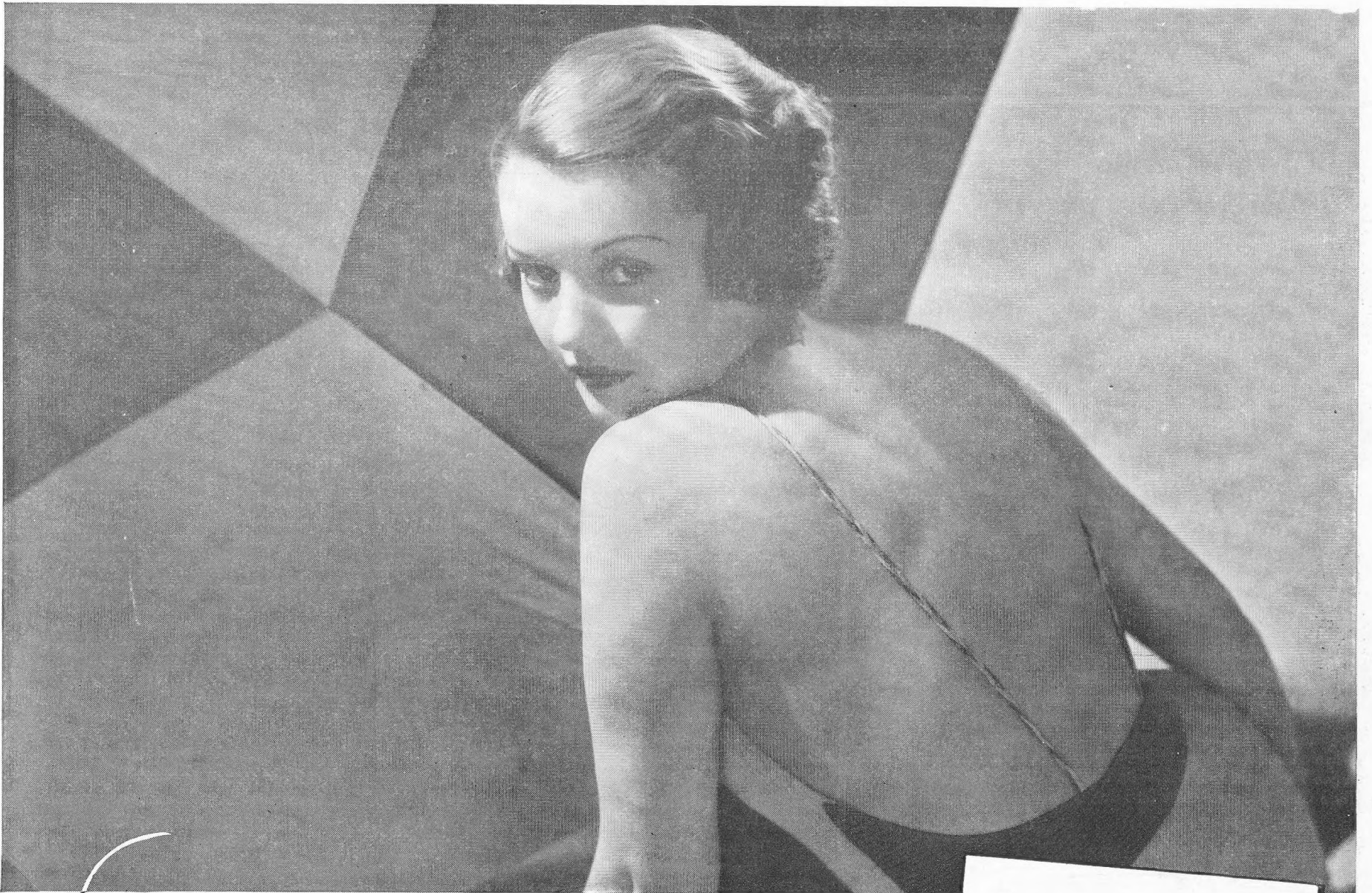
FOR DISHES, TOO

Why Darn Men's Socks?

Lux your husband's socks after every wearing—cut down holes and double wear. Lux wool socks to prevent shrinking and fading.

LUX *saves Stocking Elasticity*

What a **FOOL** She is!



She GETS A GRAND COAT OF TAN . . . BUT REVEALS DINGY TEETH!
HER GUMS ARE TENDER . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

THIS young woman should look at her teeth in a clear mirror in bright sunlight! Then she would understand why the dental profession lays so much stress on massage of the gums. Her teeth are dingy because her *gums* need attention!

Dental science explains that, since coarse, raw foods have given place to soft, creamy foods, the gums suffer. They tend to become sluggish, and often so tender that they bleed a little—a condition known as "pink tooth brush."

If you want to make certain that your teeth shine

out brilliantly, try *massaging your gums every time you clean your teeth*. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, massage a little extra Ipana directly into your gums.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in rousing circulation through the gums. And as your gums become firmer and healthier, not only do your teeth look brighter, but you are safer from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. You need have no worries about "pink tooth brush." And your teeth *themselves* are safer.

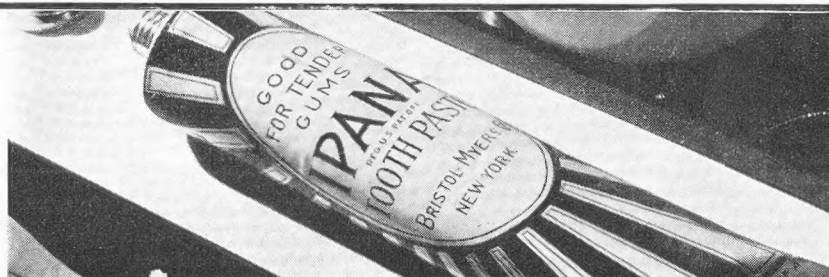
Professional Opinion says:

- *From a work on dental health*
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- *By a director of a dental clinic*
"A vigorous circulation is one of the greatest aids in combating disease in the mouth. Probably the best way of obtaining this is to massage the gums."
- *From a dental authority*
"Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



AT "A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits
Group Bldg. No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934

PICTORIAL REVIEW

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JULY-1934 Vol. XXXV. No. 10

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PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in Canada, and published monthly by Pictorial Review Company, Ltd., 489 College Street, Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada.

Lee Ellmaker, Owner and Publisher; Emile R. Weadon, Vice-President; Paul B. Diffenderfer, Treasurer; Max Herzberg, Art Director.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

PICTORIAL REVIEW is 10 cents per copy in Canada. Subscriptions: \$1.00 per year. \$1.50 for two years. For other countries add \$1.00 per year.

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A Weird New Romance That Will Make You Shiver with Anticipation

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT that perhaps there may be beings from other worlds, from strange planets, walking this earth? Most of us have secretly known those thoughts at times. Perhaps we even have dreamed that dream of the great romance with one of these marvelous creatures who somehow have found their way to bridge the vast gap of space and come among us, seeking his or her counterpart.

Regardless of what your thoughts may have been on this subject, it is one that from time to time has been touched upon in one way or another by great creative artists in literary history. And if you like vivid imaginings that dare to soar beyond the hard facts of the life we actually know about you will find that "Conquerors from the Stars," a new serial to begin next month, has been written just to your order.

John T. McIntyre has skillfully combined love and romance with mysterious code messages from another world, with lurking suspicions of strange creatures that inhabit tropical waters, with speculations about the possible malignant influence of the planet Venus.

You'll feel the chill of danger creeping through your blood in the first paragraphs of this story when you enter the tower laboratory of the brilliant engineer of the American Film Company, where he sits aloof from the world, plumbing the depths of the stratosphere with his radio. What are those strident, dominant, roaring bolts from the unexplored ether? They seem to vibrate with some terrifying threat!

Have they any connection with the suddenly distraught condition of the members of the cast who are making the motion picture, "Sea Mansions," on location in Porto Santos, where they are shooting scenes on the bottom of the sea? Are these alarming sounds linked with the director's apprehensive attitude, with his demand to be released from his contract because of fears he dare not express? And is the beautiful star, *Eileen*, in grave danger when she dives into the gorgeous marine world beneath the surface of the warm waters? You'll have to read "Conquerors from the Stars" to answer these questions.

John T. McIntyre has chosen many strange settings for his mystery stories and his romances. Last year he made many friends among Pictorial Review readers with his romantic novel "Daughter of Strife"—the checkered career of *Anna Maslova*, a Polish girl, caught in the toils of war. Our readers were so enthusiastic over Mr. McIntyre's first appearance in these pages that we asked him to write another serial for us. And so he has in "Conquerors from the Stars."

"THE DEATH OF 20,000 MOTHERS represents a loss of over \$7,000,000 to the nation. We have sacrificed in seven years in childbirth more lives than in the World War." This astounding statement appears in this issue in an article entitled "The Mothers Can Be Saved."

What a challenge to the women of America! The saving of mothers is a cause that the women in cities, in small towns, and in rural districts should espouse—demanding that hospitals, doctors, and public-health commissions conform to the highest standards of skill and cleanliness in prenatal and postnatal care of mothers.

Each year thousands of cases have been lost through the carelessness and ignorance of the physician in attendance, and sometimes through neglect and unsanitary methods in force in hospitals.

The conference in Washington in the Senate over the problem of birth control and of legalizing the distribution of information in regard to contraceptives has focused the attention of our fellow citizens upon the matter of the control of the size of the family and of the population of the nation.

In "The Mothers Can Be Saved" you will learn what one hospital is doing to outwit death that so often needlessly accompanies the arrival of the stork.

In America the saving of the lives of mothers and babies is left, more or less, to private initiative. But in Europe this matter has become of grave concern to the state, and in Russia, Italy, Germany, and Scandinavia the governments have stepped in to protect mothers and the health of future citizens.

What is being done in these countries in the battle for the babies and mothers will be presented to us in a series of articles by Dr. William Seaver Woods, former editor in chief of the *Literary Digest*.

Next month Dr. Woods will tell us of the amazing advance that Soviet Russia has made, where 9,600 little babies are born every twenty-four hours.

ASK YOUR POSTMAN FOR A "NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS" CARD

Changes of address must reach us six weeks in advance of the next date of issue. Be sure to give new address, also the one to which the magazine was formerly sent.

WE ASKED A *Whole Family*

WHY THEY LIKED SHREDDED WHEAT

JOAN SAID (she is sixteen and a senior in high school) that they taught her about it in domestic science. "Contains just the right amount of bran," she said learnedly. "You need that for roughage and to help your digestion. Good for your teeth and gums. It's crisp and chewy, no matter how you flood it with milk. The girls have it in the lunch room. They say it's good for their complexions."



BOBBY'S IDEA WAS about as follows: "Aw shucks, it tastes good and if you eat it fast when you're late for school, you don't get a stomach ache. The coach said it was O. K. Keeps you going, somehow. The team eats it at training table. Guess it's got lots of energy whaddye callems. Mom knows her stuff, all right!"



MOTHER, OF COURSE, WAS PRACTICAL. Feeding a fast growing family of children and a hungry, hard working husband needed careful study—and she gave it just that. And when we accused her of being largely responsible for her family's happiness, she just smiled. "It's my job," she said.

AND AS FOR DAD, he just took it for granted. "Sure I like Shredded Wheat," he said. "My wife's a fine manager. She knows what's good for me and the kids. Saves money too. Some fellows eat a lot of stuff for breakfast and feel lousy all morning. Not us! We all feel fine all the time."



GOOD FOR YOU BECAUSE

1. Shredded Wheat brings you all the *healthful qualities* of whole wheat; bran to keep you regular and aid your digestion; mineral salts to build bone; proteins to build tissue; Vitamin B for growth and resistance to disease, carbohydrates for energy.
2. Shredded Wheat is *so nourishing* that one Shredded Wheat Biscuit gives you the same amount of nourishment as you get in a bowl of home-cooked hot cereal.
3. Shredded Wheat is *easy to digest*—never lies heavy on your stomach. The shape of its fibers lets the digestive juices do their work in the shortest possible time. Every Shredded Wheat Biscuit has been double cooked—boiled and baked—it is ready to eat.
4. Shredded Wheat *tastes good!* It keeps its chewy crispness no matter how much you drench it with milk or cream. It mixes with things. Grand with fruit.
5. Shredded Wheat *saves trouble* and it *saves money*. Comes in handy, attractive biscuit form, ready to serve—no mess, no trouble.

A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"



Please be sure to get the package with the picture of Niagara Falls and the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal.

Eat **SHREDDED WHEAT** *for breakfast*

IT KEEPS YOU GOING TILL LUNCH

WOMEN BEWARE!

By Genevieve Parkhurst

IN THE fall of 1933 there appeared in these columns an article portraying the plight of the forgotten woman. It pointed out how little had been done to help her during the last three years, and emphasized the necessity for immediate and purposeful action.

In response letters came in not only from those humane-minded women who, through their organizations, have long been embattled in the cause of their kind; from women wage earners, and from many who had themselves been deeply scarred by the depression, but from housewives even in the remotest parts of the country—all of whom were stirred by the neglect and its consequent destitution which have been so cruelly wearing down the resistance of millions of unemployed women.

At the same time other current periodicals and the newspapers had taken up the fight.

Word came from those in authority that something would be done. Things were on the upward swing, it was said, and, as the general situation improved, the women would naturally profit by it.

Here and there well-meaning but quite inadequate efforts were made to establish rest camps for jobless girls. To some extent the tyranny of the sweatshop was modified. In the starting of the wheels of industry a certain quota of women were given work.

These improvements were but a flash in the pan. By comparison with that shown toward the men, the solicitude for the welfare of women still carries a deficit. Nothing has been done for the thousands of wandering girls in constant danger of becoming chronic hobos.

Married women, many of whom are the economic mainstays of their families, have been let out of their jobs in private industry, in city, State, and—sad commentary that it is—Federal fields of employment.

What now threatens emphatically to tie a string to the pledge that under the "new deal" women were to be given fair treatment, is the fact that in the working out of the National Recovery Act a number of temporary codes permit acute discrimination against them in the matter of pay.

It is true that the act as passed by Congress makes no distinction between men and women. General Johnson has stated that "where women do men's work they *should* get equal pay." But whatever assurance the statement might have held was rendered ineffective by the use of the weak and indefinite "should" instead of the forceful and imperative "must." Already it has served as an opening wedge for unfair practice.

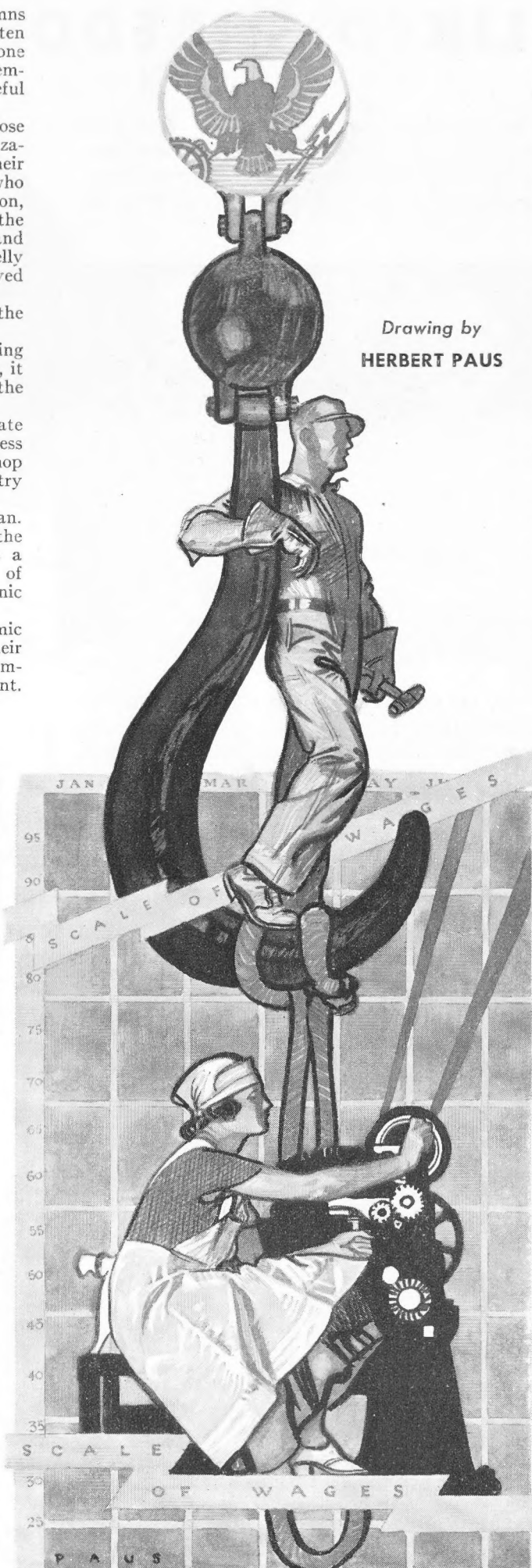
In a list of thirty-three codes given out by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, each one of which establishes a lower wage for women, over half are for industries entirely dependent for their livelihood upon the patronage and good will of women.

In a number women are placed in the same category and on the same base pay as young boys. Nowhere is there a definition of what constitutes "men's work." Nor is provision made that where men intrude on women's milieus they shall receive a lower wage.

Whether this discrepancy is viewed from the standpoint of justice or of economics it is unsound. If women were less able or had less endurance than men, to employ them would be exceedingly bad business, as it would be condoning inefficiency.

On the other hand, if they are as capable and their wage scale is lower, they will be exploited as cheap labor and placed in the position, entirely aside from their will, of undercutting the men.

Capability and endurance are not a matter of sex, but of individual character. Just as one human being may have more talent than another, just as some men excel others, so there are men who do better work than women, and women who do better work than men. Nor can it be said that the needs of women and their responsibilities are less.



Drawing by
HERBERT PAUS

The great majority of women workers are not only earning their own living, but they are also taking care of dependents—fathers, mothers, children, nieces, nephews. And in many instances they are the sole support of whole families.

Any code, therefore, to be sound, must be founded on kinds of work and on standards of efficiency, without regard to differences of sex. Many of the larger and old-established industries have seen the light in this direction. But a few of these have taken advantage of the delay to indulge their old habit of listing women as cheap labor and paying them lower wages than men for precisely the same kind of work.

When the hearings have been completed, it is hoped that the regulation will be in keeping with the fair spirit of the Administration. But even when and if this is done, there is still need for action, if justice is to be maintained. Many of the emergency codes are now ending the period for which they were drafted.

At the most the life of the Recovery Act is calculated at something less than two years. Then, unless there is constant vigilance on the part of those who have the well-being of women at heart, the same old exploitation will be repeated.

During the last three years the wage-earning woman, helpless against the tide of events, has seen much that she had gained during the first ten years of suffrage slowly taken away from her. Through it all she has had an immense and beautiful patience.

It is time that she received some greater reward than the mere satisfaction of her own virtue. And it is up to all women to see that she gets it, for their own good as well as hers.

Not long ago the representatives of several women's organizations met to consider this problem of equal pay for equal work. One of them, in discussing the lower scale in one of the codes, was inclined to be tepid in her coöperation. "After all," she said, "the difference is only five or ten cents an hour. Why quibble over a pittance?" She failed to note, or, noting, was unconcerned, that the "pittance" amounts to two or four dollars in a forty-hour week, and may easily be the margin which permits comfort for those who earn only a minimum wage.

THIS, however, is beside the issue, which is the right of women, as human beings, whether they work at a machine or in an office, to be paid the same as men when they perform the same tasks.

The attitude of this woman is typical of many of her kind. Prompted by snobbery, selfishness, or a desire to climb upon the bandwagon, they sit smug and complacent, not caring what happens to others so long as it does not happen to them. In this changing world one cannot to-day tell where one may be to-morrow.

Within the past two or three years many who once felt themselves above hardship are now entirely without substance. As many who occupied high positions are now without steady work and are being driven to accepting whatever small jobs they can find. As a simple act of self-preservation it is incumbent on all women, through their organizations, to use their influence to bring about a fair pay day for all.

The great flaw in the structure of feminism has been its lack of solidarity—the inability of women to stand together in times of stress. And it is this, more than anything else, which has been responsible for the crumbling of their defenses during the present crisis. No house divided against itself has ever been known to stand.

To be effectual, women must become more dangerous. Not dangerous in the sense of violence, for in a world where there is already too much violence this would only be adding chaos to confusion. But in the aggregate of their voting and

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Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but interested her very practically in conchology—she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the

finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country, spending a great deal of time in the West. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



**CAMELS ARE
MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS THAN ANY
OTHER POPULAR
BRAND**

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

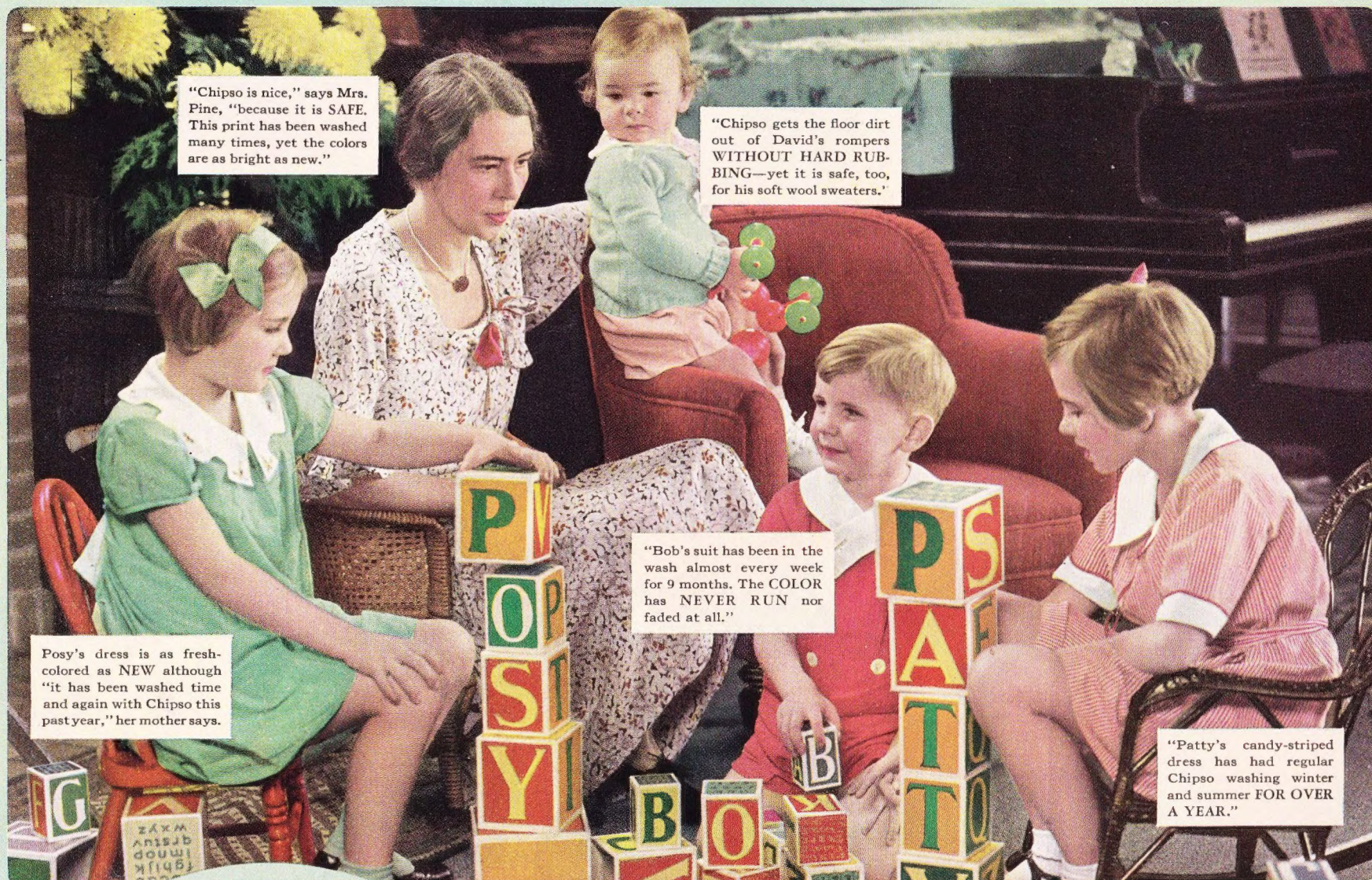
"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels. Besides,

I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy.

"And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

☞ Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!



"Chipso is nice," says Mrs. Pine, "because it is **SAFE**. This print has been washed many times, yet the colors are as bright as new."

"Chipso gets the floor dirt out of David's rompers **WITHOUT HARD RUBBING**—yet it is safe, too, for his soft wool sweaters."

Posy's dress is as fresh-colored as **NEW** although "it has been washed time and again with Chipso this past year," her mother says.

"Bob's suit has been in the wash almost every week for 9 months. The **COLOR** has **NEVER RUN** nor faded at all."

"Patty's candy-striped dress has had regular Chipso washing winter and summer **FOR OVER A YEAR.**"

UNRETOUCHED, DIRECT COLOR PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN THE HOME OF MRS. R. L. PINE, DAYTON, OHIO.

"No clothes lost through fading"

one important reason why Mrs. Pine has her washing done with Chipso

Look at Patty and Posy Pine. How charming their small frocks are, with their simple lines and clear, definite colors! And Eobby and David are well-groomed little men. Their suits are not streaked or faded and the white trimming is snowy white.

This photograph shows you that clothes need not be new to look nice. Nicely laundered clothes stay new looking. That is where Chipso helps Mrs. Pine. "Chipso takes the

dirt out quickly without hard rubbing, yet Chipso doesn't fade colors," she says.

"In fact, we think Chipso is unsurpassed because it is so **SAFE** for *everything*. My sports clothes and housedresses wash beautifully in Chipso. Underwear and stockings keep their color and wear well. I usually wash the baby's woolen sweaters myself with Chipso. The wool stays nice and soft, without shrinking or turning yellow."



Rich suds . . dirt out
without hard rubbing

Bertha (the children call her "Birdie") worked for Mrs. Pine's mother when Mrs. Pine herself was no older than Patty is now. Here you see Birdie with a Pine-family wash in progress. "And it's no trifling item," says Mrs. Pine. "With David at the creeping and toddling age, Birdie often washes three times a week. But Chipso puts the work through fast because it makes such good, rich suds. They **SOAK** the dirt out. That is another way that Chipso saves our clothes. It makes hard, wash-board rubbing—which frays materials and scrapes off buttons—totally unnecessary."



It's *soapier* . . never harsh on hands or clothes

"I like Chipso for dishes," says Mrs. Pine. "It foams up into quick, thick suds which are not at all harsh on my hands."

Your smooth hands, after a session in Chipso suds, show you why Chipso-washed clothes stay new looking. Chipso is **SOAPIER** . . . it is not adulterated with harsh, "dirt-cutting"

ingredients, but loosens dirt with **RICH**, lively **SUDS**. Don't endanger the clothes you've spent good money for by washing them in cheap flakes or harsh soaps and powders. Get your big box of Chipso from your grocer. At its low price, Chipso is truly the best value in rich, **SAFE** soap on the market today.

Chipso makes clothes wear longer

By
Mary Margaret McBride



THE MOTHERS CAN BE SAVED

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This is the first of a series of articles on what is being done in various parts of the world to combat the specter of maternity and infant mortality. The records show that while other countries are making rapid strides the United States lags behind. The story to be told in ensuing issues is a thrilling one concerning healthy, strong future generations that are being planned for elsewhere while we do little or nothing.

THE modern civilized world occupies its thoughts with a many-sided discussion of birth control and sex education, but too often loses sight of another important facet of the whole question—motherhood mortality.

Especially in America do we need to think of the mothers. Appalling statistics place the United States near the top of the list in world maternity deaths—a dreadful record that the women themselves can alter if they band together to demand from their physicians better care in maternity cases.

"In the last analysis the entire solution of this vital problem is up to the women of the United States!"

You may think this statement, made to me by Dr. Ross McPherson, senior attending obstetrician at the New York Polyclinic Hospital, too sweeping; but wait! Before me, as I write, is an ordinary sheet of yellow paper containing five lines of neat typing that tell a dramatic story.

According to the most recent statistics, says this sheet, there are seven deaths of mothers to every thousand deliveries in the country at large. The average rate in all New York hospitals is four to five deaths per thousand. At the New York Polyclinic Hospital there were only three and one-half deaths to every thousand deliveries.

Ten out of every four thousand fatal cases in the United States are due to puerperal infection. At the Polyclinic there have been no deaths from this infection in over four thousand cases.

It is these thrilling figures—thrilling because they represent human lives, the lives of beloved wives and mothers—which give the surgeon the right to issue a challenge to his countrywomen. He not only believes, he has proved, that the maternity death rate can be lowered and that it can be done with the equipment and staff available at any first-rate hospital.

Twenty years or so ago, when Dr. McPherson decided to specialize in obstetrics, he faced the fact that the United States had almost the highest maternal death rate in the world. Why, he asked, should a land filled with inventions and contrivances for its citizens' comfort, convenience, and sanitation, occupy such an unenviable position? Statisticians and scientists had no answer for him.

They were agreed even then that at least three-fourths of the deaths were preventable. Yet the shocking waste went on.

The situation was reviewed and the stage set for a demonstration. If the maternity death rate in so far as one hospital was concerned could be lowered, it would show that the feat could be universally accomplished under certain conditions. If this could not be done, he felt that he did not wish to continue as an obstetrician.

Not since a day many years before, when another young doctor helped to deliver a poor Highlander of her

first baby in an Edinburgh slum, had a decision more momentous to women been made. That young man, stirred by the woman's travail, which was long and painful because anaesthetics were as yet unknown, had decided to give up his medical course, since becoming a doctor would mean spending his life among such scenes, helpless to do anything about them.

Then he had a better second thought—to dedicate his life to the search for some alleviation. How well he succeeded you may judge when I tell you that the tender-hearted medical student was James Young Simpson, discoverer of the anaesthetic properties of chloroform.

The use of anaesthesia for women during childbirth is an old story now, but the obstetrical demonstration has just begun to show results in lowered mortality.

I visited the Polyclinic to learn, if I could, something about the methods. It seemed to me of vital importance that women should know not only that this thing had been done but how it had been done.

The doctor not only told me but showed me. He is proud of the hospital and of the record of the maternity department on the sixth floor, where eight hundred cases are handled every year.

The whole secret, he believes, lies in the rigidly supervised technique enforced at the Polyclinic, a technique that emphasizes meticulous attention to details of absolute cleanliness. First of all, every physician bringing a case to the hospital must conform wholeheartedly to the requirements. No one of them is privileged to handle a case there until his record has undergone a searching investigation. His professional life must be carefully checked and rechecked.

He must make separate appearances before the board of the hospital and the faculty of the Graduate School for intensive questioning. If he satisfactorily passes inspection he is given the rules of the hospital technique to study. He must pledge himself to obey them to the letter. It is like taking the Hippocratic oath all over again. And even after this grilling

Continued on page 25

***A challenge to American women,
whose death rate in childbearing
is almost the highest in the world***



The romance between a man of goodly lineage and a girl who stood alone

Pedigree

A SURVEY OF THE PLOT

CHAD RANSOME had left his home in Warrenton, Virginia, to try his luck at civil engineering in the nearby town of Castleton. His family were aristocrats and well established but he wanted to blaze his own trail.

He had hardly settled himself in his simple diggings in the village than he learned that not only work but romance was his for the pursuing. A discovery he made on a casual visit to the Grant farm where he met Christine, the foster daughter of the venerable Dr. Gilead Grant and his wife Kate, who spent their lives in the care of sick animals, ailing babies, and their own crippled son Sandy.

The old couple had quarreled years ago and lived apart, occasionally indulging in dignified discourtesies which were shouted across the space that separated their establishments. But it was a happy home in spite

of Gilead's pigheadedness and Kate's independence. Flowers and children, and a menagerie of tame and wild beasts made the homestead a haven for both Sandy and Christine.

The girl did not know who her own parents were, as she had been left when a baby one morning on the old doctor's desk. But he had never concealed from her her lack of heritage. He himself lived by Bible precepts and was an upright man.

From the day that Chad heard Christine's story from her own lips he was concerned about her lonely life. She seldom left the farm as once or twice she had been subject to village tittle tattle. And mothers with marriageable sons looked askance at her. Her vigorous beauty fascinated Chad and she responded to his admiration. She thought of him only as a friend but marriage was in her mind—marriage to Simon Fielding, a middle-aged widower with four young children. The door of romance would never be open to her, Christine had

thought, for who but selfish Simon would marry a penniless, nameless girl?

PART II.

IN THE midst of getting ready for Chad's first trip to the site of his work he was amazed at how often he thought of the Grant household; how clearly he could see them all. He would think of them, and then they would recede, leaving only Christine in his mind—her remote, troubled look as she spoke of Sandy, as she stood in the herb garden, her back against the poplar tree as she told him the story of her birth.

With the coming of Sunday and the general lassitude that surrounded that day in Castleton he decided to go there again. He drove his car this time, a gift of his father's when he had left home. The house was quiet in the sunshine. No sound of quarreling voices reached him in the road as he stopped near the gate.



of Honey

By **BARBARA WEBB**

He went to Gilead's office and opened the door. The old doctor was sleeping in a chair by the window, a red bandanna spread over his face. Chad went out softly and started toward the stable. Sandy came around a corner of the barn.

"Better not come any closer," he said.

Chad stopped short. "Why not?"

"Can't you smell?"

Chad made a wry face. "Skunk. Lots of skunk."

Sandy's face was long. "That's what it is. I've got it back by the menagerie fence, and I don't know what to do with it. It got run over, its hindlegs, you know, out in the road last night.

"Chris won't come near me because I wouldn't let her shoot it this morning. I thought I might be able to cure it. But I can't; it's suffering terribly. And it does smell something awful. What do you think I ought to do?"

"Couldn't you shoot it yourself?" Chad suggested.

"No—I can't kill anything. I guess maybe Chris would do it for me now if I asked her, but she's all dressed up for Sunday afternoon, and I hate to ask her again. We had a fight about it this morning—"

"I'll shoot it for you if you like," Chad offered.

"Would you? I'll get the gun. You'll find the skunk back by the menagerie. You know—I—I couldn't watch you—"

"All right," he said. "You needn't watch, but I guess you'd better bury it after it's dead."

"Oh, I can do that. And Chris told me I'd have to go swimming and burn these overalls, so I guess I'd better do that too, don't you think?"

"Sounds like the best plan. Where is Christine?"

"In the garden with the children. I'll get the gun now."

Chad dispatched the skunk, and as he put the gun away had a glimpse of Sandy, white-faced, going to the scene of execution. Watching for a moment to be sure

the boy was all right, Chad turned his steps in the direction of Christine's voice. He stopped as he entered the gate to be sure he was not intruding.

She was sitting in a low chair, reading aloud to three small children. She was all in white, and there was an air of repose about her slender length. She looked up, and raised her hand in greeting, but went on with the story. Chad approached and sat down in a chair near by. The children looked at him with solemn curiosity for a moment, then accepted him as they accepted the garden, the warm afternoon, and the voice that read on to the end of the tale.

"And that's all, my darlings," Christine finished presently, closing the book. "One story apiece is what I promised. You all run along now and play on the grass. Don't make too much noise, for the babies are asleep."

They went off around the house without protest, and Christine smiled across at Chad.

"Cilead says they haven't a chance," she observed with a wave of her hand in the direction of the children. "We're so much bigger and stronger than they are, and control all the good things. So they just have to take the line of least resistance and do what we say."

"They don't seem to mind it."

"No—children accept things—so many different kinds of things—"

"Too bad we lose that faculty when we grow older," Chad said.

They fell silent. After a little Chad spoke again. "What do you do on Sundays here?"

Christine laughed. "Well, for me it's my day to wash the dogs. I always do that Sunday mornings, clean out their kennels, and fix them up. Often their owners come out to see them in the afternoon. When I get everything shipshape Gilead comes out to inspect, and when he's finished he always says the same thing, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness, Christine—but only next to it.' And then in the afternoons I look after the children for Aunt Kate."

"I shot Sandy's skunk for him," Chad told her, "when I first arrived."

"Oh, I'm glad. I wanted to do it this morning, but he wouldn't let me. Now we'll all have some peace. Poor Sandy, he suffered more than the skunk did."

"I believe you're right," he sighed. "Where is your aunt?"

"She's gone out on a weed walk. You'd think she had enough herbs here in the garden, but there are half a dozen weeds she collects for her medicines. She makes lotion for poison-ivy that's really wonderful, out of ironweed. And something out of goldenseal for fever sores. And she dries Jimson weed to make a smoke for people with asthma to inhale—oh, lots of things. Gilead's asleep. He was up all last night looking after a sow that presented the world with ten little pigs."

"Family all accounted for?" Chad remarked.

"Ummm—" She relaxed lazily in her chair. "When do you start your work?"

"To-morrow. I'm going to take my crew up along Barbours Creek and camp most of the week. But I'll be back on Friday. I wondered—I've been wondering—if we couldn't go some place together next Friday night—to one of the country dances or something."

Her face grew still. "I—I couldn't go," she said in a frightened voice. "I never go any place like that."

"It's time you started then," Chad said obstinately. "Let's go together, you and I. Please, Christine."

She made no answer. She seemed like some terrified animal at bay, and Chad, annoyed at her thwarting of his good intentions, began to argue.

"LOOK here. I think you're being plain silly. Why, you'll never have any life at all if you just stay here shut away from everybody. Every girl ought to get out and meet people—girls her own age, and men too. Why, some day you'll want to get married. How are you ever going to meet anybody if you don't step out a little? People won't bite you."

She leaned forward, clasping her hands tightly. "Listen, Chad. I'll tell you something I've never told any one else; then you won't think I'm silly to stay here where it's—safe. Where I'm wanted. Two years ago," her voice faltered, "two years ago I had a friendship with a boy here in Castleton. He's a fine boy from a fine family. I had known him a little the year I went to the school here, and when he came back from college he remembered me."

"He wanted to learn to ride and I was teaching him. We had grand times together! We liked the same things—horses, and the mountain trails, and building fires out of doors, and sitting here in the garden in the evening. Well, this went on for several months, and then—"

She did not look at him now, but stared straight out at the hills.

"And then his mother came to see me. She was afraid her son was falling in love with me. She thought I wanted to marry him, to use him to lift myself up. She spoke to me in such a way that I knew that love, the kind you dream of when you're young—was not for me. She called me hard names—perhaps she was right in using them—and when she was gone I knew that that kind of love couldn't ever come into my life. I know it now."

Chad was speechless, his face a study in indignation and sympathy.

She managed a smile. "Don't look so sorry," she begged. "I'm used to it, you know."

"That doesn't make it any easier. I think it's fiendish that you should always be lonely because of what some silly woman said to you."

"It wasn't silly." She leaned forward in her chair. "You don't know much about pain, Chad. I do—I've seen so many things suffer. And I know that you can bear anything you have to bear."

After a while you just get numb. You get so accustomed to the pain that if it were taken away you'd have a blank feeling, as though you were missing something familiar."

Chad shook his head stubbornly. "I don't believe it. I believe in fighting things, pain or fear, or anything else."

"What's the use?"

"Don't talk like that!" he cried. "If you won't fight for yourself I'm going to fight for you!"

A long look passed between them. Christine colored. "We're being too serious for this lovely afternoon," she said.

BUT Chad was not to be deflected so easily. "No, we're not. We might as well have this thing out now. There's something—something I've heard—I'd like to ask you."

"Ask me anything you like, Chad."

"They say that you might marry a man who came in to my office early this week—Simon Fielding. Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Do you love him?"

"No—not in the way you're thinking of."

"Then why do you even consider such a thing?"

"Because it seems the best thing for a girl like me. You see, just after the experience I told you of, Simon began coming here. He's older than I am, and he doesn't try to make love to me—and he's willing to wait until I'm ready. I like his children—and, well, Simon's a powerful man here. No one could ever cast any slurs on his wife. I'd be safe with Simon."

"What a rotten reason for marrying any one!" Chad exploded. Then, "I'm sorry, really I am. I didn't mean to hurt you—but is he in love with you?"

"I don't exactly know. I think he's rather too old for the romantic side of marriage; he's been married twice already. He mostly wants a mother for his children, a good housekeeper, a woman who will round out his life."

"Have you thought," Chad said, "of what it would mean if he did fall in love with you? If you married him out of friendship, anything you like to call it, and then discovered he was in love with you? There's more to marriage than just keeping house and looking after children, you know."

"Yes—I know. It would be something more to bear, I suppose. But I'd see it through, Chad. I can do anything I have to do, and get some fun out of it too. I'm too healthy to be a martyr. I like being alive too well. And after all, what you speak of—a sort of clamor of the senses—it dies away in time. How many married people are really in love with each other in the way you mean?"

"A few of them are. They're the ones who make you feel that love is a splendid thing. I believe in that kind of marriage, Christine—"

"Don't ever change,

Chad," she said softly. "You'll have your dream—if you dream it hard enough—"

Bees hummed in the sun. The garden stirred in the wind. The leaves of the poplar tree whispered together. The children's voices drifted across the wall. Chad and Christine sat on, in that sweet-scented spot, silent, as though exhausted by their talk.

Christine's thoughts were quiet ones. She was used to the conditions of her life. Chad's urgent words had only convinced her that here indeed was a friend, and she was tranquil in the thought.

Chad's mind was in a turmoil. The enchantment that bound this princess was woven of many strands, a web of years. Nor did she seem to wish to struggle against her prison. He set his chin, determined to set her free, and then she would be sensible at last to all that she had missed.

The sound of a car stopping at the gate aroused them.

"That will be Simon and the children," Christine told him. "They always come over late on Sunday afternoon. Simon eats supper with Gilead and me. The children come in and eat with Aunt Kate and Sandy, then we all sit in the garden afterward."

"Shall I go now?" Chad asked.

"Not unless you want to. Stay and see the children; they're darlings."

Chad rose as Simon and his four children came into the garden from the house.

"Mr. Ransome," Simon said heartily, "I see you've found out the prettiest spot in Castleton too. And the prettiest girl in Craig County. He doesn't let any grass grow under his feet, does he, Christine?"

He spoke to her possessively, and Chad's ire rose. He had to admit they made a pleasing picture together, Simon's dark strength beside Christine's fair height.

Continued on page 30



Illustrations by
EDMUND F. WARD

"Once or twice she attended a village dance, part of a crowd that seemed to accept her as it accepted any other girl"

MARIE DRESSLER

Turns Down a Fortune

By **JULIA SHAWELL**

THE swan song of an ugly duckling is beautiful music when you think of Marie Dressler.

She thought she was singing it at fifty, when, after a lifetime of laughter for other people and many tears for Marie, she found herself broke, jobless, and apparently on the theatrical shelf. But success, such as she had planned in her youth, had not even brushed its comforting wings against her ample shoulders. The fame of her young imagination had apparently passed her by. Fortune was still to make her acquaintance.

Time had touched her lightly with its pleasures, and life such as she had known it had left its heavy marks of pain. But she couldn't know in her disillusioned, despairing fifties that the dream was to come true at sixty. The story still had a beautiful ending; but how could Miss Dressler realize it then?

Not long ago Marie Dressler was offered a radio contract to appear for a short period once a week at the munificent compensation of \$5,000 an appearance. It's difficult to let that much money slip through your fingers even if your salary is as large as the movie pay check which goes out to this star for every production.

She wasn't well at the time. In fact she had made several visits to New York specialists. But she thought she was recovered enough to take on the broadcasting activities. She discussed the contemplated contract with one of her film executives, and he said to her:

"Marie, you aren't young any more and you aren't as strong as you were ten years ago. What can this money buy you that you haven't got now? You have more than you can spend. You certainly don't need the reassurance of your public's applause. And the strain of these broadcasts might be disastrous to your health. You don't need the radio work. Let it go."

This was the man who had made Miss Dressler a world figure in celluloid. She took his advice and she turned down the radio offer. What the listeners-in lost the actress gained. Her film activities absorb her diminishing energies, but nothing except the end of this mortal existence will ever quite quench the indomitable spirit that has marked her fifty years of struggle.

It's only fair that a life so filled with giving pleasure and taking it on the chin without crying out loud should have its twilight of freedom from financial worry; but it's rarely in a generation that the fast-fading sun of a mortal span sets on a woman who, through vicissitudes and the belated recognition of a fickle world, meets the declining, affluent years with her amiable philosophy.

She's sixty-two, and she ought to be tired of it all; weary with all the years of struggle, sick with the memories of jobless seasons and hungry days. But she donned her armor of a long bitter battle at the childish age of eight, and now, more than half a century after, she puts on a new French hat, fixes her invincible smile, goes calling on her California neighbors, and is still the life of the party.

The first time I ever saw Miss Dressler was on my initial visit to New York's night-club life. She was the gayest member of a party at a near-by table, and when the orchestra leader called upon the celebrities present he eventually got around to the homely-looking woman who was telling funny stories to a young boy at her right. Without hesitation Miss Dressler took the floor.

She pushed her straw bonnet far over her forehead and broke into a monologue that at first I thought was ludicrous.

It seemed to me, as she started, that it was pathetic for a woman of her years to make herself ridiculous. But not for long. Before she finished there was a rising lump in my throat, and I was not alone. The stillness of that night-club crowd was the grandest tribute Miss Dressler could have. And when she finished they begged for more.

Being in that stage of a humble beginner as a writer, the next day I asked my city editor to let me write a story about Marie Dressler.

"Don't be silly," he answered. "Dressler's through. When will you get sense and learn to differentiate between the has-beens and real copy."

"Not that woman," I answered with conviction, but, quite subdued, went on my humble assignment to the Bronx. Sometimes hard-boiled city editors are wrong, and dumb young reporters can get a good hunch.

From what I know now, Miss Dressler completely agreed with the city editor. She thought she was through, too.

Life ought to be kind to you when you're young and want everything. But fate has a way of making you wait what you think is too long and then handing you a whole harvest of laurels. That's what it did to Marie Dressler: teaching her how to take all the defeats, how to smile when the socks were hard without ever letting her know that the rewards were to be delivered in car-load lots at her feet so tardy that if she'd been less an Amazon of spirit strength and more the average crying woman, it would have been too late to care. The most wonderful thing about this star is that at sixty it wasn't too late to matter.

THE homely women who look with envy at their more beautiful sisters, the disgruntled ones who think that life has cheated them at thirty, the tired ones at forty who rest wearily after the struggle—all look to Marie Dressler and find a philosophy in her. There's something that the years do to a woman and which she does to them that has nothing to do with the comely features of her youth.

There's more that experience and setbacks mark on a

mind and spirit which leave her a tearful old lady or another Miss Dressler. At twenty Marie was ungainly, at thirty she was homely, and now at sixty-two she's beautiful in her own way to those who crowd ten thousand theaters and watch the way she can jerk a tear out of any comedy situation.

"Leave them with a smile, but make them cry before you leave them. There has to be a tear behind every laugh." That has always been her slogan, and she has turned down dozens of film rôles which were inconsistent with her philosophy. Think of her in "Anna Christie," a coarse, unregenerate female who had you sobbing at her every speech. And "Tugboat Annie," still coarse but filling the theater aisles with the lachrymoseal evidences of generous weeping.

THE women of my family die young, but I could wish that at sixty I might be a Marie Dressler. And so does every synthetic blond, beautifully formed, limpid-eyed, heavily mascaraed young actress on any Hollywood lot. Only most of them never will. They'll be worn out or thrown into the discard long before they reach the Dressler milestones. Perhaps success came to them too early. Maybe they didn't have to struggle enough years before the big break came.

She really isn't Marie Dressler at all. At least that's not the name her parents gave her when she was christened in a Canadian town sixty-two years ago. Her father's name was Koerber, and he was a German army officer who had migrated to Canada to learn that the New World colonies didn't have streets paved with gold and that even in the town of Cobourg wealth wasn't to be picked up easily.

Alexander Koerber, with his war record behind him, turned to music for a livelihood, refusing to recognize the fact that there are thousands of music teachers who can't buy bread and milk for their families.

His wife, Annie Henderson, was musically inclined too and deeply religious. They were idealists in a world that had little to do with gas and grocery bills, to say nothing of the cost of Canadian obstetrics. When their baby was born they called her Leila, and Mamma Annie hoped that she would be beautiful. She set more

"All through those years of barnstorming Miss Dressler's dreams were of a home where she could rest far away from the troubles of a theatrical world"



Purely for PLEASURE

FROM his stern sheets, half a mile across the lively Mediterranean bay, Peter Kern made out a bobbing brown object. He stood up on the tiny deck of his craft, his lithe body balancing itself easily to the ground swell, keen eyes in a lean, tan face squinting to overpower the distance. All at once the brown object became a speed boat with two spots in it—two people. At the same time he realized that the boat was stalled and that in a very few minutes it would crash against the cliff.

Quickly Peter folded his long legs back in the cockpit. He gave the tiller a twist and pulled in his lines for a reach. The five-meter fishing craft he had for a sailboat wasn't, with its awkward lateen rig and lack of a keel, the fastest boat in the world; but he might get there just in time.

He swore at the idiocy of the state of affairs ahead as he slid along a direct, steady course. Things like this came from the Balearic Islands having been discovered so violently that summer. They had been discovered thousands of years ago by the Phœnicians; but if you took your impression from the newspapers you'd think the islands had sat unnoticed off the coast of Spain until fifty thousand tourists came along, exclaimed, "Oh, look what we've found!" and took possession of the fishing cottages by paying a year's rent each month.

Even at that it was the best bargain in the world, and just the place for a dozen nationalities made indigent by the world depression. Port of Pollensa, farthest-flung fishing village of Majorca, was the craziest spot. Tea rooms, bars, restaurants, bridge rooms, what not had been opened. People took to sailing so generally that there weren't enough boats to go around.

You could pick up a retired German admiral or a British battleship commander to act as crew any day. You could watch people trying to kill themselves on the lovely but dangerous bay.

Bearing down on the drifting speed boat, Peter didn't think he was going to make it. It looked as if at any moment the frail craft would be thrown against the rock. He could pick out now that the two people were a man and a girl.

They were clad in bathing suits, and the man was tinkering frantically with the engine. From time to time he glanced up at the towering destruction so near. The girl sat back on the cushions. She was laughing and talking to her companion. She seemed to be having a good time instead of being frightened.

Peter, by anticipating every wave before it could slap him back, luffed his craft neatly alongside the speed boat when it was hardly fifteen feet from the cliff.

"Throw your anchor over!" he ordered.

It was the girl who answered. "Don't be silly!"

"You haven't got one?"

"No anchor."

Peter grunted his contempt. He grabbed his own anchor and line, went forward, took his mooring rope in the other hand, and jumped into the speed boat. He handed the painter to the girl. "Hold that!"

"Yes, sir." She wasn't meek.

He strode past the man, who stood helpless and white at the engine, went to the bow, and anchored the heaving boat in the very shadow of the cliff.

When he returned to them he demanded, "What's the idea of setting out like this?"

"Like what?" the girl asked.

Peter indicated the wall of rock. "In another minute——"

"It looks pretty hard, all right."

"People who don't know anything about boats," Peter said, "shouldn't be allowed in them."

The man spoke up. He was a good-looking youth with a silky mustache. He appeared to resent having his life saved. "My father builds boats," he said.

"You see?" the girl pointed out. "We know all about boats."

"What's the matter with this one?"

"Why—oh, the engine wouldn't work. Isn't that right, Freddy?"

"And I can't see why," the young man said.

PETER KERN bent over the engine, tested a few things. All O. K. He whirled the cap off the gasoline tank and looked in. Its bottom shone. "No gas," he announced.

Freddy said, "My God!"

The girl said, "Most logical thing I ever heard."

They had no emergency cans of gasoline.

"You from the Port?" Peter asked.

"Formentor," the girl told him.

Peter looked across the outer bay where the long, white form of the *de luxe* hotel reared itself among the pines. That was where people with too much money stayed. The Port, on the inner bay, where he had his house, was where people without enough money went. "All right," he said, "get in my boat."

They got in. Peter followed and cast away. "You take the jib!" he ordered Freddy. "And give her all she'll hold."

"I don't like your tone," Freddy said.

"It doesn't matter," Peter told him.



Illustrations by
J. KARL



"The man was tinkering frantically with

The girl, though she didn't lose her flipness, proved more civil. She asked for Peter's name. Her companion she presented as Frederic Post. But Freddy in the sulks, failed to acknowledge the introduction. Her own name was Apple. "Apple Fleming," she said. "You see, I was born in Paris when my mother had a French complex. She called me *Pomme*. It stuck."

It was an unreal sort of name, but it was a good deal like the girl herself. It was like her bathing suit, which consisted of a brief pair of trunks and a kerchief brassière. It was like the pert beauty of her young face and the slim contours of her thighs.



the engine. The girl seemed to be having a good time instead of being frightened"

Apple asked and Peter explained about sailing. She evinced an enthusiasm for the sport.

"Sailing's fine," he said, "but you don't mean what you're saying. You're just talking."

She stared at him with her wide blue eyes. "But I do mean it!" she asserted.

"Pull in the jib," Peter instructed Freddy. "It's flapping."

Apple inquired about how long he had been on Majorca, and found out ten months. She asked how much longer he was going to stay.

"Until I finish my work."

"Work? What do you do?"

"Archæologist."

"How do you do that?"

"Write a book just now."

"Tell me about it."

"No, I won't tell you about it."

"Please."

"Give her more air," Peter told Freddy. "We're running free."

"I think you're rude," Apple said.

She had never met a man like this before. She had never been treated by any one the way he treated her. He was a new and curious experience.

When they reached the Formentor dock she asked him to come up to the hotel.

"I'll stay because I want my anchor back," he said. "You'd better tell somebody here to go out and get it."

"Peter," she told him, "you're indecent."

In the glittering bar there were other people. Apple and Freddy told them of their adventure. Freddy made little of Peter's part in it, but Apple claimed he was

Peter and Apple play at love in another Garden of Eden

By
THEODORE PRATT

a hero. Then, as if a drink were the only proper method to settle matters she asked, "What will you have?"

"Lemonade." Peter was thinking of the work he had ahead of him that night.

"Oh, have a cocktail!"

"I'll have a lemonade."

"But that's morbid. Try a White Lady."

"Give me," Peter told the barman, "a glass of lemonade."

"You're so sweet," Apple said. "Like a mad dog. Mother's having a dinner party to-night. Will you stay?"

A peculiar noise came from Freddy's handsome face. "But—"

Apple asked, "What did you say, Freddy?"

"Nothing." He drifted away.

"I'm going back," Peter announced, "as soon as they bring in your boat with my anchor."

"But that won't be for hours," she protested. "Look! They're just starting out."

They stared through a low, oblong window. The great sheet of water below had gone pink and purple and yellow from the last boasts of the sun, dying behind the mountains. Crossing the vivid streaks was a white motor boat.

"I suppose I'll have to have dinner somewhere," he admitted.

She regarded him thoughtfully. Then she chose a tone that mocked his. "I suppose you'll have to."

"But I'm not in the right clothes for here." He indicated his white slacks and his fisherman's pullover that buttoned on one shoulder.

"Oh, we won't dress," she told him airily. "I'll probably wear my bathing suit."

Apple wasn't in her bathing suit when she joined him in the lounge a little later, but the *décolletage* of her trailing silver evening gown was startling. Somehow her costume made her seem more grown up, to have a dignity she didn't possess before.

She put her hand penitently on his arm. "Peter," she said, "I'm sorry I haven't kept my promise. Mother wouldn't let me."

"DO YOU do everything your mother says?"

"The little things. You don't mind, do you?"

"Why," he asked, "should I mind what you do?"

A large body with a bullfrog front embossed recklessly with pearls steamed up. Peter accepted the statement that this was mother, and submitted to severe disapproval from behind lorgnettes. Other guests came to the rendezvous. There were introductions. There was a Lord Something. There was a Lady Somebody. There was Freddy again, looking handsomer than ever in a dinner coat. Every one except Peter was clad in faultless evening attire. Every one, by trying very hard not to stare at him, stared at him. Crazy, Peter found himself marching, with Apple on his arm, into the splendor of the dining room.

Sitting there at the long table on one side of her, with Freddy on the other side and the Lord Something opposite, the funny thing was that he really didn't mind. It was the sort of situation he could enjoy just then. It was the sort of thing that made him, as the sumptuous meal progressed, not only abrupt, but also caustic.

Yet wasn't this world, which he looked down upon, perversely, from below, what he was working for? Wasn't this expense, he thought a little bitterly, his goal, just as it was most men's god? Well, not exactly, but it, or something like it, was a part of it. And now, here, at least momentarily, he had it to taste, to see how he liked it.

Apple was surprised when he rose and asked her to dance.

They danced easily together. She seemed to melt softly into his every step, acquiesce with her body to his briefest movement. Looking up at him, she asked:

Continued on page 38

TWO OF A KIND

Be absent-minded on your honeymoon but keep your head when home

By **ELISE JERARD**

THE night after Christmas and the week after the wedding Otis and Susan checked in at a great hotel, one of the show places of the West—of the world probably. A Moorish gem set in the rough of the Rockies.

But at ten P. M., which was the hour when Buttons bowed them in, the Rockies had gone to rest behind a blanket of sable, revealing nothing more than glittering veins and crowns of snow against a sky that sparkled with crisp stars.

A few moments they stood freezing fervently on their little balcony with their arms around each other. Then slam! went the French doors against the world, leaving them in their rose-lit room with the hush-hush carpet. There was a bit of hangover holly on the center light. They pretended it was mistletoe.

Then the bride, crying "My kingdom for a hot bath!" darted to the bathroom and made a mighty watery roar. They'd been touring in the pueblo country, which boasts more in the way of the picturesque than the last word in plumbing arts.

The groom cozily unpacked his slippers with the soles still shining. "You're such a grand little bum to travel with!" he shouted conversationally. "In fact I like you!"

In response to which his bride shot forth from the region of the laughing waters, seized a blanket, draped herself, and proceeded to whirl about in accurate imitation of the Indians who had danced all night in savage ritual around the holy *crèche* on Christmas Eve.

So infectious was she that her groom joined in, and Room 611 became temporarily a reservation, till their high spirits took a different turn. He caught her flying form and kissed her glossy little red-brown head, her red-brown eyes and pixy mouth.

"I feel so wonderful," she was assuring him. "And I adore you!" When in the midst of this moment of rapture she suddenly leaped as if a crab had nipped her. "Oh! Ye gods! Here's my bath! It's come to get me!"

And sure enough he too felt that his slipper soles were blotters, and there over the threshold rushed a minor Mississippi, branching out hungrily over the rug, sending a tributary toward their toes. With a shout and a Fairbanks leap he made for the steam room of the bath, and with a virile hand wrenched off the torrent. "Keep out!" he boomed. "Did you mean to boil lobsters in this bath?"

But Suki, never one to let others fight her hot water, waded in, dredging up what had been a turquoise negligee, two tiny sunk mules, and a string of seaweed, her best nightgown. Together they tugged at the water-log of the bath mat, hurled it at the window sill, and missed. For an hour they baled, mopped, and sopped. As the tide lowered, their spirits rose.

"Do you love me as much as before the flood?" she asked him.

"Yes, Mrs. Noah!"

"Will you always? Because I may make frequent floods."

"What! Is it a habit? You won't get any baths. I'll sprinkle you with a watering can."

"Figurative floods. When everything is most serene I'll stub my toe on something trivial. When I feel most like *Tilania*, queen of the fairies, I'll develop waving donkey ears like *Bottom*! You know *me*!"

"And what about me? Where was I when the dikes burst? Alert, attentive? No, I was *Romeo*-ing you! You know *me*!" he countered.

And that, of course, was the beauty of it. As they lay warming each other's slightly cold feet, they turned soft laughter against themselves, reminiscing like eight-day married veterans. How they were meant for none other than each other from the very beginning.

From that very first day when he blew into the office of *Monthly Review*—huge and dark and handsome in a lean and hungry way, said Suki. And the sliced eyebrows of the receptionist coldly lifted. "You're late, Mr. Moreley. Too late. You've lost your appointment."

Then the eyebrows turned to the right and fixed severely on Suki, sitting there all in dark blue and red, with a big cat-whiskers bow with polka dots. "As for you, Miss Eldridge," she said, "you are entirely too early. You'll have to wait forever."

They'd looked at each other. That brought them together at once. Then a little bell rang in Otis's brain. "You're not the Eldridge who wrote 'The Tethered Kid'?"

"And you're not the Moreley who made the illustrations? Oh, shake! I liked those illustrations, and I nearly never do."

"And I liked that story," he said sitting down beside her, "and I nearly never read them through. Somehow you made that kid that they tie up to bait lions with the symbol of all innocent sacrifice. You can write, and you know your Africa. They tell me you're the daughter of Eldridge, the explorer and anthropologist."

She admitted this with a bob of the little scarlet pill box of a hat that sat on one ear. "I lived in Africa from the time I was eight till sixteen. Then two years in Dutch Guiana. Then I went on dad's expedition to the Antarctic. And I'm here a year and a half."

She endeared herself to him at once by her casual frankness when he showed her his new drawings for her

"Elephants Forget." "Your shadows that are like black swords are good—that's Africa—but your elephant is stuffed! I wish I could make you really see animals."

His heart did things. "Why," he suggested, "since I've lost my appointment here, can't you take me to the Zoo? You might teach me a little something."

So their courtship began outside the cages, where she showed him the decorative design of the elephant, the large lily calyx ears, the swinging root of the tail, the impressive play of the muscles. She became an elephant for him. She made him feel, somehow, the sense of the



terrible superabundance of Africa, the fearful poverty of the frozen north.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I haven't listened to a person talk so well since I sat at my grandma's knee."

"Great Scott!" he cried suddenly. For his grandma had reminded him of his mother, and his mother of her dinner which he was supposed to eat at half past six, and here it was past seven.

"She's a great girl, my mother, only she does keep me punching a time clock. I hate that, don't you?"

Suki'd never done it. But she did promise to meet him at six the next day. As he galloped away he saw her sitting down leisurely under a maple to meditate. That, he thought, was the way to live.

She wasn't there, of course, at six the next day, but he never knew it since he wasn't there at that time either. A fever chart of their innumerable appointments would have resembled a seismographic record in all its interesting ups and downs.

"Meet me at the Pennsylvania," might mean one of several things. First of all, it might mean a station or a hotel. If a hotel, it might mean a lobby, a lounge, a dining room.

So they went eagerly wandering about, frequently missing each other by a whisk around the corner. But what glee when she ran into

him all of a sudden! Or when, emerging from a phone booth after a vain attempt to reach her, she emerged from the one next door! How much more amusing than just being regular!

Only once Otis was really annoyed at Suki. When she missed a date entirely. It suggested you didn't care, he shouted at her.

She saw him in an ominous passion again when she came to his skylight studio one day to pose, and found him violently promising to punch the nose of a man from the Electric Light Company who had come, apparently, to shut off the service.

"You've had four letters!" the man argued heatedly, and Otis most unreasonably was demanding, "Well, where are they then? Where are they?" Then Suki walked in, like soothing oil, and found the latest in the teapot.

"But I wouldn't make a mutt of myself, darling, for six dollars," she pointed out. "Though I know you got so mad at yourself really for not remembering. You're not so very practical, you know." It was then they thought of marriage. What woman would ever understand like Suki?

Or who could be so helpful as Otis when she writhed, in turn, under the tyranny of things? When he found her gay Chelsea room full of gloom and her typewriter on its ear in one corner? "I hate it! Right in the middle of a grand idea it stops like a mule! I've done everything to it from burrowing in it to banging and yelling."

He patted her and picked up the offender. "You've done everything, all right, but papa fix!" while she hung over him, adoring because he was so sweet about doing things for her.

So he offered her his hand, and that is how they got engaged. They sat in a big chair and never noticed that he'd fingerprinted her with carbon caresses. And Suki's dogs, Lenin and Trotsky, offspring of Katerina, her father's sledge dog, came and licked his hand. And he must marry her at once!

All right, she said, all she had to do was to send a cable to New Zealand. But he had a mother to consider. A big, powerful matriarch, a marvelous housekeeper, who would of course doubt

that any woman could assume physical care of him and keep his kiddie car on the track.

"Especially me," said Suki, big-eyed. "And I want to please her."

He said that was a very laudable sentiment, but his mother would melt when she met Suki.

On the day of the meeting, he looked Suki over with much care, as if she were a horse, she said. "Did you expect I'd be done up in burlap tied with twine?"

"You know I'm always crazy about your get-up; but if mother approves it's much easier. She'll fall for this—the little brown wren."

"With everything all spotless and lacy underneath, in case I faint!"

And Suki was a success. She broke charmingly through all the best mother-of-the-groom defenses. Mrs. Moreley sat there nodding approvingly at the young girl. When, glancing at her, Otis became suddenly aware of a wild look in Suki's eyes.

With admirable tact he suggested he was hungry, knowing that his mother would rustle foodwards. No sooner was she gone than Suki leaped to her feet and there instantly fell from her a silken something that sighed to the floor like a pair of pink petals. She picked it up, crying, "I've been losing them for a half an hour! Here, hide 'em quick! This couldn't happen to any one but me!"

With great dignity she partook of the excellent coffee, praising with great *éclat* the cake.

"Why," said Mrs. Moreley, beaming, "you shall both have a piece to take home." She wrapped them in wax paper and came to tuck them in his pocket. "Oh," she cried, "what is this?" And though he edged away she followed and briefly drew forth a wisp

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"This time you've done it, my boy," Suki said happily; "best darn thing you've ever touched!"

Illustration by
JOHN HOLMGREN



Tempest Pastoral

the vaqueros from the Aguilar hacienda who have been forced to join the Mendoza revolutionists, and a little waif named Juan.

Gordon, badly wounded in the flight, takes Mendoza to an abandoned mine back in the hills, then rides to the Mendoza hacienda to rescue Mendoza's sisters before they can be shot by the troops. Because of their old friendship Conchita and her uncle are accused of being in league with Mendoza. Word is brought to Conchita by her Yaqui Indian vaquero, Tigre, that Gordon is hurt and hiding with the Mendozas.

Old Pedro explains to Colonel Monterro that Gordon and Mendoza are really rivals, that Gordon is not a revolutionist, but saved Mendoza because he foolishly thinks Conchita Aguilar loves Mendoza and is too blind to see it is Gordon himself that she loves.

PART V.

THREE mounted figures rode through the moonlight and the shadows along the base of the mountains. The one in the center sat hunched forward in the saddle as though exhausted. Occasionally he straightened as with an effort, only to sag slowly again. The other two were women in riding costume. Bundles were fastened at all three saddles. The two women looked around from time to time as though fearful.

Lane Gordon spoke.

"It is not very far now," he said, and his voice was listless, tired. "Your brother is hiding in an abandoned mine not far inside the first wall of the mountains. I have brought enough food for several days, and in a week—we may—be able—"

The words trailed off. His right hand rose to his side and his face drew up in an expression of pain. He swayed in the saddle. Luisa Mendoza, the taller of the two girls, swerved her mount quickly to his side and grasped his arm. Their tired horses stood quietly.

"You are exhausted, Señor," she said; and then to her sister, "Raquel, ride on the other side of him. We will go at a walk."

Gordon's sagging head came up, and he looked around like one coming out of a sleep. A drawn smile settled on his face. Luisa Mendoza's hand lay gently on his arm. His head shook as though to clear away the cobwebs of some insistent demand for rest.

"I'll be all right now," he said, and added apologetically, "I have been two days and two nights in the saddle, you see."

About them was a night of magic. All pale silver and greenish shadows, the heights above them unreal, fantastic—giants buttressed against invaders, sitting far up behind their ramparts and pouring cooling breezes upon the world.

They turned upward presently through a gap. Gordon rode ahead and leaned far forward over the withers of his horse. It was darker here, the heights rising directly above them on all sides as though Titans had tossed and discarded them in playful madness. Presently an old trail, scrub-grown, opened, and they followed it. Here was the ruin of the abandoned cabin. They came at last to the place where the mine shaft entered the mountain.

"Mendoza!" Gordon called in a hollow, flat voice. "I've brought your sisters."

His one foot was free of the stirrup and he swung it back to dismount, then slumped forward and sprawled. He slid from the saddle, his other foot still in its stirrup. The horse shied away, but evidently was too tired to bolt, and stood there patiently.

"Luisa, take the bridle quickly." The smaller of the Mendoza sisters had dismounted and grasped the stirrup. With an effort she lifted the booted foot and freed it.

Somewhat hesitantly the dark figure of a man emerged from the mine shaft. Luisa Mendoza dropped Gordon's bridle and ran to her brother.

"Carlos! Oh, Carlos, you are safe!"

The other girl was still kneeling beside the fallen man. She raised his head; his face was very pale in the moonlight. There was something fine about its handsome strength. Her small, cool hand pushed back the hair and stroked his forehead restfully.

The girl called softly: "Carlos, come. We must do something for Señor Gordon!"

Don Carlos Mendoza knelt beside his younger sister, and he looked at Gordon closely.

"Ah," he said, "he is wounded there in the side, but I think he will be all right. He is as tough as any bandit. There is nothing we can do for him."

"But we can't let him lie here. Haven't you any water?" the girl asked.

"Yes, some we brought in the saddle canteens. I have drunk most of it."

"Get it."

Mendoza went off toward the entrance to the mine shaft and returned with one of the canteens. It contained perhaps a quart of water, cool as the result of having been left in a dark crevice among the rocks. Raquel put her left arm under Gordon's neck and held his head up with an effort. Carefully she poured a little of the water between his lips, then gently rested his head and bathed his face. Presently his eyes opened; he looked about dazedly and smiled, then closed them again.

"IT IS unthinkable," Mendoza was saying, "that the sisters of Don Carlos Mendoza should be here in such circumstances—under obligations to such a man—and at his mercy!"

"You forget, Carlos, that it was you who brought about the circumstances," Luisa reminded him; "and this American who came for us with the Indian told us that Conchita Aguilar had sent him."

"If she did I am not aware of it," her brother replied somewhat testily. "I was under the impression that I had sent him."

"Oh—why argue now?" Raquel put in. A curl of dark hair hung forward over her pretty cheek. She brushed it back. "He has done us a great service, and now we ought to help him."

She rose, took off the coat of her riding habit, and spread it beside Gordon's body. "Come, Carlos, help me roll him on this, and get something to cover him with. He needs rest."

The horses wandered about, finding some tufts of grass growing in the rocks. Presently Mendoza went

"'Soldiers!' the vaquero said. 'They will not find anything. We will wait here until they have passed!'"

SYNOPSIS: Conchita Aguilar returns from school abroad to her magnificent hacienda to find revolution smoldering over Mexico. While being escorted home by her uncle and his friend, Dr. Azuncio, they are captured by bandits. Pascual Ribada mayordomo of the hacienda, is wounded. An American among the bandits takes the part of the victims and kills the bandit leader, freeing the captives.

This Lane Gordon accompanies the Aguilar party to their hacienda and is prevailed upon by Conchita and Don Rafael to manage the place until Ribada recovers. Carlos Mendoza, young owner of a neighboring hacienda, is in love with Conchita. Bandit raids become more formidable. Vaqueros of the hacienda are killed until Gordon pursues and takes terrible toll of the marauders. He becomes friendly with Old Pedro, ancient harness maker and a marvelous guitar player.

Old Pedro is the only one who realizes that Conchita and Gordon are falling in love without being aware of it. Gordon is organizing the hacienda's vaqueros into a fighting force to defend their domain when Carlos Mendoza launches the revolution he has been planning.

Gordon exposes the deep intrigue behind it, showing it has been planned by the government to make the peons, who are in an ugly mood, believe the wealthy hacendados rather than the government are their oppressors. Government officers led by a Colonel Monterro have gained Mendoza's confidence and lead his forces into a trap from which Gordon, believing Conchita loves Mendoza, saves Mendoza and also

*A proud daughter of old
Mexico casts aside her heri-
tage for the man she loves*

By
T. VON ZIEKURSCH

Illustrations by **HERBERT M. STOOPS**

to the mine shaft and returned, leading his own mount by a long rawhide reata, which he dropped, leaving the animal to find such pasturage as it could.

In the morning he would take them all into one of the galleries of the mine, safe from observation in case any wandering searchers should come this far, which was highly unlikely. It was much more probable that they would throw out a screen of pursuit toward the north, in the belief that the fugitives would try to reach the sanctuary of the border, a hundred and fifty miles or more distant.

"We are going to be thoroughly uncomfortable here," Mendoza complained, "and I scarcely know what is to become of us. It is fortunate that our father made investments in the United States for you."

"Yes, but that doesn't do us a great deal of good now," retorted Luisa. "How long are we going to have to stay here like hunted animals—as the result of your mad dreams?"

Mendoza shrugged his shoulders.

"**AND** all because you had a vision of yourself as President, as the general who would ride at the head of the army—and see what has come of it!" Luisa ended with a satirical little laugh.

"But why scold him?" demanded Raquel. "Weren't you, too, planning the things you were going to do in Mexico City?"

"I wish this fellow would come around," Mendoza said, "so that we should know what his plans are."

Luisa Mendoza looked toward the American. "He is handsomer than I realized that day when we visited Conchita and she pointed him out to us," she said. "His hair is nice, and he has a strong face."

"You talk like a fool," Mendoza said. "No wonder we have to keep a sharp eye on our women! You are all alike: crazy over the first man who looks at you or whom you look at, and making them all out to be heroes. Remember that you are the sister of Don Carlos Mendoza."

"That is why I am here," Luisa said. Again that satirical little laugh.

The man stretched on the ground moved slightly and groaned as though in his sleep.

"Come," said Mendoza, "we will build a small fire and get some food ready. It is not much, but it will keep the chill off, and I, too, am hungry."

Raquel Mendoza spread some garments over Gordon and followed the others. The night was almost gone. The heavy gray of the hour before daylight was spreading over the sky. The stars had faded except for one point of blue fire. Soon it vanished, and a roseate band of color rimmed the sky. A bird chirped in the brush. The air seemed suddenly warmer as the morning breeze curled and drifted in from the south.

Mendoza and Luisa were sitting by the fire silently. Raquel went to Gordon's side. She knelt beside him and looked at his face. It was drawn. From time to time the forehead wrinkled as though spasms of pain racked him. Her soft little hand passed gently over his face. She bent closer. Her cool lips touched his temple. One of his hands came up slowly, found hers and held it, and though his eyes did not open, those

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" 'I wish you could ride,' she said, 'so we could attempt to get away; but I know you are too weak' "

A lochinvar's horse and wits out-rival greed and guns

Boughten Gal

By
EMMETT GOWEN



"Then give me back my money, Haydon"

IT STARTED raining about noon, while they were at dinner—one of those capricious rains that drop on you without warning from the restless skies of early spring. There was thunder in the distance, a faint, insistent rumbling. The swift drops swished on the cabin roof. Through the window they could see the trees bend with a sudden souging of wind. They sat at the table, within a warmth become damp and steamy,

their elbows on oilcloth, their bone-handled knives and forks busy with ham and turnip greens and corn bread soaked in gravy.

Haydon Mason sat at the end. He poked food into the greasy gash of his mouth, under his beaked nose, not heeding the crumbs which fell into his beard. "I lowed it was going to rain," he said. "I seed them black clouds getting up over Tater Eye Mountain afore I come in from the field."

Haydon's wife was next to make comment. She spoke with her mouth full of food, the sound of her voice as ugly as her face—a face that was heavy and fat, with snuff stains in the corners of her mouth.

"Hit's always the way," she said. "Just lief a'budy start a thing, and the rain is just bound to come along and put a stop to it."

"Hit makes a pretty sound, though; the rain does on the roof," said Jeems, the cripple.

And then Allen Norville spoke up. Allen, hiring out to Haydon during plowing time, sat at the end of the table, a young man compact and dark, with sunburned good looks, with a quality of impervious self-possession. When he spoke, his voice was under the strain of simulating respect, of hiding hatred.

"Hit'll be too wet to plow this evening, so I reckon I'll chop wood after dinner."

Of them all, Mallie, the adopted girl, was the only one not to make comment. Silent and sad, she waited on the table. She was a tall girl, pretty and shapely in spite of the old rag of a dress she wore, and she moved back and forth from table to stove. Hers was an attitude of serene fatalism. Nothing could happen to lower the condition of her life, so let it rain. What could she care?

For a while there was silence; the sounds outside, the sigh of the wind, the swish of the rain; in the room the crackle of stove wood in the fire, the rattle of knives and forks.

ABOVE the heads bowed to plates, Allen and Mallie looked at each other, furtively and with secret understanding.

"I'll sharpen up the ax right after dinner," Allen said. "Mallie, you reckon you could shape at turning the grindstone for me?"

"I reckon," said Mallie.

One by one they finished with the meal. Jeems finished first and hobbled on his crutch to the window, dragging his chair after him.

Allen finished, rolled a cigarette, and got up.

"Mallie, you come turn the grindstone soon as you get your dishwashing done."

He stood in the middle of the floor and stretched himself, like a cat. His tautened figure was slim and lithe and strong in the overalls and the faded old blue shirt. He went out through a blast of chilly air and ran across the yard, his head bowed to the rain, and sought refuge under the lean-to shed that had been built against the smokehouse.

When Haydon had sucked a last saucer of coffee through his beard, then Mallie could eat. She sat down with a clean plate in the place he left, and took some food from a bowl.

Haydon went to the door and looked out at the rain. Then he closed that door and left the kitchen through the other one, going across the dog alley into the other cabin, the part of the house that was the living room. His wife followed him, sitting down to her quilting.

MALLIE and Jeems were left alone in the kitchen then, Jeems turning his head from gazing out of the window to look at her. She smiled at him across her plate.

"I'm knowing what's going on betwixt Allen and you," Jeems said.

"I ain't saying how so it is," Mallie replied.

"I know how so it is," he said. "That-there ax don't need sharpening. Hit's sharp as a razor already; he gets you to turn the grindstone for him so often."

Mallie looked into her plate, having no answer.

For a while Jeems stared at her reflectively, with an expression of wisdom such as is seen only on the faces of children, old men, and cripples. Then he turned again to watching the rain.

When his back was to her, Mallie watched him, the back of his head with the thin hair. He was thin and wan, of the size of a young child, yet wearing the down of adolescence on pale cheek and chin.

At last he turned to her again.

"I'm atelling you, hit won't do you no good," he said.

"What won't?"

"You know what. Pappy won't give you lief to marry nobody."

"Haydon don't own me," Mallie said. "He ain't my daddy."

"I heard him say he owns you. Said an adopted girl from the asylum belonged to a man just as much as his own child."

Mallie turned her head away.

"Sometimes," Jeems said, "I think pappy is a right unkind man."

"Hush, Jeems. You oughtn't to talk that way about your own pappy."

"He may be my pappy, but he does do things that don't seem just right to me. Seems like you got just as



"You durn fool!" he said. 'The money's blowing away on me'"

"The trade's over and done. Hit's my money. Take your gal and go. She's your'n. You done burnt up the papers"

much right as e'er a other person, now you eighteen. He ain't got no right to whup you, neither," Jeems said.

"Hush, he's your pappy, Jeems."

A queer expression flitted across the pallor of Jeems's face. He turned again to look out of the window, saying no more.

Mallie poured hot water from the iron kettle into the dishpan and began washing the dishes. In silence she performed the chore. When she had finished she threw aside the apron and took a sweater from among the meager array of clothes hanging on nails above her cot. She put it on and stood buttoning it over her firm, full bosom.

"You won't tell on me; will you, Jeems?"

"Nah, I won't tell on you. Go out and make like you turning the grindstone for your sweetie; I won't say e'er a word."

Out, then, into the misty drizzle of the gray day, she ran across the yard to Allen. She joined him under the tool shed, where he was making a faint-hearted pretense of grinding the ax. The shed smelled of rust from the old plows that lay there, an odor acridly mingled with a faint incense of damp dust.

With drawling mountaineer directness Allen came at once to what he wanted to say.

"I be thinking, honey. Seems like we ought to get married and you come up on Tater Eye with me. I got me a smidgen of money saved up, and I got me a cabin up yonder. I got a little land, too, and I could shape at making a crop. And you could fix up the house all nice and pretty. And I reckon then we might own to a better way o' living 'fore long. Leastways if you was aminded to wed up with such trash as me."

Then, observing her castdown look, he put the ax down on the ground. He placed his dark-skinned hands over hers on the grindstone handle.

"WHYN'T you answer me, honey?"

"Lord knows, Allen, I'm willing," she faltered. "I feel like I rather follow you e'erwhere you want me to go—but I just can't, nohow."

"But efen you care a little, teensy bit for old wuthless me, you don't want to stay here," he argued. "The way these folks treats you. Making you work like a slave, and all, and not so much as giving you lief to go to church on Sundays! And abeating you. Jeems told me."

"It ain't I don't want to go," she said.

"What-all is there to hold you, then?"

"He won't let me. He aims to have me stay on here and work."

Allen's lip curled.

"He does, does he? Does he allow you a slave, or something?"

"All I know is he'd throw a cunipation fit, near 'bout, if he ever heard us talking the like of this."

"He would, would he?"

"He sure would."

"Well, he's going to be athrowing one in just about a minute from now."

"Allen! What you calculate doing?"

"I'm agoing right in there, right this minute, and I'm agoing tell him that we aim to wed and go off up on Tater Eye together."

He stalked toward the house, dark and lithe and angry.

"Allen! Don't do it, please."

When he gave no sign of hearing her she ran after him and held his sleeve, pleading.

"I'm scared he'll whup me!"

"He'll have me to whup, too, then."

He stepped up onto the dog alley and pushed open the door of the livingroom. As for Mallie, she cringed into the kitchen, where Jeems was. Allen stood in the door facing Haydon and the woman. For an instant he was as stiff and menacing as a bristling cat. And then, suddenly, he relaxed and became cautious.

Haydon Mason looked up from where he sat in a chair at the fireplace. He was whittling shavings. Around his eyes was an expression of mild surprise. The old woman peered at Allen over her spectacles. She was sitting at the quilting frame, fat sides jammed between chair arms. Dis-simulating now, Allen stepped to the fireplace and leaned against the mantelshelf. He spoke quietly, his eyes preoccupied with the patent-medicine bottles on the mantel.

"Mr. Mason," he said, "I come in to mention a couple of little things to you."

"Let's hear 'em," Haydon said, whittling shavings.

"One is I don't aim to work for you no longer."

"You don't say? You only been here 'bout two weeks. I aimed to use you pret' nigh a month efen you wanted the work."

"I aim to go to my own cabin up on Tater Eye and work my own land."

"I hear tell them steep fields up yonder grows mighty pore crops," Haydon said.

"Maybe, but the reason is I'm going get wed."

"Hadn't even heard you was courtin'."

"Mallie and me aims to get wed," Allen told him.

Haydon deliberately put down the stick on which he had been whittling and closed his knife and put it in his pocket. Meanwhile the old woman had begun a sudden, high-pitched berating.

"You are not! Why, of all the everlastin' things! After us taking her and raising her, giving her a mother's love and all. Why, the very idee! Young man, efen you think you goin' tote her off now just when she's old enough to be a help around the house, you just got another think coming!"

HAYDON silenced her with a wave of the hand.

"Hush, Merandi," he said. And then to Allen:

"Jist repeat whut you said, so's I can be sure I heard hit straight."

Allen repeated it, raising his voice as to a deaf man.

Haydon straightened up from habitual inertia, suddenly looming as large and formidable as an old bull.

"Now look ahere; jist git this-here straight, young man, causen you mought just as well understand hit fust as last. We taken thet gal outen

the orphant 'sylum and paid out good money for clothes, and all, for her; we laid out for doctors' bills for her, and give her good raisin' twell she got big enough to work. And that ain't counting all the vittles she et. And now she's got so she's a help around the house, I don't aim to lief her marry no young pecker-wood whatsomever."

"She's free, ain't she?" Allen said. "Slavery's done been abolished."

"Only way e'er a man can have her," Haydon said, "is to give me back the money I done laid out on her. Fail he does that, he best keep away, and I'm atellin' you whut God loves."

"You can't buy and sell a girl like they used to niggers. They'd have you in the pen for that, Mr. Mason."

"Tain't buying and selling, nothing like. But she's my gal and I got the 'doption papers to prove hit,

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M-25 ELUDES TRAP THAT ENDS HER CAREER AS GERMAN SPY

By **Baron Rolf von Reitzenstein**

Illustration by
KARL GODWIN

SYNOPSIS: Among the world's outstanding spies were the author of this series, who for many years conducted Germany's chief military espionage, and his assistant, the extraordinarily beautiful countess who was known only as M-25. Innocent of appearance as a naïve country girl, she stormed the hearts of men in high positions who fell in love with her and gave her access to important secrets. She is still alive and beautiful.

The author has told of their work in various parts of the world, how she saved his life, how they broke up other spy rings, won battles for Germany through the information they gathered, of the one real love in the life of M-25, and how they clashed with the American Espionage Service. The beginning of the end approached when they planned, after the War had been lost, to launch a new drive with a half million veterans, aided by a revolt of the civilian population in the occupied territories, to hurl the French out.

M-25 posing as a Frenchwoman under the name of Madame de la Roche, won the affection of Captain de Chevalier of the Belgian Sûreté, and in this way learned there was a traitor in the ranks of her own organization who intended to betray the author as leader of the German sabotage group which was planning the uprising against the French and Belgians. Things had reached a desperate stage, the outbreak imminent which would have plunged the world into a new war.

PART VIII.

ALMOST from the beginning of my career as a diplomat and spy in the service of the imperial German government my wandering pathway, which had led me all over Europe, into Africa and Asia, a pathway constantly marked with danger, had been paralleled by that of the remarkable and beautiful woman who was known as M-25.

In these chapters I have written but sketchily of our careers together from the time, as a young officer on duty in the Balkans, when she was sent from Berlin to join me. Ostensibly I was a military attaché connected with the German Diplomatic Service then. Ostensibly, also, she was a wealthy young noblewoman. We were espionage workers. From then on many, many things happened to us that I have not even touched on. Now I come to the tale of our final downfall.

I have explained how, after the War, we built up that vast organization among the German population of the Rhineland, preparing for a revolt against the French and Belgian armies of occupation; how we established business houses in the United States and elsewhere that furnished us the profits we needed to pay the enormous costs of carrying on our work; how we had a secret army of a half million trained veterans ready to drive through Switzerland into France.

The French and Belgians knew that desperate plans were under way, but they were completely baffled.

They could not find out in whom or where the leadership of these plans and activities centered. They knew that somewhere was an individual at the head. I was that individual, and they called me "Haroko." They were spending huge sums and had their best Intelligence workers in the region in an effort to find out the identity of this Haroko. Only a very few of my closest associates in our organization knew it. The Belgians came close when Captain Pierre de Chevalier, their clever Sûreté chief, succeeded in bribing one of our subagents to turn traitor.

M-25, posing as a Frenchwoman under the name of Madame de la Roche, intrigued Captain de Chevalier to such a degree that he became infatuated with her, and in this way she learned all their plans and secrets and brought them to me. Through her we finally discovered who the traitor in our ranks was, and he was executed.

All this cleared the path for our organization to go on its desperate way in the almost frantic rush of smuggling in arms, munitions, and equipment against the day when revolt would break in an effort to push the French and Belgians off German soil. I knew, and those associated with me also knew, that the time left us to prepare would be short, that the iron ring was drawing close about us, and that inevitably our foes must unearth some clue that would reveal to them the inner circle of our group.

The whole region was completely flooded with the best Intelligence men that France and Belgium could muster, and also some of the shrewdest from England and America, although we did not come into contact with these so often.

But somewhere there must come a break. The only question was would we have rifles and ammunition and machine guns sufficient for the civilians who had learned how to use them during the War as soldiers of the Kaiser? Would we have artillery and shells and tractors to meet the need for those veterans who were to come through from Germany proper? Would we be prepared before they could break through the wall of silence surrounding our activities and stop all our plans?

I knew once they learned who was behind it all by discovering the identity of myself and the others who were close to me the cause would be lost, since all the

reins were in a few hands and all of them worked through me.

There was nothing to do but carry on as cautiously as possible and hope. In the meantime I continued building my friendly relations with officers of the French and Belgian occupation forces. To them I was an interesting personality, or so they told me. They admitted they liked me because I was a good sport. The Versailles Treaty had taken away about four-fifths of my



barony when the German borders were changed. Seemingly I took in good spirit the loss of this property which the Belgians confiscated.

Over a long period they had observed how calmly I used my influence over my countrymen when their tempers and their patriotism boiled over. I was constantly smoothing over difficulties between the inhabitants and the troops of occupation, and they never suspected that my real motive was merely to keep things quieted down until we could strike with some assurance of success.

The beginning of the end came when I was invited to a banquet given by the Belgian General Graff in honor of his visiting friend, Comte Fallières, in the Kurgarten in Aix-la-Chapelle. Among the distinguished guests was the French General de Tecquerille, the German Graf von Sanders, and a few officials of the city of Hameln.

French and Belgian secret operatives were sprinkled through the crowd listening to the conversations. Some of the Hameln leaders talked too much under the influence of champagne. They discussed sabotage and

strike plans which I had outlined to them. A few days later the startling information came to me that they had all been placed under arrest and put in the prison at Aix-la-Chapelle. Captain de Chev-

alier apparently knew nothing, or at least M-25 could get nothing out of him.

Instinctively I knew the crisis was at hand. I sent orders to rush arms and ammunition from Holland in mass quantities, and to our veterans to stand by in readiness from the Holland border to Alsace-Lorraine. If it was to be a showdown we would have to fight, though we were not fully prepared, and had not yet managed to bring in enough ammunition to last long at the rate that it would be used in battle.

Those were tense days, but in a short while de Chevalier began confiding in M-25 again. He told her that through what their secret agents had overheard at that banquet and through the arrest and application of the third degree to the Hameln officials they had discovered a big nest of intrigue and that they had reason to suspect the well-known Graf von Sanders and Baron von Reitzenstein.

As yet, he confided, they did not know how far I was involved, and in order to continue their investigation without arousing my suspicions they had not arrested me. However, I would not be able to make a move unobserved from then on.

I immediately rearranged my bodyguard. I had two huge cars, a Mercedes and a Benz, in which I traveled. Following my car, in which two chauffeurs who were also bodyguards occupied the front seat, was another car containing two trusted agents. At some distance behind them came two other agents either on motor cycles or in a machine.

I asked Graf von Sanders to arrange a meeting with the French Colonel René Duval and Vicomte de Champlain at the villa of Von Sanders near Bonn, and attended this meeting myself. We pretended we did not know we were under suspicion, and asked the two Frenchmen to use their influence to obtain the release of the Hameln officials.

On my way to that meeting, knowing from what M-25 had told me that I would be followed everywhere, I put one of my agents of about my build in the Mercedes car, and let the bodyguard in the other car follow this. Then I trailed along in my Benz, and with a couple of agents on motor cycles following me quite some distance behind. Soon I saw that my double in the Mercedes was being followed by two French agents.

I beckoned the motor cycles and gave them instruc-

tions to hurry forward, pick a quarrel with the French agents, and hold them up until we got away, since after leaving the conference at Von Sanders's villa I wanted to meet some of my aids in this district.

They did as I directed. I stepped out of the Benz to wait. Up ahead the fight started, and quite suddenly, without any orders from me, the chauffeur of my Benz lost his head, started up, and raced full speed for the Frenchmen. He was a marvelous driver who had handled racing cars, and he swerved and hit the two Frenchmen before they had a chance.

I was furious, but it was too late, so I detailed two men to take the victims to the hospital in Bonn and went on to the conference. Soon enough I saw the Frenchmen were suspicious of me, so I left and raced away for the Holland border to rush through what would possibly be the last shipment of rifles, machine guns, ammunition, and shells for our hidden artillery that we would be able to get. I had fleets of trucks and private automobiles ready.

The plan was set. Our vehicles were to be all ready, on little-frequented back roads near Suestersill, to be loaded as the munitions were smuggled over the border through the brush. As the smuggling started one of our trucks was to cross the border bridge on the main road. It was to be loaded with junk. It would not stop at the command of the customs officers.

There would be shooting and pursuit, and that would leave my smugglers free and unmolested. Attention would be taken away from them. To complicate matters further I with a band of my men would appear on the highway to engage in the combat and slowly retreat after the truck, leading pursuit away from the direction the arms shipments would take. There is a perfect labyrinth of forest and brush and back roads in this region.

All was set, but I had made two mistakes. Rather my chauffeur had made one of them in running down those French agents. When they recovered in the hospital they told their superiors they had been following a Mercedes car in which they believed I was riding, but they had been run down by a Benz. The Frenchmen at the villa of Von Sanders when I arrived for the conference said I had arrived in a Benz. If I only had thought to change back into my Mercedes! The French, of course, knew I owned a Benz.

Then one of the injured men recalled that one of those who intercepted and argued with them on the road before they were run down was a man he had often seen with the late Schneider. He described this man. Captain de Chevalier remembered that Schneider had given him a thorough description of the man who brought orders from Haroko. The descriptions were the same. All this put together led to one conclusion. Baron von Reitzenstein was Haroko.

A frantic search was started for me by all the French and Belgian agents. They brought in the information that my car had crossed into Holland. By the time they got this news and prepared to act my men were preparing for the last grand rush of munitions. The French and Belgians must have sent guards, agents, and troops posthaste to cover all the roads leading to the borders. The finish came fast and tragically.

Our junk-laden truck came rattling over the bridge, refused to stop, and the pursuit by the customs officers began. I and my band emerged from the brush and moved toward the advancing truck, firing a few shots and pretending to be a road patrol assisting the customs officers. This was to cause a slowing down by the customs officers while the truck would race on a couple of miles to where an automobile was waiting.

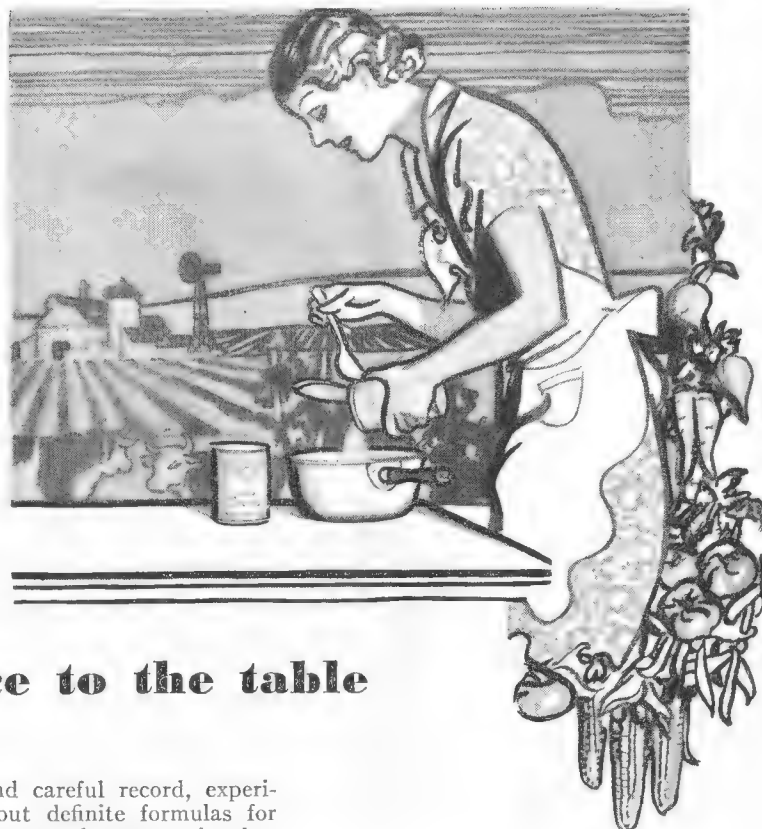
The two men on the truck would desert it and flee in this other machine while I and my men carried on a fight with the



"In landing in Danzig M-25 crashed her heavily loaded plane"

Continued on page 26

OUR CANNED-FOOD SUPPLY



Brings romance to the table

CANNING seems less mysterious to the housewife than does any other big industry. After all, the "preserving kettle" is still part of home equipment. Yet few of us realize in the least what exciting risks and what earnest labors in field and laboratory lie behind large-scale canning.

"Large" is the word. More than 200 different products marketed at the rate of several billion cans a year and no mistakes allowed! Remember that this type of food must be shipped thousands of miles, stored for months at all sorts of temperatures, and still prove delicious when served. Only by the most relentlessly exact methods can perfection be approximated in such vast and difficult terms.

Canned products are in our kitchens to-day because years of determined experiment have made these products good. It was not until after the Civil War that canning, which originated in France, became commercially important in the United States. Then, for another generation, the industry had to win its way against the conviction of housewives that the place for canning food was in the home. In the interim one of the major problems was solved—that of getting a cheap, air-tight container. At first, when cans were handmade, the most expert workman could finish only sixty a day. Now a machine turns out 300 a minute.

Did you ever step foot into a modern can factory? It is a deafening place. But there you see one of the most completely mechanized of industries. Streams of shining cylinders pass along with a tremendous clatter, largely attending to their own needs, and at last dance down a slide to help pack themselves into waiting freight cars.

Such rapid processes mean lowered costs to consumers. More important to our satisfaction with the food destined for the cans are certain features of construction. Did you know that the metal consists of steel sheets plated with tin, sometimes enameled to prevent any stain from foods containing sulphur? Did you realize that all seaming and soldering is on the outside of the can and that not one is pronounced finished until it has passed a test proving it absolutely air-tight?

So much for the can itself. What about the treatment of its contents? Well, as early as 1874 a Baltimorean invented a retort in which many filled cans could be sterilized under steam pressure. This apparatus marked the beginning of mass production. Yet even so the time required for cooking different types of food was largely guesswork, and naturally the results varied considerably. It was Pasteur, the great French scientist, who changed all that. He taught the world how bacteria which spoil food could be destroyed by heat. As soon as these principles were applied to canning, results became uniform.

So by laboratory test and careful record, experimenting chemists worked out definite formulas for processing each product. In turn home canning has directly profited by all this scientific research. Most of us are familiar with this type of factory procedure. The can is filled with vegetables or fruits. Seasonings and water, when needed, are added to the product—just as is done in any sort of cooking.

Usually the can is preheated to drive out the air, then sealed and finally sterilized. With such care fruits and vegetables are not only well flavored and cooked to best advantage, but keep without change most of their vitamins. Soup canning deserves special mention later in this article.

Naturally ultimate merit is also based on the tenderness and ripeness of the field product. Therefore the industry has been equally concerned in scientific agriculture. Many people think that the canners merely buy up and can what is left of the fresh market crop. Quite the contrary. They either own great tracts of land on which they grow just what they need or they contract for crops especially raised for them.

Some large companies do both. One of the latter tells the public that it operates 16,000 acres of corn and

pea farms and 7,500 acres of asparagus—to isolate only three items on its list. Another, more specialized company, as part of its system of cultivation, replants 1,900 acres nearly every year.

Investment in such enormous agricultural projects means risk. For all our science, nature is still incalculable. Frosts and baking heat, cloud-bursts and drought, pests of every kind offset the prodigality of growing forces. But so far as possible every element is controlled by the application of science.

To say that the work of Federal and State agricultural departments has helped the canners is to whisper something that should be shouted. Experimentation with soils and seeds, development of irrigation, and control of pests are three great factors affording excellence of crops. State agricultural institutions spend \$25,000,000 a year in training students, assisting farmers, and carrying on research. Millions more are annually spent in research by the United States Department of Agriculture.

HINTS ON BUYING CANNED FOODS

1. Remember that different qualities of canned foods have decidedly different price ranges. Flavor and tenderness constitute two elements which should be considered.

2. Remember that the operation of the Food and Drug Administration guarantees wholesomeness of canned foods. Products which, though wholesome, fall below quality standards established by the Department of Agriculture must bear conspicuously on the can, "Below United States Standard. Low Quality, but Not Illegal."

3. Do not be afraid of a mere dent in the side of a can unless it is deep enough to make it leak. A bulge at the top, however, is likely to indicate gas pressure from spoilage.

4. Visit a canning factory when opportunity offers and see how close are the mutual interests of home and industry.

5. Write to the National Canners' Association, Washington, D. C., for its booklets, "How to Buy Canned Foods" and "Stop Wondering, Here Are the Facts."

Pictureorial Review

BE A BETTER BUYER

FOR their part, the canners have also expended large sums. In addition to what each company pays its experts, the National Canners' Association has devoted \$10,000,000 to its own research and almost \$500,000 in grants to research workers at divers universities. "It is that sort of scientific study," said the manager of one large company, "which gives effectiveness to the brand name known to the public."

Every member of the industry—which, by the way, consists of 2,758 companies and individual canners—depends upon the advance of scientific knowledge. No matter what his interest is—whether it is in making soup or pickles, whether it is in canning the purest pineapple juice or in preparing spinach for all who remain unaffected by humorists, the man engaged in canning leans hard upon the patient efforts of chemist, bacteriologist, and entomologist.

Next time you open a can of tomatoes or corn just reflect upon the reasons for its virtues. Nowadays nothing in this vast undertaking is left to chance or guesswork. The result is enrichment to the diet and convenience to the housewife. Doubtless you have your favorite brand of products and doubtless you find some distinctly more satisfactory than others. The amazing thing is that nowadays every taste can be satisfied. Homemakers can afford to be grateful for the progress, so briefly outlined here, which has brought this industry to such a high level of excellence.

When a person is asked to enumerate canned fruits, peaches are always named first. This is because the output of peaches is larger than that of any other fruit and also because it is such an extremely attractive product.

Continued on page 52

*There's a
delicious meal
in this real
old-fashioned
vegetable soup!*

When the man comes in with that "I-want-real-food" look on his face. Or the children with those seemingly endless appetites. Or when you yourself are famished after an especially taxing morning's work about the house.

There's nothing better at such hungry moments than Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup. For its extra substantial goodness is equal to any appetite, no matter how eager.

Here is the old-fashioned vegetable soup that should be in every house, ready for instant use. Laden with delicious vegetables, cooked in rich, invigorating beef broth, and generously supplied with tempting pieces of meat. A meal-in-itself — and so convenient!

MADE
IN
CANADA



21 kinds to
choose from . . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mushroom (Cream of)
Mutton
Noodle with chicken
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef



LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's Soup
Is all I ask
To make me shine
At any task!

12 cents a can
except Chicken with Rice

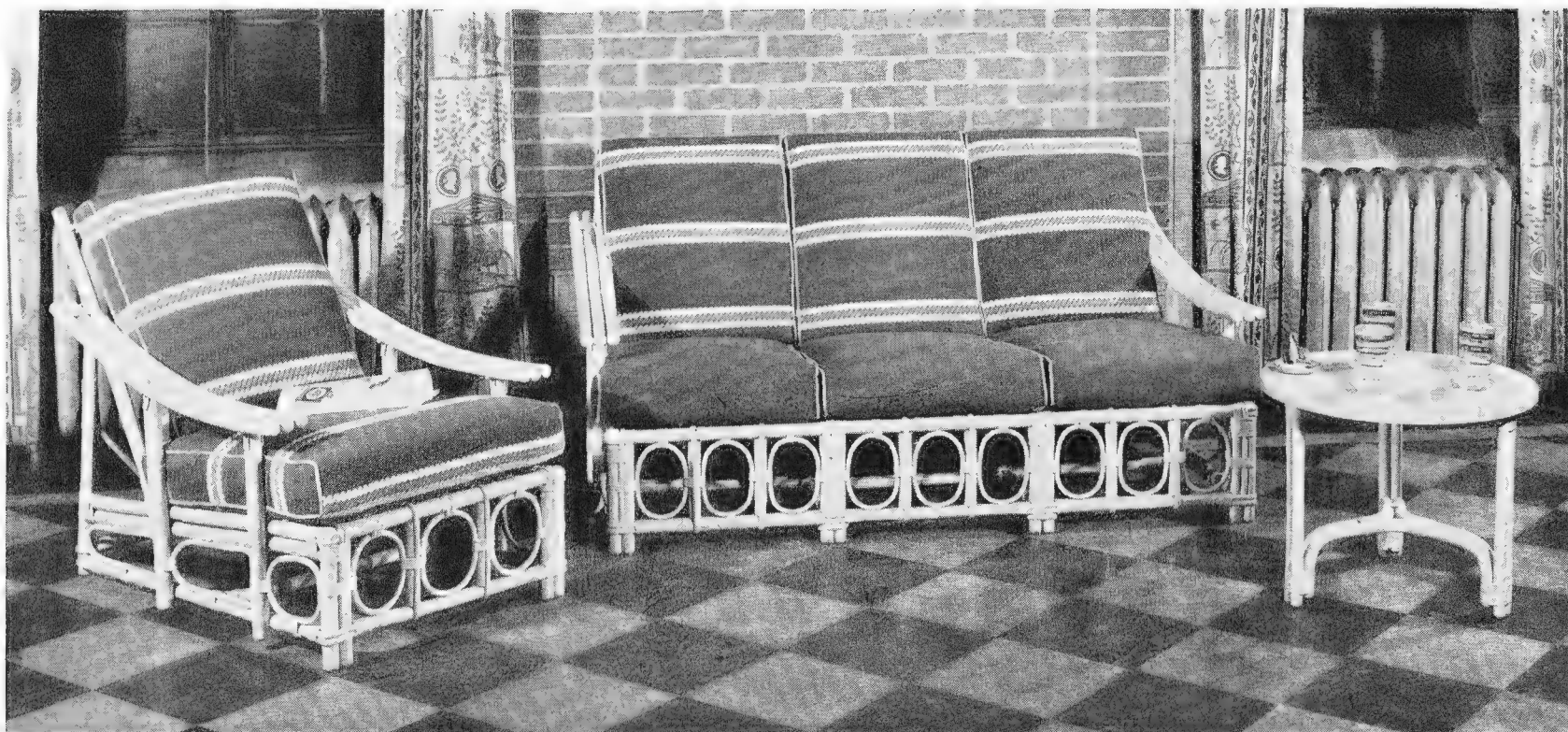
**Double rich!
Double strength!**

Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. You are buying double richness — double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost.

Campbell's Soups are the finest soups you can buy.

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup

☐ Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!



Sturdy bent-wood furniture in combination with reed, painted white for coolness and smartness

Courtesy, Heywood-Wakefield Co.

FURNITURE FOR SUMMER LEISURE

By Florence Brobeck

THE much-discussed new leisure time may become a reality for some of us; the much more discussed back-to-the-land movement actually may come about for large numbers of city dwellers. How easy to enjoy the one and materialize the other with this summer's recreational furniture!

Perhaps our leisure time will mean only an extra hour spent with a book and a cool drink in the shade of a window box or a rubber plant—city summers are sometimes like that. Or high up on a roof terrace, if we are among the more fortunate stay-in-the-city summer workers. Then summery-looking affairs, cool in color, comfortable in style, smooth as to fabric texture, are essential to hot-weather living.

Or we may have a suburban house, a porch and lawn; a country place with a terrace and a lily pool on which to feast tired eyes. For these all, from the summerized city apartment to the pent-house roof, from the little suburban back yard to the slopes of the country-house lawn, there are suitable furnishings, created for the purpose of supplying cool comfort to those lucky enough to possess them.

The new furniture is simple in line, as summer furniture should be. It is for the most part able to lead a double life, outdoors or in the house, with equal grace. Its finish, whether of metal, reed, fiber, or wood, will stand summer suns and winds, rain storms and dust better than a life guard's seasoned complexion, and with something of the same charm these hardy fellows show.

With such necessary qualities assured, this season's furniture revels in good style, even the simple, low-cost types. Two interesting combinations are shown here. In the sun room, furnished with bookshelves and all essentials for living-room comfort, there are nonfading draperies at the windows, a summer fabric rug on the floor, and a sun room group of furniture designed to sell at very much less than is usually asked for such smart pieces. The construction is of wood, painted white, and complete with lazy-

back chairs, a gliding couch, armchairs, and small tables, besides the shelves. The pattern of the fabric is modern, but not annoyingly so.

On a more luxurious scale is the bent-wood and reed furniture shown in the second sun room. The note of luxury is struck in the low, deep-seated lines of the chair and sofa and in the character of the upholstery. Again white is used, and the fabric, while modern in texture and pattern, is adaptable to almost any type of sun room, terrace, or porch.

Adaptability is important, for a sun room or porch, a terrace or a spot under the trees may be wrongly furnished and show poor taste just as easily as interiors show these qualities. As in furnishing a room, it is a good plan to study the summer-furnishing problem from every aspect; purse and budget of course set the limit of what is to be spent. Then the kind of place, whether terrace or semiclosed porch, sun room or a completely exposed porch, determines whether sturdy metal and wood pieces, upholstered in waterproof

fabrics, must be selected, or some of the more delicate reed, fiber, and rattan pieces, cushioned with more fragile chintzes, linens, and light-weight cottons.

Iron furniture is better preserved if several coats of paint are given it each season, the color varying from summer to summer to harmonize with current trends in decoration. There is a noticeable trend at present back to white garden furniture, away from the green-painted iron which held sway so long. Light yellow is another favorite for iron furniture set in a lawn or garden. The white especially suggests the little inclosed private gardens seen in Europe, charming places where a green tree, flowers in tidy beds, and the inevitable pot of afternoon coffee make garden hours a period of peace and contemplation.

White garden furniture of wood, fiber, and rattan is very popular here this summer, although these last two types are painted in other colors, and combinations of two or more colors, this year as well as in the past.

Cushions for the iron pieces, which stand out through sun and rain, ought to be simple, thin pad cushions made of oilcloth or some other waterproof, sunproof fabric, which, if accidentally showered upon, is not harmed, and moisture will not penetrate to the filling of the cushions.

Cushions and upholstery for the pieces used indoors and on protected porches may be as delicate as those found on indoor furniture, but the fabric should of course limit itself to textures and patterns which suggest cool, summery atmosphere. Printed linens, glazed chintzes, plain chintzes, gingham, and many of the new cotton plaids and stripes are excellent for this purpose. Many of these are waterproof and are in any case fade-proof (if they are from the better class of fabrics).

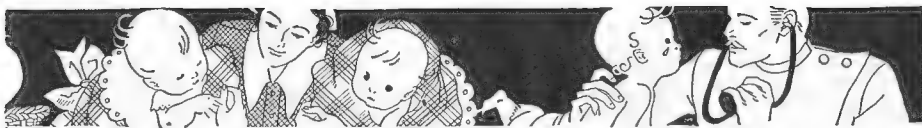
Denims, Indian head, and homespun are also used on such furniture. Blues, greens, white, or light yellow, or combinations of black and white, green and white are favorites for more simple interiors and outdoor living as well.



Courtesy, H. C. White Co.

A sunroom group also of wood painted white with modernist fabrics

THE HOME BUREAU



The Mothers Can Be Saved

Continued from page 7

examination is ended he is under close watch, and if his work falls down in the slightest particular, he will be asked to leave.

That I might see for myself exactly what Polyclinic technique means, the surgeon permitted me to watch all steps of the preparation for delivery of a child.

In the scrub room attached to the operating room, the physician attended first to the "scrubbing up," which he considers of major importance. As he ruthlessly and methodically scrubbed his hands and arms to the elbow with a stiff-bristled brush, he explained:

"Actual cultures of pus organisms sometimes can be obtained from the skin after an eight-minute scrubbing, which naturally shows it is not long enough. Only after ten minutes—not nine and a half or nine and three-quarters—of the thorough cleansing that you see me giving my hands and arms will they be thoroughly aseptic. An antiseptic solution is used, and ever so often, as you see, the suds which naturally contain germs are rinsed off.

"You will observe that the spigot is arranged so that it can be worked with the elbow, as after I once begin this scrub my hands must not touch anything unsterile. The brush which is used has been thoroughly sterilized, as has the towel upon which I shall dry the scrubbed areas of skin. No other hands than mine have touched them.

"If one should forget and absent-mindedly take hold of something now, he should have to begin all over again. I remember one man who had to dress and scrub seven times, but that was unusual. The experienced doctor develops what we call the 'aseptic conscience.'"

"But if he were absent-minded he might not know he had touched anything!" I suggested.

Dr. McPherson smiled and pointed to a white-robed nurse in the corner, whose eyes, I now realized, had been fixed upon him since the moment he took his brush in hand.

"She would remind me fast enough. That's what she's there for!"

The glass in front of us poured out the last of its sand. The ten minutes were up. The surgeon doesn't trust a clock, for he might make a mistake of minutes, so the sandglass is arranged to run for exactly ten minutes, thus obviating slips.

THE physician was already wearing a sterile gauze cap and mask and white suit, and when he finished scrubbing, a nurse, whose person and apparel were similarly sterilized, slipped over his arms with her rubber-gloved hands a white operating gown fresh from the sterilizing plant, where it had been under fifteen pounds of steam pressure for forty minutes. She helped him also into rubber gloves, the outside surface of which even his hands did not touch.

Every person in the delivery room who was to come in contact with the patient or instruments had gone through the same scrubbing as already described. Their outer garments had all come fresh from the sterilizer and they all wore rubber gloves. The patient's drapings and linen were all sterilized under pressure, and the area included in the delivery had had antiseptic preparation.

Moreover, if the sterilized articles are not used in two days, they go back to be re-sterilized. To make sure that all is working as it should, check controls which melt only if the pressure is exactly right are placed in the center of each package of supplies. That nothing may be left to chance, a pathologist comes in from the laboratory at unscheduled intervals and chooses a package at random from the sterilizing machine, cuts off a piece of gauze or one of the other supplies, and places it in a culture medium to test it.

This keeps the sterilizing force on the alert, for should the pathologist find a growth in the culture, thus proving that the package was not sterile, undoubtedly a

bad time would be had by somebody. The discipline here is so unrelenting that no attending physician in a maternity case at the Polyclinic gives any local treatment without first donning his sterile gloves.

The four persons on the obstetrical house staff include a trained resident obstetrician on salary. All members of the personnel must measure up to definite standards, and the doctor frankly admits that he is a crank on the subject.

"WHAT about women who cannot get into such a hospital as the Polyclinic?" I asked. "Many live in the country or in small towns, remote from any kind of hospital."

"Ah, there's where the women themselves must take a hand," the surgeon replied. "In places where it is not possible to go for confinement to hospitals where standards are rigid, they must learn to demand and get the right kind of treatment from their own doctors. Never in medical history has there been a needed call upon the medical profession that has not been met by the members of that profession.

"Look at the way smallpox, diphtheria, and certain kinds of fever where deaths were preventable, have been handled. Something will be done about this, too, when American women rise up and say to the profession, 'Now look here. Finland, Sweden, and a lot of other countries, no more progressive than ours in other ways, have no such maternity mortality as ours. We're not going to stand for it here any longer, either.'"

"In addition, every woman must be ready to take a firm stand with her own doctor, must tell him, 'I'm not going to let you take care of me unless you are competent.' Then she must know the standards of competency and make him prove that he can measure up."

I was beginning to feel that the doctors were getting the worst of it; but Dr. McPherson had not forgotten that they, too, have a side.

"Of course, there is something to be said for the physician," he added. "If he is to give his patient better service he must be better paid for his obstetrical work. The general practitioner is more poorly recompensed for an accouchement case than for any other item on his list, though a confinement properly done requires much more work than the average surgical operation for which he would ordinarily receive at least \$150 to \$200, to say nothing of the responsibility of two lives instead of one.

"In rural districts a doctor who gets fifty dollars for a confinement case is lucky, but certainly if he does his work properly, including prenatal and postnatal care, he is worth at least this, or more.

"There is no reason that I can see why competent doctors should donate their services except in cases of dire need. They must pay rent and eat like everybody else, and the only way they can do it is to charge fees commensurate with their work and overhead expenses, the latter often being large.

"The physician should see his patient once every two weeks after pregnancy begins if he is to guard against possible abnormalities of kidneys, heart, and digestion. Toxæmic poisoning and diseases of the kidneys can be checked and the development of convulsions prevented by adequate prenatal care.

"The strain on the kidneys during pregnancy affects individuals so differently that each one presents a special problem. The heart, too, is under strain at such a time, and the early recognition of any form of heart disease is important as well as the prevention of impaired circulation.

"The second greatest cause of maternal mortality, and the one found easiest to prevent, is the toxæmia known as 'eclampsia' or 'pregnancy convulsions,' which now results in 25.7 of the mortalities. Proper

Continued on page 26

The woman
nobody wants
to be



Who is she . . .

. . . this beautiful woman whom men avoid; whom other women do not envy?

She is the woman whose person is unpleasant because of underarm perspiration odor.

She is quite unconscious of this unpleasantness. She believes that because she is scrupulous about her daily bath, perspiration can do her no harm.

A common mistake but a serious one and not worth taking a chance on when you can play safe so easily. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all it takes to guarantee freedom from any hint of odor for all day or evening. Just a quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm when you dress—and it's done.

And think of this—if you forget to use Mum when dressing, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too; even a sensitive skin. You can use Mum right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, this dainty deodorant cream does away with unpleasant body odor without preventing perspiration.

The girl or woman who is careless about underarm odor always pays for it in lost popularity. Use Mum and be sure of yourself. All toilet counters have it. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

"WE PRIZE MUM FOR THIS, TOO," women say. "We simply couldn't get along without it to use on sanitary napkins. It relieves us of all worry and doubt on this score."



Have a Good Vacation

If you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake

or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.

VACATION "DO'S" AND "DON'TS"

At Ocean, Lake or River

Know how to resuscitate in cases of apparent drowning. Do not go in swimming when overheated, or within two hours after eating. Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer. Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders. If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor.

Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

Anywhere

In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water.

Never throw away a lighted cigarette or cigar. Grind it out. Get a "First Aid" booklet and keep a First Aid kit at hand.

The Metropolitan's free booklet, "First Aid" tells what to do and how to do it—at home as well as when you are away—in event of broken bones, burns, sprains, poisoning, apparent drowning, fire, wounds, electric shock, bites, sunburn, sunstroke and common accidents of various kinds.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Dept. 734-P

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet "First Aid."

Name _____

Address _____

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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The Mothers Can Be Saved

Continued from page 25

prenatal care, it is now abundantly demonstrated, almost eliminates this disturbance. The extent to which this frequently fatal complication can be overcome by prenatal care is not yet generally appreciated by women, nor even fully by physicians.

"Aside from the opportunity they offer for discovering and hindering the course of diseases, competent prenatal examinations, with continuous observation during pregnancy, enable the physician to foresee other difficulties which may arise. Thus, if it is discovered early that the mother's pelvis is deformed or too small, preparations must be made to meet this condition at delivery. If the unborn infant is in the wrong position for normal birth, it frequently can be turned to the proper position, with a normal birth resulting.

"Postnatal care is equally important. A daily visit for at least ten days is essential. Well, allowing the nominal fee of \$2 for a visit, this leaves only about \$10 out of the possible \$50 for the actual confinement, which may absorb the better part of a whole day. That is too little, after all, for an operation on which two lives are staked.

"On the other hand, as I have said, too many doctors not only will not take the trouble but are not yet educated to give the best care in confinement cases. The average general practitioner takes everything that comes along, including obstetrical cases, which he usually dislikes, in order to hold the rest of his practice.

"There are far too many known instances of practitioners who, when a woman comes in pregnant, give her a cursory examination—sometimes failing to take a blood test or even a urine analysis—then tell her to call them when the pains begin, and forget all about her for the rest of the time.

"THE law is responsible for a good deal. Do you know?"—and Dr. McPherson's voice took on a note of indignation—"that all that is necessary in some States for a man to practice obstetrics is that he shall have been present at half a dozen confinements? When he gets his degree and is licensed by the State his legal standing is the same as that of an expert.

"True, if a case of malpractice comes into court the physician is required to prove 'reasonable knowledge,' but a definition of 'reasonable knowledge' is something no two courts seem to agree about.

No wonder, again, the death rate is lower in Europe, where doctors must pass a series of examinations and get separate licenses for different branches.

"One gleam of hope there is in the recent formation of an American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology. Nobody is admitted to this board without examinations, which are held in several cities twice a year. These require three days and cover the whole ground thoroughly. As yet the law does not compel the doctor who practices obstetrics to belong to this board, but his patients can do so if they will. Again, you see, it is up to the woman.

"AND the deaths of mothers are only part of the problem. For every woman who dies in childbirth several are now invalidated for life, sometimes as a result of lack of prenatal care, sometimes because of inexcusable carelessness during the confinement. Many babies die, too, or go through life handicapped, from the same causes.

"Prenatal care is especially important in stopping the transmission by parents of syphilis to their children. If syphilis is recognized early in pregnant women and is intensively and appropriately treated, almost ideal results may be obtained as far as the child is concerned."

In rural sections, Dr. McPherson believes, a well-trained State board of health is of great importance. He agrees with the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection that the health board's effort might well begin at the marriage license bureau, where every applicant might be given simple literature describing the minimum standards of prenatal care, the importance of trained medical attendants during labor, and the necessity for periodic health examinations.

But it all comes back to the woman in the end: If we're to have better maternity service, women must know what to demand and then must see that their demands are met.

The death of twenty thousand mothers represents a loss of over \$7,000,000 to the nation. We have sacrificed in seven years in childbirth more lives than in the World War. Dr. McPherson has demonstrated that this need not be. Will not American women see to it that it shall never be again?

M-25

Continued from page 21

pursuers before we faded out into the forest to go back to where we had left our automobiles in which we were to escape. By the time the customs men finished searching for us all the munitions would be loaded and going over back roads in safety.

But it didn't happen that way. Later I learned why. M-25 had learned that the French and Belgians now knew who I was. She sent this information to me in Holland. Because of the desperate situation she deemed it wise to inform my wife, who had been very ill for months, of what was happening. She tried to induce my wife to leave the occupied zone at once for a sunny resort in the south. So she went to my villa despite the fact that she knew it was under strict observation.

As anticipated, she met some of Captain de Chevalier's men there, but pretended to be on a special mission for him. After she left, however, a smart Belgian agent got my little daughter aside and questioned her.

The child told him that she had known "Aunt Marga," as she called M-25, for several years and that "Aunt Marga" often was a guest in our house.

This information was conveyed to Captain de Chevalier, who immediately burned up the wires to the Intelligence headquarters of all the Allied countries with descriptions of the lovely person he had

known as Mme. de la Roche, asking for information about her at once. He got it from somewhere, perhaps the British or French or from somewhere in the Balkans—I don't know. What a shock it must have been!

Intuition is a wonderful thing. In espionage work you develop that quality highly. M-25 had noticed that one of de Chevalier's men watched her as she talked to my little daughter. Intuitively she knew the jig was up. When she left my villa that day she deliberately chose to go straight to Belgium, figuring that would be the last place in which they would expect her to seek a haven.

She eluded de Chevalier's men by a very narrow margin, and de Chevalier for some blind reason figured she might try to contact me in Holland, knowing that I had gone there. He took a strong force, and in powerful Renault cars sped toward the Holland frontier near Tuedern.

Suddenly, as we were engaged with the customs officers, the headlights of de Chevalier's machines appeared. They saw the uniforms of the customs men and saw us. The good captain recognized me. At the same time some gendarmes from along the border who had heard the shooting came

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running up. We were caught by a literal hail of bullets from three directions.

I saw that we were caught, that the show-down had come, and knew that we were not ready. Another two or three months and I should have had everything sufficiently organized and enough equipment and munitions gathered and smuggled in to at least have a fighting chance of success for my plans.

Now here I was with a comparatively few of my men caught out here in the night just a step from the border and with all my plans come tumbling down around my ears. They knew for certain who Haroko was at last, and death was drawing close not only for myself but for some of those who had aided me most loyally.

THE odds were too heavy. The spear points of flame from the rifles and revolvers of de Chevalier's men came closer and closer. The bullets whistled past. The customs guards and gendarmes were firing at where they thought we were. I ordered all my men except my chauffeur and five others to make a get-away while we covered their retreat.

One of my agents was shot through the shoulder and chest at my side. As he fell I ordered four of those who were still with me to carry him to one of our cars concealed on a side road and escape across the border into Holland. The one agent remaining with me helped me hold off the pursuit.

The car carrying my wounded agent was seen by some of de Chevalier's men, and they started in pursuit. It so happened that de Chevalier led the pursuit. My remaining agent and I raced for my Benz, got in, and tried to crash into de Chevalier's car, but it got away before we could start, so we pursued it. Soon my huge Benz was overhauling the lighter Renault and I began firing at the men in it. The road was bad; the Renault couldn't hold it, slid off, turned over twice, and rolled into a ditch.

We stopped, thinking that the least we could do now that our goose was cooked would be to aid the injured. But in a moment headlights began to appear and we knew that the pursuit had been taken up by the others. There were motor cycles and automobiles. We jumped back into the Benz and began to race for our lives toward the border.

They caught my other car in which the wounded agent was being transported. He died. Three of the others were badly wounded before they surrendered. Altogether five of de Chevalier's men and five of mine were killed. Eight of his were wounded and seven of mine. I managed to gain the Holland frontier ahead of those who pursued me.

It was all over even though my smugglers got through as planned with the big shipment of munitions. The licenses of the truck loaded with junk and of the car they captured were traced through the Holland police and the German registration. They had me dead to rights even if de Chevalier hadn't recognized me during the fight.

WITH all this and my flight and the loss of many trusted agents crippling my organization the French and Belgian Saretés felt they no longer needed to work secretly. They raided and arrested by the wholesale. The prisons were filled with hundreds, judges of the German courts, city, bank, and post-office officials, physicians, lawyers, and workmen, and the leaders of the ostensible social clubs composed of veterans. The jails were so full that even the corridors had to be used.

Wives and children of the prisoners were ordered to leave the occupied zone. I must say this for our French and Belgian friends: Once they found out what they were up against they moved swiftly and with ruthless determination. Even before any of the prisoners were tried their homes and even the furnishings were confiscated.

Since they did not have their hands on me they court-martialed me in my absence, sentenced me to ten years of hard labor in the Belgian prison colonies in Africa, and confiscated all my estates and holdings. Despite my wife's illness she and my

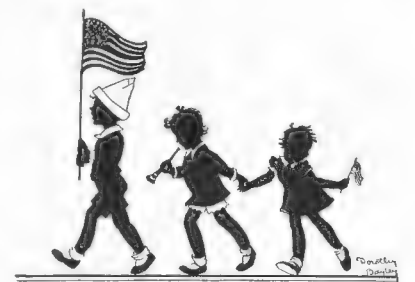
M-25

Continued from page 26

daughter were ordered to leave the occupied zone within twenty-four hours.

I did not know this, but I sped to Amsterdam and immediately got in contact with my agents in Germany. From them I learned that my wife and daughter had boarded a train for Elberfeld in Germany and that M-25 had reached Hamburg. But my wife did not arrive in Elberfeld. After several days of searching I learned that, due to her illness, the English authorities had permitted her trip to be interrupted at Cologne, where she was granted a stay until she was able to travel.

In order to reach her I had to pass through the part of the occupied zone held by the French. To do that I had to produce a French pass. Trying to get one was too risky. I decided to use my nerve and



merely bought a railroad ticket and disguised myself. When I reached the railroad station a guard asked to see my pass.

"I don't have a pass," I told him in French. "I am a French customs secretary."

On one car I saw the legend, "Reserved for French Troops" on the front, and "Reserved for English Troops" on the rear. I paid no attention to the guard, hoping he would believe me, and walked toward this car. Evidently he did. It never occurred to him that a German would enter this car because of the six months' prison penalty if one was caught doing it. I walked right through that car into another ordinary passenger car and was off to Cologne.

There I found my wife and many of my confederates, arranged to move my wife to the south of Italy, where she later died, and I returned to Germany. Conditions were such by that time it was apparent all our work and organization was valueless.

M-25 and I were marked. All our old leaders were either dead or in prison. As for M-25, her husband, the old count, had died in 1919 and left her a large fortune and his estates, which augmented her own. Because of conditions in Germany she retired to Copenhagen. Many of her relatives ranked high among the Danish nobility. I came to this country to resume my search for the American girl I had met in Italy back in 1917 and whom I had never been able to forget.

The years passed. Frequently I returned to Germany, always being most careful never to set foot anywhere the French or Belgians could get their hands on me, because I had no desire to serve that ten-year sentence in Africa which they held over me. Perhaps I might have avoided it by a long legal fight, but I could see no use of inviting trouble.

In 1927, after I had been definitely settled in this country four years, I had a cable from M-25. Most of those remaining from our organization were staunch monarchists and continued to work for the return of the monarchy. One of our best friends among our former espionage associates, an officer named Kleindinst, had been caught by the German Republic's agents red-handed in some of this activity and was a prisoner and ill in the prison hospital at Breslau. The charges were sabotage and treason against the Republic. The sentence if he was proved guilty would be death.

M-25 cabled asking what we should do. Using one of our old codes, I cabled her the outline of a plan I thought might be tried.

It required strong-arm methods. I never dreamed she would take part in it.

She had learned to fly and owned two planes of her own. She rented a Norwegian fishing vessel, loaded her two planes, and called upon a half dozen picked men of our old group, a couple of whom were also flyers.

Under German law a prisoner held for investigation has the right to call in his own physician if he is ill. One of the former agents she had called upon for help was a physician. Word was secretly sent to the prisoner at Breslau to demand an examination by his own physician.

M-25 went to the Free City of Danzig, met her accomplices and the Norwegian fishing boat. The planes were unloaded and assembled hurriedly near by. She spent plenty of money to insure secrecy. The two planes, one of them piloted by M-25, left Danzig and flew to Breslau, where they were landed a couple of miles away from the hospital on a farm surrounded by forest. M-25 was very thorough. Through her contacts with others of our former agents this farm had been rented and motor cycles with side cars were in readiness.

She waited there with the planes. Four of her companions and the doctor went to the prison hospital. The four men secreted themselves behind some near-by hedgings. The doctor boldly went to the hospital and announced himself as the personal physician of Kleindinst, the prisoner. He made an exhaustive examination, then said he wanted to walk the patient outside and examine him. Two guards accompanied them. The doctor walked them all past the hedgings where the four others waited.

These men, the doctor, and Kleindinst made short work of overpowering the two guards, whom they bound and left behind the hedge. Then Kleindinst, the doctor, and the other four climbed into the two motor cycles and sped back to the hidden farm. They got into the planes and started for Danzig.

In landing there M-25 crashed her heavily loaded plane. The others were not injured, but she was badly hurt. However, she insisted on being loaded aboard the boat she had hired and starting at once. Danzig was too friendly to Germany to take the chance of remaining there. The doctor accompanied her. Both her thighs had been badly smashed.

THAT must have been a trip of agony for her, but, then, she was the most amazing woman I have ever known. They took her off the fishing boat on a stretcher. She spent months in the hospital. Even now she has not completely recovered, but spends most of her time in a wheel chair, although she can walk if she does not over-tax herself.

Such a comradeship as ours had been through the years, the dangers we had known together, could never grow cold. I visited her in Denmark, but always came back to this country searching for the American girl I had met so long ago. Now I was free of all obligations, all of the thing called duty. The war drums and intrigue were over for me, but it seemed all the skill I had developed in my espionage and secret service work was of no avail in finding the one person I wanted most to find.

In 1932 I did come upon a clue that led to Chicago. There at last I found the one I sought. That night I sent two cables, one to M-25 and one to my father, who still lives in Germany. I wanted no more of Europe. M-25 came here to visit not so long ago. Here I've found peace and a reasonable amount of contentment, more than I ever knew in Europe.

In Copenhagen the beautiful countless lives to-day mingling in the most aristocratic circles, entirely unsuspected as the woman who had been Germany's famous M-25. Despite her injury she is still sought after by men who would give much to marry her, men of position and wealth and power. That innocent, girlish appearance lingers with her beauty. But she had one love, as I have explained.

THE END



ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL

Honolulu, May 2

Dear Jane:
Just a note. Supper on the beach last night. They served me real Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Juice. Perfectly delicious! Want me to send you some?
Love,
Jim



Chicago, May 11

Dear Jim:
Kiddly! Didn't you know you could get Dole Pineapple Juice at our grocery store around the corner? Believe me, I wouldn't miss a morning without it!
Love,
Jane

Remember this about DOLE Pineapple Juice:
(1) It's the pure, unsweetened juice of DOLE-grown Hawaiian pineapples (not to be confused with the syrups in canned sliced pineapple.) (2) Contains digestible fruit sugars, with vitamins A, B, C, protected by the special DOLE High-vacuum Pack. (3) Accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods. (4) At grocers everywhere.



Broiling Has Secrets, Too

By
**Inez Searles
Willson**



ASK a group of women if they like meat cooked by broiling, and the answer will be 100 per cent affirmative. Then ask them if they use this method of meat cookery much, and the nays have it. Why? Pressed for a reason, they will tell you that they think it is more or less of a bother, and, anyway, they are not very successful at it. There is something to be said for their side—if they are still clinging to old notions of how broiling should be done. Bending over a hot oven, turning a steak from side to side, does rather take the joy out of the meal—for the cook.

But, according to the newer knowledge of meat cookery, broiling is just no trick at all. Scientific meat cooks have discovered that searing *does not keep in juices*, so there is no necessity for more than one turning, and the discovery of that one fact eliminates all the fuss and bother from broiling.

However, successful broiling begins in the meat market. The old recipe for rabbit pie said, "First get your rabbit." Well, it is like that in broiling, "First get your steak." There are certain steaks, namely, porterhouse, sirloin, club, and filet mignon, which are best suited to broiling.

Not only is it important to select the right cut for broiling, but, for the best results, special attention also should be paid to quality. There should be a liberal distribution of fat throughout the lean. This is what the trade calls "marbling," because the intermingling of fat and lean gives the cut surface a marbled or mottled appearance. Top round and chuck steaks from high-quality beef also may be broiled very satisfactorily.

Lamb cuts are most accommodating. Any piece of the right shape may be broiled—shoulder chops as well as the more popular rib and loin. And a 2-inch slice cut from the leg, broiled to the medium-rare stage, is a connoisseur's dream of delight.

Ham and bacon may be broiled, but pork or veal chops *never*. These are delicious, but broiling does not make them so. Pork needs long, slow cooking to develop its fine flavor, and veal does not have enough fat.

Neither steaks nor chops should be cut thin for broiling. The first should never be less than 1 inch, and 1½ or 2 inches is still better. Lamb chops may be cut ¾ to 1½ inches in thickness.

Standard Method of Broiling

WIPE the steak with a damp cloth. Preheat the broiler oven very hot, with regulator set at 500° F. Place the broiler rack so that when the steak is in place the top side will be about 3½ inches from the flame or

TIME-TABLE FOR BROILING

NAME OF CUT	THICKNESS OF CUT	TEMPERATURE OF BROILER	TIME IN BROILER
Beef			
Porterhouse	2 in.	500° F.	37 min.
Sirloin	2 "	"	38 "
Rib	2 "	"	34 "
Club	2 "	"	34 "
Fillet	1 "	"	15 "
Lamb			
Loin or rib chops	¾ in.	500° F.	10-15 min.
" " " "	1½ to 2 in.	"	25-30 "
Shoulder	¾ in.	"	10-15 "
English chop	1½ to 2 in.	"	25-30 "
Pork			
Bacon	Slice	350° F.	4 min.
Ham	¼ in.	"	10 "
"	½-¾ in.	"	20 "
"	1 in.	"	30 "

electric element. By the time the top side of the steak is nicely browned, the steak will be approximately half done. Season and turn.

There will be less smoke in the kitchen and less likelihood of the fat catching fire if the broiling is done with the door of the broiler oven open. Finish cooking, and remove to a hot platter and serve at once. (Keep your family waiting for the steak if necessary, but never keep a steak waiting for your family.)

Spreading butter over the steak after it is broiled is rather like carrying coals to Newcastle—it really doesn't need extra fat, you know. A little milk or water may be added to the fat in the broiler pan to make the gravy. And from a Southern mammy comes the idea of adding coffee instead of water, and this does give a mighty good flavor. Of course steak gravy is really pan gravy—it is never thickened.

The length of time required to broil a steak depends upon the desired degree of doneness, the thickness of the steak, and to some extent upon the area of the steak. That is, a larger steak will take more time to broil than a smaller steak of the same thickness. The time-

table for broiling gives the time required to broil steaks to the medium-well-done stage.

Less time will be required if steaks are liked rare; more, if they are to be well done. Anent degree of doneness, it must be said in justice to the meat that a well-done steak or chop is not the best-done steak or chop. Even though you may not like rare or even medium-

done steaks, for flavor's sake stop this side of well done!

A swanky form of service in restaurants is the mixed grill, which is just another name for a combination of foods that have been broiled.

Indeed the mixed grill is practically the whole meal prepared at one time, in one cooking utensil, and served on one platter or on individual plates. A green salad and a simple dessert complete the meal.

It is usually necessary to broil the meat on one side, and then put the various fruits or vegetables on the grill.

Suggestions for Mixed Grills

1. Lamb chops; mushrooms; tomatoes, stuffed with corn; potato slices, parboiled, and sprinkled with grated cheese.

2. Lamb chops; sausages; bacon; pineapple slices and boiled sweet potato slices which have been dipped in melted shortening.

3. Sweetbreads (these must be parboiled first in boiling, salted water to which 1 tablespoon of vinegar has been added for each quart of water, then plunged into cold water); ham, cut into individual servings; large fresh mushroom caps; thick slices of tomato, dotted with butter.

4. Fillet of beef; mushroom caps; bananas, cut in two crosswise, and wrapped in a slice of bacon.

5. English lamb chops; lamb's kidney split; bacon; sausage; thick slice of tomato, sprinkled with bread crumbs. (This is the famous English grill.)

Adding New Piquancy to Broiled Meat

GOOD broiled steak or lamb chops can stand on their own so far as flavor is concerned, but sometimes a little subtlety can be attained by the addition of this or that seasoning.

A hostess famous for her steak dinners lets the steak lie for an hour or so in a well-seasoned French dressing before broiling. Her guests acknowledge that it does something.

The steak may be rubbed with a cut clove of garlic. The use of a *little* garlic in meat cookery is a practice not to be overlooked by the culinary artist.

All Pictorial Review recipes are tested with definite heat and utensil measurements in our own kitchen on gas and electric ranges.

How to Make Your Child Eager To Eat Even Vegetables This Summer

... Besides Greatly Increasing His Appetite for Milk



*Now—A Remarkable Swiss Food Development,
by Actually Creating the Sensation of Hunger,
Combats Loss of Appetite in Summer . . .
Frequently Adds Weight at the Rate of A Pound
A Week While Curbing Nervousness, Too*



By actually creating the sensation of hunger, the remarkable food concentrate described on this page frequently doubles the amount of vegetables and milk a child will willingly take each day. And weight is often added at the rate of a pound a week or more. . . . Try it and see for yourself. Note the special offer below.

IF summertime makes a fussy eater of your child—if he tends to lose weight in warm weather—try this new-found way to make “poor eaters” *eat*! A remarkable, scientific development that can make him actually *relish* even vegetables and milk!

This new way does not merely “tempt” the taste—for that alone is too often ineffective. But it *actually creates the sensation of hunger*—makes a child *want* to eat, without coaxing or commanding.

Almost immediately, you’ll note a change commencing. Not only will you find your child more eager to eat (even such healthful foods as spinach, carrots and lettuce)—but you’ll usually find him willing to drink a far greater amount of milk each day.

A remarkable food concentrate (originally developed in Switzerland and called Ovaltine) should achieve this result for your child. In summer, you simply give it shaken up with cold milk and children love its taste.

Literally Creates Hunger

First: Ovaltine is a rich source of the appetite-producing

Vitamin B which is lacking from many every-day foods.

Second: Ovaltine is not only extremely nourishing in itself, but also digests so readily that it gives the stomach a minimum of work to do. Thus acting to lighten the digestive demand on a stomach that’s over-taxed or “slow.”

Third: It is common knowledge that milk turns to solid curds when taken into the stomach. And some children do not easily digest these milk curds.

However, when Ovaltine is added to milk, it has the power to break up these curds into small granules. Thus increasing digestibility to a marked degree.

Milk is also taken much more readily when mixed with Ovaltine. And children love its delicious taste.

These three features of Ovaltine are important. And specialists will tell you that the child with poor or “slow” digestion is usually the one who won’t eat—who shuns vegetables and objects to drinking milk.

But once appetite is stimulated in a scientific way—and the sensation of hunger is produced—a definite change takes place. The old objection to every-day foods gradually disappears. And even a “vegetable-hunger” is built up naturally day by day.

Thus, Ovaltine importantly aids the growing child by providing and helping him to secure those nourishment factors which play such a vital part in normal development and the maintenance of robust health.

See For Yourself

Not only does Ovaltine make “fussy” children eat, but (when given regularly) it acts to combat nervousness, too. And usually builds up an underweight child at the rate of a pound a week or more.

For the sake of your child, we urge you to try Ovaltine. By doing so you may make this a real health-summer for him.

Notice the almost immediate difference in appetite—in the way he acts at meals. Note, too, the increase in weight, in nerve poise and in strength.

Give Ovaltine at breakfast always. At other meals, and between meals, too. Simply mix it with milk—either hot or cold—directions are on the can.

You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or, if you like, send the coupon for a trial supply.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for sleeplessness—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY—OR FREE SHAKER

THE WANDER CO.,
Dept. 7-PR
180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your trial tin of Ovaltine. (These offers good in U.S.A. only.)

Special Free Offer Orphan Annie Shaker

If you are an Ovaltine user now, we will send you an Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75c) free. Send no money. Just mail this coupon with all of the thin aluminum seal you find under the lid of every can of Ovaltine.



Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
(One package to a person) 1059

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

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ORPHAN ANNIE SHAKE-UP MUG

to shake up
Cold Ovaltine
as a Summer Drink



If you are giving your child Ovaltine now, send for this Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75c) free. Use it to make a new and delightful cold shake-up drink with Ovaltine. Note special offer in coupon.

"We'll call you every Wednesday evening!"



WHEN summer separates the family, keep in touch by telephone. Talking is next best to seeing. Regular voice-visits are a quick and easy cure for loneliness. They're inexpensive too. After 8:30 in the evening, for example, station-to-station calls cost as little as 35c for 75 miles, 50c for 150 miles, 75c for 275 miles. Why not have a family reunion tonight . . . by telephone?



"Hold the line, please!"



Christine married to—Chad gave himself a little shake. Christine was naming the children to him.

"Miss Lydia and Miss Selina, and the boys are Bill and Joe," she said. "This is my friend Mr. Ransome, come out to spend the afternoon with us."

Lydia and Selina offered shy hands. The two little boys stared, and the younger one looked up at Christine and said, "Tell us a story. You said you would."

"By and by; it's too hot now," she smiled, and drew him close to her before he wriggled away.

"We brought you some raspberries," Selina said. "Lydia and I picked them this morning—big red ones."

"We'll have them for supper, with cream," Christine promised. "Ours are gone. We only have the early kind."

It seemed to Chad that Christine was really a part of the family already, and he felt shut out from their familiar talk. Christine drew him into the circle. "You stay and talk with Simon," she said. "I must go and get the babies up. Aunt Kate will be back pretty soon; then I'll come out again. Would you like to help me, Lydia? You and Selina can dress Sonny. He's all well again now."

Simon settled himself in the chair she had vacated beside Chad. They had their end of the garden to themselves.

"My kids are all crazy about Christine," Simon remarked, "and I reckon she likes them, too."

"She said she did when she spoke of them this afternoon," Chad answered.

"Christine's a great girl," Simon yawned and stretched himself, and Chad had a fancy that the older man had been sitting there comfortably for years. His disturbance grew as they continued to sit, an instinctive antagonism rearing between them. Presently voices inside the house told them Aunt Kate had come back. A moment later she hustled out.

"I had a fine afternoon," she told them. "I carried a trifle of my fever brew up to Granny Stevens. She's been ailing all spring, but she'll get better now. She wants to get well enough so she can go up and see John and Eleanor Rogers. They've added a new room to their house up on the hill. You ought to meet them, Mr. Ransome."

Simon nodded. "Your kind of folks," he said with deliberate meaning.

Christine came out. "I promised Lydia a nosegay like I made her last Sunday, Aunt Kate. Do you mind if I pick the flowers for it now?"

"Take all you want, honey," Aunt Kate said eagerly. "I'll go look to the children's supper. Make yourselves at home, you two."

CHAD smiled and Simon gave a satisfied grunt. Christine passed among the flower beds, selecting the blooms she wanted. Lydia and Selina watched, and Simon's two sons came to lean against his knee. Christine returned to sit on a nearby bench. Her fingers worked skillfully as she talked, and presently she said, "There, two nosegays, real old-fashioned ones. One for Lydia, one for Selina. Like them?"

She held them out for inspection.

"They look just like the ones in pictures," Chad said admiringly. "All you need is a frill of lace paper. My mother would like a nosegay like that."

"I'll make you one to send her for a valentine this year," Christine offered. "We move a lot of our flowers inside in the fall and they bloom all winter long."

"And keep you grubbing all winter long too," Simon grumbled. "Some Sundays all the courting I do is to sit and watch Christine dig around in the dirt."

"She always gives you a flower, though, doesn't she?" Lydia asked.

"Yes—and that's all, just a little posy to stick in my buttonhole. And I have to fling it away so I won't look like a fool going home through town."

"Then you won't get one to-day," said Christine, "though I meant to give you and Chad each one."

"I want mine," said Chad, "and I won't throw it away either."

Pedigree of Honey

Continued from page 10

"You're young," said Simon contemptuously. "You can deck yourself with flowers, but I'm past the dandy days."

"I'll give you better than just a posy," Christine said to Chad. "I'll give you a sprig of thyme." She rose from the bench and went a few steps into the garden, where she plucked a bit of the fragrant stuff and brought it back to him. "In olden days," she said, "thyme stood for courage. Knights used to wear a device of it, embroidered by their ladies, and it was supposed to protect and make them brave in battle."

Chad flushed to his eyes.

"I—I'll always keep it," he stammered.

"That's a long time," Simon said.

"Them things wither like good intentions." "But the thyme smells sweet even when it's dry," Christine said gently. Chad gave her a grateful look. Suddenly he hated Simon. He rose. "I must go," he said. "I've things to do before I start out early to-morrow morning."

"You wouldn't like to stay for supper?" Christine asked.

Chad shook his head. "Not this time, thank you."

"I'll go to the gate with you," she offered.

Simon rose too. "Reckon we might take a little walk before supper, after you say good-by to Ransome, huh, Christine?"

"All right," she agreed indifferently.

She walked between them. By looking down Chad could see her clear profile and the glint of the setting sun in her blue eyes. As they turned the corner of the house Chad touched her arm to guide her steps. She looked up at him in amused thanks.

AND in that moment he knew suddenly that he loved her. It came upon him like a revelation. As scenes of all his life are said to pass before the eyes of a drowning man, so Chad saw clearly all the elements of his passion. He loved her, and she would be afraid of love.

He and Simon would be bitter enemies. The momentary flash concerning Simon gave way to a picture of Chad's mother, the horror she would feel over Christine's birth and background. All the family would rally to her point of view. He would be besieged on every hand—Christine herself, Simon, the Ransome family—all against him and his love.

They reached the gate. Chad scarcely



felt the touch of the hand she gave him in parting. He wanted to go away, to be alone with this strange emotion.

Simon did not offer his hand, but he spoke. "Your little posy's all awry," he said. "I reckon you wouldn't mind losing it, for all you said back there."

Chad wanted to laugh. He took the sprig of thyme from his coat, tossed it into the air, and caught it again. "I wouldn't lose it for all the world," he said. "Something tells me it's a talisman I'm going to need these coming weeks."

He waved to them as he started his car, and left them standing side by side, Christine gravely amused, Simon with an uneasy frown on his face.

Simon's uneasiness did not end with Chad's departure. He sat at home over his

cigar the Monday following his visit to Aunt Kate's garden, and considered things. That Sunday-afternoon hour had shaken him severely. He left the kitchen and went to sit in the yard behind the house.

But the picture of Chad and Christine together persisted. He had waited for Christine for two years now. He could be patient, but he had known no great turmoil of heart until he saw Chad at her side.

He weighed Chad's chances, taking into account the girl's acceptance of the bar sinister in her name. So far as she was concerned it counted for nothing with Simon, except as he might use it as an argument in his favor. Simon had no illusions about himself. He was sixteen years older than Christine. He had outlived his romantic years. He admired her beauty, respected her common sense, liked her gentle way with children. Until now this had seemed enough.

He thought back to his own younger days, years when he had courted his first wife, the mother of Selina and Lydia. Simon had mastered obstacles then. He had known the fire of young love, and the thought of that flame glowing between Chad and Christine made him clench his hands suddenly.

THEN he relaxed and his thoughts drifted. He found himself thinking of Christine with an intensity never experienced before. He must have her at all costs to himself or any one else. He was alone—the children had gone to their aunt's in the village for the day—and he left his chair and began to pace back and forth on the walk behind the house.

A large sycamore tree grew in the yard, shading the well which supplied the household with water. It had been dug twenty years ago, and had only needed cleaning once in all that time. Simon remembered the men who had come to clean it; he had helped them. Lydia, his first wife, had watched them, sitting under the sycamore tree, busy with her sewing. She had barricaded the door into the kitchen so the children could not get into the yard and fall into the well, which yawned dangerously before them. Twelve years since it had been opened—

He looked back at the house. It needed paint. A new fence would improve the appearance of the yard. The house needed papering. Simon took a resolve. If he married Christine he would have all things made fine before she came to preside over the household. The painting, the papering, the cleaning of the well, all should be put in order.

"If Christine marries me," he repeated the thought.

Only a week ago he would have phrased it differently. "When Christine marries me," and gone on from there with his plans. Simon considered what he knew of Chad, his birth and breeding. They'd influence him however he might come to feel about the girl. And she would let them tell against her. But if they were compassed, both of them, by love such obstacles might count as nothing.

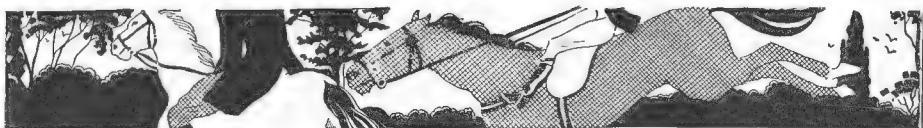
Simon never ran from danger. He marshaled his thoughts now, recovered from the revelation that he loved Christine, and with calmness tried to survey the case. But the attempt failed. Once more he was possessed by the memory of her grace and beauty. He stared straight ahead, and his eyes became focused on the well.

It became identified for him with Christine, with her coming to him as his wife. He shook his head and spoke aloud, "When she comes I'll have it cleaned," and then went resolutely into the house and out again to his car. Time to be about the day's work.

As he drove toward the village he passed Chad en route up the mountain to begin his work. They nodded to each other and drove on, each filled with thoughts of the girl who at that moment was busy in the kennel feeding the dogs.

Her work finished, Christine went to find Gilead to ask what his plans were.

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Pedigree of Honey

Continued from page 30

"Have to light up the mountain this afternoon," said Gilead. "Better come along and drive for me."

"All right," she smiled at him. "It's a lovely day."

"You're a match for it," he said.

They stared at each other a moment. "Why—why—" she stammered, "I—why, thank you, Gilead."

He gave a gruff laugh and turned away. "Reckon it ain't only boys can say pretty things," he answered; then, more seriously, "But you do look different than since you were a little girl, Christine."

"Do I? I don't know why."

Gilead sighed. "If you'd be more like other girls you'd have this place full of beaus on Sundays. No time like when you're young for courting, Christine."

She laughed. "Well, I had Chad and Simon both here yesterday."

Gilead regarded her gravely. "You can't count either of them as suitors," he said.

SHE did not speak, but her eyes asked a question. He answered it soberly, all raillery gone between them now.

"I don't like Simon. He is too old for you. He is a man who owns everything around him. There are other things I know about him, things not fit for your ears. I would have forbidden him the house long ago but that I believe in time you yourself will see him for what he is. But remember this, I would rather see you in any other misery than married to him."

Christine's eyes widened.

"And the other—Chad?" she asked.

"You know the answer to that," he said quietly. "He hath a 'goodly heritage.'"

"Gilead!" The word was a plea, repeated in her eyes, in her outstretched hands.

The old man looked at her sadly. "I hurt you to save you a greater hurt later on, Christine. You must always remember to be honest with yourself. 'Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way.'"

She lifted her head. "I had forgotten," she said simply, "but I will not forget again, Gilead. Only isn't it all right for us to be friends—Chad and I?"

Gilead bent a close scrutiny on the girl, who stood with her eyes bravely upon his. He sighed, laid a hand on her shoulder. "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee," he said.

She smiled, a tremulous smile. "You mean that, Gilead. I will."

THEY turned from each away, and until twilight fell Christine went about her duties with no indication of the struggle Gilead's words had awakened. They returned from the trip up the mountain. She laid the supper for them, talking as usual with Sandy, who wandered in from his own supper with his mother, going afterwards to see and to say good night to the children. Then, quietly, she went out through the garden gate and set her feet on a path that led to a low hill rising in the meadow behind the farm.

Sandy met her. "Taking a walk?" he asked. "Can I go along?"

"Please, no, Sandy—I want to be alone. I'm going up to the top of the hill to sit under the oak tree. Come up about moon-rise if you like, and we'll walk down together."

"All right, Chris," he said. Whatever Christine did was perfect in his eyes.

She passed along the path that glimmered faintly under her feet, but she did not see it. It was an accustomed way, and to-night her whole being was turned inward, bent upon finding within herself the answer to the question she had asked Gilead. The grass was sweet and soft under the oak tree. She sat down, resting her back against its stalwart trunk.

"Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee," she said, half aloud. She laid her hands flat on the grass, feeling the firmness of the soil. To Christine the earth was alive, and there came vaguely into her mind

the feeling that here she rested upon the heart of her true mother.

Then she gave herself over to an honest self analysis. "Can Chad and I be friends?" she asked. The night grew dusky around her, and the pale light of the moon outlined the mountain's majesty.

Inexperienced as she was, Christine knew that upon her rested most of the responsibility for the phase her relationship to Chad would take. She had held Simon in check easily for two years. By closing her mind to all save the friendly aspects of Chad's manner she could keep him for a friend.

"And if I find that I am coming to care too much for him, I can always stop seeing him. Surely, when I have so little I can accept this. But I will be careful. I won't let him be hurt—and I mustn't exaggerate the things he says. He'd be surprised—frightened maybe—if he knew how Gilead and I spoke of him this morning. Why—even if I were to come to care too much for him—he couldn't possibly care—that way for me."

She went over her problem again and again, testing her conclusions in the light of what she believed to be her own strength. And as she reflected, her mood grew lighter. She persuaded herself that she was being too serious about it all. She would accept Chad's friendship at its face value. And if it threatened to become more than friendship she would break it off.

"Like that," she said aloud, picking up a twig and snapping it in two.

"LIKE what?" asked a voice behind the tree.

Christine started. "Heavens!" she exclaimed.

Chad was beside her. "Sorry if I scared you. Sandy told me you were up here and I came to get you. He started to come along, then changed his mind."

Christine stood up. "You came very quietly," she said.

"I was thinking as I walked. I came slowly."

They fell into step on the narrow path. "Good day?" she asked.

"Fine—I've done a real day's work. Got my crew together, started them at work, and only came back myself to get more equipment for the morning. We'll camp up there for the rest of this week. I like it."

"It's lovely up there. Were the mountain people nice to you?"

"Nice. And curious. But I don't mind. I did, though, run into some people up there named Rogers, living up Fork Mountain way. I'm going up there to spend the evening with them to-morrow. You know them, don't you?"

"I've spoken once or twice to Mr. Rogers. I drove Gilead up there once to look after some sick stock. I think Mrs. Rogers came one day to visit the garden."

"They know you anyway and I promised them I'd take you up there for supper some night. Will you go?"

Instantly the old panic overtook her. "I couldn't," she murmured.

"But you can. I promised. In fact I said I'd ask you to go up with me this coming Friday. I thought I'd drive down from camp in the afternoon and then you and I could ride back on horseback, getting there in time for supper and coming home by moonlight. Oh, Christine. Let's go."

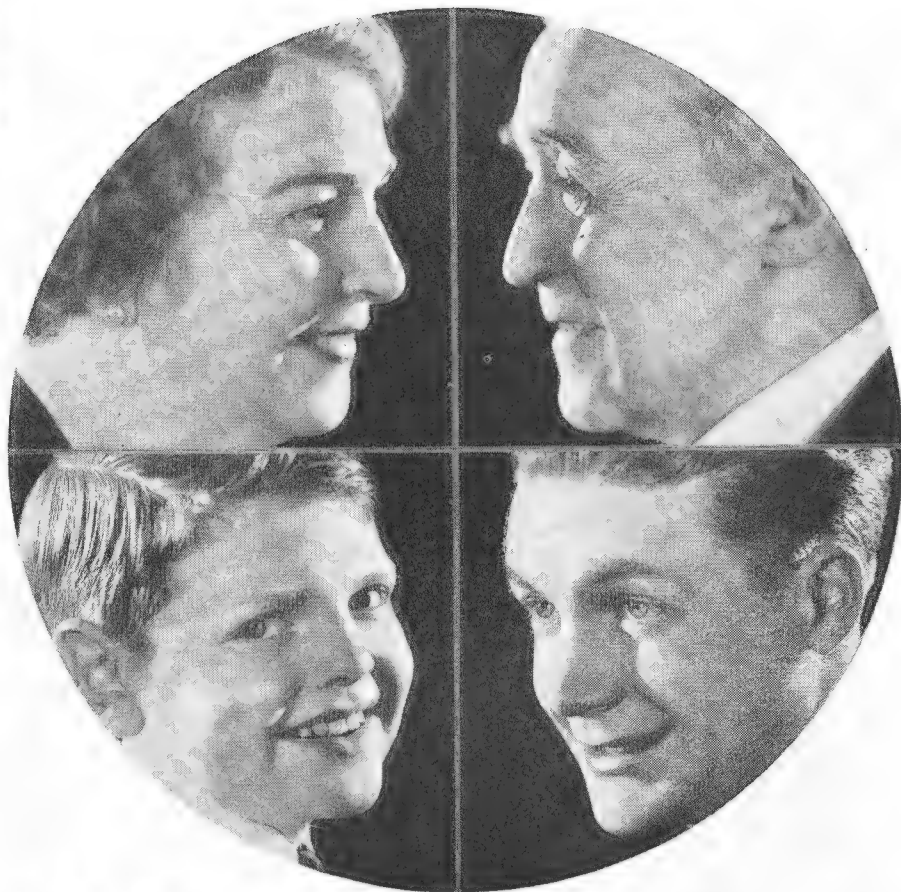
"No, I couldn't. I never have—gone places like that."

"That's no reason at all," said Chad cheerfully. "Be sensible. Think of the ride. I bet Tuck can beat any horse you ride if you'll pick out a straight stretch of road for us."

Christine considered the challenge. "He couldn't beat Psyche, but I can't ride her Friday, and I doubt if he could beat Fortune. We'll race in that stretch above the second ford."

"Then you'll go. I'll let Mrs. Rogers know to-morrow."

Continued on page 33



Who discovered EX-LAX?

WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill discovered it!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, says that he broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful purgatives did—without the usual stomach pains and disturbance.

Grandpa discovered it!

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle. And in Ex-Lax he found the right answer.

Everybody discovered Ex-Lax!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is all a perfect laxative ought to be. Ex-Lax starts with being the most pleasant laxative in the world to take. But it is much more than that—it is mild, gentle and effective—for all ages.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! At all drug stores in 15c and 35c sizes. Be sure you get the genuine—spelled E-X-L-A-X. Made in Canada.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

For Summertime Entertaining



Drawings by Janice Wathen

Blueberry Muffins

2 Cups Flour
1/4 Cup Shortening
1/2 Cup Sugar
1 Cup Milk
1 Cup Blueberries
1/2 Teaspoon Salt
4 Teaspoons Baking Powder
1 Egg

SPRINKLE the berries with a little of the flour. Sift the remaining flour with the other dry ingredients. Melt the shortening; combine with the milk and the beaten egg yolk. Combine these two mixtures quickly and fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Bake for 1/2 hour in a hot oven (400 degrees F.).

Lima Bean Salad

COOK 2 quarts of shelled Lima beans in a small amount of boiling, salted water until tender. Drain, if necessary, and reserve the water for soup. Cool the beans, then add French dressing, and let stand for 30 minutes or longer. Arrange in nests of lettuce leaves and serve with cold sliced ham, tongue, or corned beef.

Packaged California Limas may be used instead of fresh.

Cucumber-and-Tongue Sandwiches

1/2 Cup Chopped Cucumber
1/2 Teaspoon Onion Juice
1 Tablespoon Minced Green Pepper
1/2 Cup Minced Cold Boiled Tongue
Mayonnaise

MIX all the ingredients and add enough mayonnaise to moisten. Spread between thin slices of white bread.

Fresh Peach Shortcake

3/4 Cup Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 Tablespoons Lemon Juice
1/4 Teaspoon Salt
Few Drops Almond Extract
2 Cups Fresh Peaches, Crushed
Shortcakes

TO THE sweetened condensed milk add the lemon juice, salt, and almond extract, and stir until the mixture thickens. Fold in the crushed peaches. Pour between the shortcakes and on top. Serve with cream.

Shortcake

2 Cups Flour
4 Teaspoons Baking Powder
2 Teaspoons Sugar
1/4 Cup Shortening
3/4 Cup Milk
1/2 Teaspoon Salt

SIFT the dry ingredients together. Cut in the shortening and add the milk gradually until the dough is soft enough to handle. Toss on a floured board and roll to 1/2-inch thickness. Cut with a biscuit cutter. Brush half the biscuits with butter, and cover the buttered ones with the other half, which are unbuttered. Bake at 425 degrees F.

Shrimp Mousse

2 Tablespoons Shortening
2 Tablespoons Flour
1 1/2 Cups Milk
1 1/2 Teaspoons Salt
1/2 Teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
Few Drops Tabasco Sauce
1/4 Teaspoon Mustard
1 Egg
1 Tablespoon Gelatine
1/4 Cup Cold Water
3/4 Cup Chopped Shrimps
1/2 Cup Chopped Celery
1/2 Cup Chopped Raw Carrots
2 Tablespoons Chopped Pickle
2 Tablespoons Vinegar

MELT the shortening in the top of a double boiler over boiling water. Stir in the flour, salt, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce, and mustard. When thoroughly blended add the milk, stirring constantly. Cook until the mixture thickens. Add the egg yolk, slightly beaten, and cook for 2 minutes longer. Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Add the gelatine to the sauce and then add the shrimps, vegetables, and vinegar. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white and pour into the tray of the automatic refrigerator or into a mold to chill. When ready to serve unmold and garnish with olives and water cress.

Raspberry Ice Cream

3/4 Cup Sweetened Condensed Milk
1/2 Cup Water
1/4 Cup Confectioners' Sugar
1 Cup Whipping Cream
1 Cup Raspberries

BLEND the sweetened condensed milk and water thoroughly. Add the raspberries, which have been crushed and mixed with the sugar. Average raspberries require about 1/4 cup of sugar, but more or less may be needed. Chill. Whip the cream to a custard-like consistency and fold into the chilled mixture. Pour into the freezing pan and place in the freezing unit. After the mixture has frozen to a stiff mush (1 to 2 hours) remove from the refrigerator. Scrape the mixture from the sides and bottom of the pan and beat for 2 minutes. Smooth out and replace in the freezing unit for 1 hour, or until frozen for serving. Serves 6.

Frozen Almond Cream

3/4 Cup Sweetened Condensed Milk
1/2 Cup Water
1 1/2 Teaspoons Almond Extract
1 Cup Whipping Cream
1/2 Cup Finely Shredded Almonds

MIX the sweetened condensed milk, water, and almond extract thoroughly. Chill. Whip the cream to a custard-like consistency and fold into the chilled mixture. Fold in the finely shredded almonds. Pour into the freezing pan. Place in the freezing unit. After the mixture has frozen to a stiff mush (1 to 2 hours) remove from the refrigerator. Scrape the mixture well from the sides and bottom of the pan. Beat for 2 minutes. Replace in the freezing unit for 1 hour, or until frozen for serving. Serves 6.

Peach Mousse

1 Tablespoon Gelatine
Juice 1 Lemon
1 1/2 Cups Peach Pulp
2 Tablespoons Boiling Water
3 Teaspoons Sugar
2 Cups Whipped Cream
2 Tablespoons Cold Water

SOFTEN the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling water. Add the lemon juice, peach pulp, and sugar. Chill in the automatic refrigerator, and then fold in the cream, which has been beaten until of a custard-like consistency. Pour into the tray of the automatic refrigerator or into individual molds and allow to chill until set. Serves 6.

Prune Ice Cream

3/4 Cup Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 Cups Water
1/4 Teaspoon Lemon Extract
1 Cup Whipping Cream
1/4 Pound Prunes

COOK the prunes in the water until tender. Do not sweeten. Force through a coarse sieve. (This will make approximately 1/2 cup of pulp and 1/2 cup of juice.) Blend together the sweetened condensed milk, prune pulp with juice, and lemon extract. Chill. Whip the cream to a custard-like consistency and fold into the chilled mixture. Pour the mixture into the freezing pan and place in the freezing unit. After the mixture has frozen to a stiff mush (1 to 2 hours) remove from the refrigerator. Scrape the mixture from the sides and bottom of the pan and beat for 2 minutes. Smooth out and replace in the freezing unit for 1 hour, or until frozen for serving. (Two to 5 hours, total freezing time.) Serves 6.

Prune Cream

1 1/2 Cups Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 Tablespoons Lemon Juice
3/4 Cup Prune Juice
1 1/4 Cups Prune Pulp

THE prunes should be prepared ahead of time. Soak and cook them in the usual way, but use no sugar. Pit and force the prunes through a strainer. Into the sweetened condensed milk stir the lemon juice, and continue stirring until the mixture thickens. Add the prune juice and pulp, mixing thoroughly. Heap into sherbet glasses and set aside in the refrigerator to chill. Sherbet glasses may be lined with lady fingers if desired. Serves 6.





Pedigree of Honey

Continued from page 31

Christine laughed a little. "You fooled me into promising that," she said.

He caught her hand. They were at the stable where the path converged, one part leading to the garden, the other to the road. "I'm going now," he declared, "before you have a chance to change your mind. Good-by. I'll see you Friday about two."

And before she could say a word he had darted off into the dark, leaving her to make her way to the house alone.

"Simon telephoned to you," Aunt Kate said as Christine stood blinking in the doorway.

"Simon? Why? Is one of the children sick?"

Aunt Kate slipped a stocking over her darning gourd. "No. I guess he just wanted to talk to you."

Christine frowned. "Well, did he want me to call him?"

"He didn't say. But he did tell me he wanted to speak your company for the ice-cream social at the church next Friday night."

Christine laughed. "Simon? Wanting me to go to the ice-cream social?"

Aunt Kate continued to take careful stitches. "You ought to go," she said. "It would do you good to get out more, even though Simon ain't the youngest company in the world."

"I'm not going with him!" Christine said flatly.

"No? I'll lay you a pretty you do. Simon's got a right masterful way with him."

"I'm going to ride up the mountain with Chad Ransome Friday afternoon, and take supper with the Rogers."

Aunt Kate beamed. "Now, that's right nice," she said. "I reckon not even Simon can talk you out of that. You were away when she came here, but that young Mrs. Rogers that was Eleanor Cameron came to see my garden once, and I promised her some cuttings. You just take 'em up when you go."

The telephone rang again, and Christine went to answer it. A few minutes later she went up to her room, disturbed by Simon's voice when she had told him of her plans with Chad.

"Then let's go to Roanoke next week," he went on, "and take in a show. How would that be?"

"Fine. We'll take Lydia and Selina. The boys can stay with Aunt Mary."

Simon hesitated. "That's what we'll do. The girls like a little treat now and then. Good night to you, Christine—good night."

It was this second good night, so unlike his usual abruptness, that troubled the girl as she closed the door of her room. She considered it a moment, then went to the shelf of books and selected one, a volume of poetry Gilead had given her, some of the verses marked with his pencil for her to commit to memory.

SHE sat by the window with the book open in her lap. Sandy came in presently, and she read aloud to him until bedtime.

In the yard behind his house Simon sat smoking his pipe, watching the shadow of the sycamore tree over the well covering, the well he would have made all sweet and fresh when Christine became his wife. And in the bedroom behind his office Chad slept hard and dreamlessly, yet dimly conscious even in slumber, of this triumph over Christine's fear of a normal social life.

Just after noon on Friday Chad turned Tuckahoe's head again in the direction of the Grant farm. Rested and frisky, the black gelding stepped out along the grassy path. Gilead, watching from the window, came to speak to him and to look over Chad's horse.

"What do you think of him, sir?" Chad asked, dismounting.

"Fair enough," said Gilead. "Good legs. I suppose you've hunted him."

"Lots of times. He's sure at the jumps,

and he'll come back pretty near as fresh as when he started."

"He'll not come back fresh to-night," Gilead prophesied. "You've got thirty mountain miles to ride with Christine. She's back in the stable, saddling up."

"I'll go to find her," Chad gathered the bridle reins over one arm, then paused. "I'm glad Christine is going up to Rogers with me," he said. "I thought—I'd like you to know that I mean to see her as much as I can."

Gilead elevated a pair of bushy eyebrows. "Christine's free to do as she likes," he said. "Sometimes I like those she likes. Sometimes I don't. But any that hurt her, 'better for them that a millstone were hanged around their necks.'"

Chad could think of no answer to this speech, but stood awkwardly a moment, then said lamely, "I guess I better go find her. Good afternoon to you, Dr. Gilead."

Gilead lifted his hand and turned back into the house, his tall figure stooped. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh," he murmured. Then he settled himself in his shabby chair by the window, spread his handkerchief over his face, and fell asleep.

CHAD led Tuck around the barn, and found Christine and Sandy deep in conversation. He watched them a moment. Christine in faded fawn-colored riding breeches, worn over a shirt once yellow, now bleached to a thin gold that emphasized the bronze lights in her hair. She took a pair of pigskin gloves from her pocket and turned to smile at him, lifting up one booted foot as she spoke.

"Sandy did them for me this morning, and we've been arguing about whether they should be polished some more. I think they look grand."

"They do," Chad agreed, smiling at Sandy. "They really are a fine-looking pair of boots, Christine."

"Aren't they handsome? Gilead ordered them for me four years ago from some famous English bootmaker. They cost him a small fortune, I suppose, but I'll probably be wearing them when I take my last ride along about the age of eighty-five. They were lighter when they were new, but I love this deep russet-red."

"Chad looks nice too," Sandy observed, turning to look at Chad, whose riding clothes made him look very tall and slim.

"Gentleman rider, at your service," Chad answered with a bow, and Sandy laughed.

"I'm riding Fortune this afternoon," Christine remarked, laying her hand on the shining neck of a deep bay mare. "She's Sandy's horse, his one good one, and it's really his return to you for helping him put that skunk out of its misery last Sunday."

"Can she beat Tuck?" Chad challenged. "We'll show you our heels later on," Christine promised.

They mounted, Sandy opened the gate, and Christine led off across the meadow.

"Can you take the fence?" she called to Chad; then, at his nod, let Fortune spread her heels. Chad checked Tuckahoe a moment to watch her take the jump.

"Like a bird flying," he thought admiringly as horse and girl rose gracefully over the fence. He followed, amused that Christine should turn her head to see them safely over. He caught up with her, and felt the wind against his face as they cantered over a second field, cleared another fence, then slowed to a walk on a soft dirt road.

"No pavement from here on," Christine said, "and fords instead of bridges most places. It's about two miles to the stretch where we can let them out." She pulled Fortune to a walk. "I'm going to save my steed. There's about a mile and a half of straight road with a red clay top. Can Tuck stand a mile and a half?"

"I think so, if we cool them off afterward."

Continued on page 34



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A smart new package
A new low price

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welcome the new!

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Three times in two years—vital Kotex improvements have been honored with U. S. Patent protection. *First*—came flattened, tapered ends that made possible undetectable protection beneath the most clinging gowns, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. *Second*—the famous *Equalizer strip*, increasing the security by lengthening the hours of protection, U. S. Patent No. 1,863,333. And now—*Third* and most revolutionary of all Kotex improvements—the *new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex*—U. S. Patent No. 1,946,626.

The new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex is a scien-

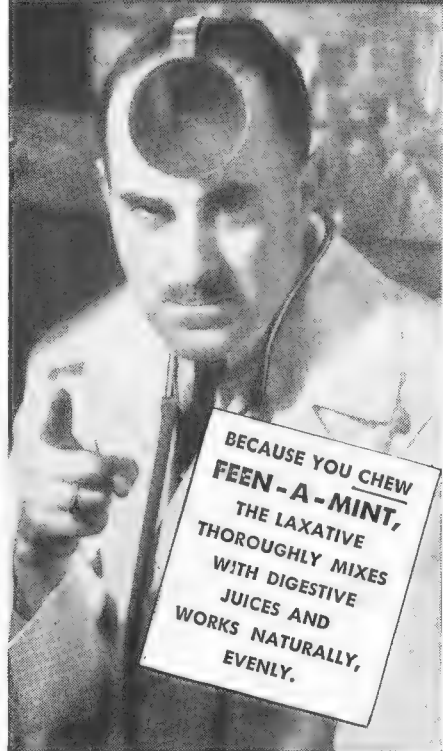
tific marvel of softness. A fluffy layer of soft cotton is applied to the edges—and *only* the edges. *This is important*—for chafing is prevented and the absorbent surface is left free to do its important work instantly. And—most important—this new wonder-softness has been achieved without sacrificing a single one of the priceless Kotex features you have always known. In width, thickness—in fact all dimensions—the new Wondersoft remains the same. Once you have used the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—you will never forget to re-order it. To make sure you get Wondersoft—and no other—we introduce it in a modern new package—totally different from the Kotex box you have known.

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Familiarize yourself with it at once. No other pad is or can be like it. Ask for the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex in regular or super-size at your dealers today. Both are priced alike—and, to introduce Wondersoft Kotex, we present it at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex!... Obtainable in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company. Illustrations and text cop. 1934, Kotex Co.

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MORE EFFECTIVELY WITH A
CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE—
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FEEN-A-MINT is delicious to take—it has a fresh, minty flavor...It is non-habit-forming...A modern laxative for people of today.

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SMOOTH WAY THE
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Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE



"There's a spring above the bend where the straight road ends. We'll walk them to that when the race is over, and then dismount for a rest."

As they rode they talked and laughed like two children on a lark. At one side a clear mountain stream bubbled and sang, and at the other the hills rose blue-green and lofty to a sky whose white clouds drifted lazily, making changing shadows on the mountain slopes.

"Just ahead," Christine said presently. "A chocolate soda against whatever kind you like best that Fortune can beat Tuckahoe."

Chad pulled Tuck to a stop. "Nope. Wrong bet. The horses are about evenly matched—years, height, condition, everything except in rider's weight. I'm heavier than you, and as Tuck's a little larger even that needn't count. The bet is a chocolate soda against a fresh pineapple that Chad Ransome can beat Christine Grant in a race."

"Done," Christine's face set. She loosened her curb, laid the snaffle evenly along Fortune's neck, adjusted her weight in the saddle, and leaned along Fortune's neck a moment to talk in the mare's ear.

"Fortune's ready!" she cried.

"So's Tuck. One—two—three—go!"

They were off, the thud of hoofs giving out its steady "Pick-em-up, pick-em-up, pick-em-up!" to the waving trees and the summer wind. For half a mile they ran neck and neck. Then Christine moved ahead a little, half a length, a whole length, riding Fortune for all the mare was worth.

Chad waited. At the end of the mile he was three lengths behind, and with a word to Tuck he loosed the reins, put boot to flanks, and held his hands low. Tuck sprang forward, ran hard, overtook Fortune, wearied now from a mile of galloping. Christine urged in vain. Chad forged forward and pulled up triumphantly at the curve of the road, winner by a length and a half.

"You win," Christine panted, "but Fortune's just as good a horse."

"I think she is. But you ran her out too soon. I saved Tuck; made him just mad enough too by holding him in to make him want to win."

"Jockey tricks!" said Christine scornfully, and something in her tone made Chad ask anxiously, "Do you really mind my winning?"

THE horses had slowed to a walk. A red not born of exertion stained Christine's face.

"No one ever beat me in a race before," she said, "but somehow I don't mind so much, since it's you who won."

Chad caught her hand. "That's sweet of you—Christine," he said.

She snatched her hand away. "Here's the spring," she cried. "Time out for a rest."

They drank, and let the horses crop the short, tender grass. Christine lay back and stared into the sky. Chad sat leaning against a boulder, watching her. A feeling of elation possessed him. He wondered if Christine felt it too, and was not surprised when she sat up suddenly and said loudly, "Men ought to be stronger in some things."

Then before he could reply she had mounted again and trotted a few steps up the road, where she turned Fortune's head to wait for Chad to collect Tuck and ride after them. A small bare house came into view.

"That's where Granny Stevens lives, along with Grandpa Stevens, who claims to be nearly a hundred years old. Mrs. Rogers used to board there when she was Eleanor Cameron, and taught school up here. I want to stop and see granny a minute. Come with me and meet her. She's a sweet old lady."

They were tying their horses to the picket fence when granny came out to welcome them.

"I declare to goodness it's nice to see you, Christine. Ain't that a stranger you've got along with you? I'll go call grandpa."

Pedigree of Honey

Continued from page 33

What might your name be young stranger?"

"This is Chad Ransome," Christine said, and Chad shook hands with granny.

"Chad Ransome," she repeated. "That's a right pretty name, and you're a likely-lookin' young man. Christine, you tell Kate that fever brew has set me up considerable. I can light out most any day now to see Eleanor's new pianny. I suppose you heard about that—but come in and set awhile."

They followed her up the path. "We're on our way up to see the Rogers now," Chad said. "I met them the first day I came up here to work."

Granny wanted to know about his work, and they all sat down on the porch in the



old splint-bottom chairs. Grandpa Stevens, drawn by the sound of voices, came out to join them. He shook hands, and then with a high cackling laugh addressed Chad. "I'm nigh onto a hundred years old," he said, "an' hearty too save for the rheumatism."

Granny snorted. "Thet's an idee he took up with jest last winter, bein' nigh onto a hundred years old. Why, I ain't but in the late seventies myself, an' you'll never tell me I took up with a feller twenty year olden I wuz. When I was a gal I had my choict of young fellers; that's what I say."

Grandpa cackled again. "You choosed me all right. I didn't hev much to do with choosin' you. Nigh onto a hundred I am now, and don't know as I'd hev any better sense than to do it all over agin."

Christine laughed. "You can't fool anybody," she said. "We all know there isn't a happier old couple on Barbours Creek than you two."

Granny looked pleased. "Lessen it's John and Eleanor," she said. "Seems like them an' Veery Godwin's allus hev'n' high times up to their place now, an' I jes can't git over bein' pleased they call their little girl Melissy after me."

THE four of them sat talking for a few minutes longer; then Chad and Christine rode on.

"They are sweet, aren't they?" she asked.

Chad nodded. "Did the Rogers really name their baby for old granny?"

"Yes, you know granny is somehow all mixed up with the romance between Eleanor and John."

"Isn't there some kind of a story about them?" Chad inquired. "Something dramatic that happened at a dance one night?"

"I've heard Aunt Kate talk about it," Christine replied. "John Rogers came down here about two years ago and began to develop land on a farm left him by his uncle. He fell in love with Eleanor Cameron, who taught school first in Castleton, and later for a summer term up here in the hills. They were both great friends of

Vera Godwin who's married to Jerico Godwin, a handsome man who likes the ladies. There was some kind of trouble between him and Eleanor. He liked her pretty well, I guess, but Vera stood by Eleanor, and so did granny. Then Eleanor went away to New York for a little while, and later came back and married John."

"What became of Jerico?"

"Oh, he's still around. He went away too, and made a success with his fiddle in the city. They say he can make anybody dance when he plays. He's better now to Vera, I've heard."

"I have never seen either of the Godwins," Chad remarked, "but I like the Rogers a lot."

"Gilead likes them. I hardly know them."

"Gilead is a grand person. He makes me think of an old Roman. And he's so proud of you."

"Yes, Gilead's proud of me, I guess," she smiled; then pointed ahead. "That must be the Rogers house. They've added to it since I came up here that time with Gilead."

They sat their horses a moment to look at the house—an L-shaped building of hewn timbers. Facing out across a low valley, it stood stanch and sturdy against the weather. A flower garden, a porch with deep chairs, stone chimneys, gave it an air of home. The sound of music drifted out to them.

"That's probably Vera Godwin playing. She was a fine musician when she married Jerico," Christine remarked.

THEY walked on, the sound of their horses bringing young John Rogers out to meet them.

"Nice to see you," he said as they dismounted. "Leave the horses here, Miss Grant, and Ransome and I will take them to the stable later. Eleanor's in the music room with the baby. She's convinced that Melissa is going to be a famous pianiste, because she doesn't howl when Vera plays Beethoven."

They went through a room that combined the functions of dining room and sitting room into a long, beamed, chestnut-paneled one with a fireplace and a grand piano at the far end.

"Company for supper," John called.

The music ceased abruptly. Eleanor came to greet her guests and they grouped themselves around the fireplace, filled now with a squat jar of red and white peonies. Christine picked up the baby.

Chad watched her anxiously. If she felt ill at ease she showed nothing of it.

"This really is a stunning room," he said to Eleanor.

"Isn't it?" She turned to him. "It has a funny history. We wanted a piano and John commissioned a friend of his in New York, to buy it for us. When this huge thing came it crowded the room so we could hardly get around in it, so we just built a place to hold the piano."

"And we've had to live up to the damn thing ever since it got here," John grumbled. "Vera uses it most, for neither Eleanor nor I ever got past the chopsticks stage."

"It's a lovely instrument," Vera said.

Chad looked at Vera with interest, thinking he had never seen a face so sweet and strong. "You and your husband must make a tuneful family," he said. "I've heard he's a fine fiddler."

"I like Jerico's music better than he likes mine," Vera responded. "He plays mountain songs and old tunes, you know. But it's wonderful how he can take something he hears me play, and weave it into his old melodies."

"You'll have to hear Jerico play some day," John remarked to Chad.

"I've never heard him play either," Christine offered.

Eleanor smiled at her. "I'm coming down again this summer to see your aunt's herb garden. She promised me some cuttings when I was there before."

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Pedigree of Honey

Continued from page 31

"I brought you a few to-day," Christine replied.

An hour passed, an hour of casual talk. It was all so homelike and natural that at last Chad stretched himself with a sigh and said, "Golly, this makes me feel like home! We all used to sit around like this and gab before supper, everybody chiming in—"

Christine looked at him rather hopefully, and Eleanor smiled and said, "I hope that means that you'll come here often."

"I will. And I want Christine to come, too."

Every one looked at the girl. "I'd like to," she said, "but I'm pretty busy, you know."

John rose and announced that it was time for evening chores. Chad went with him, while Vera, Eleanor, and Christine bathed the baby and put her to bed. Then all gathered in the dining room to eat a simple supper served by a neat country girl. They lingered when the meal was over until shadows darkened the room.

Christine spoke suddenly. "Goodness! It's after seven. Chad and I must be starting back."

"No," John answered. "The moon rises early to-night, and from half past eight on you'll have a light as clear as day to show you the road. Vera's going to spend the evening here. We four will sit on the porch until the moon rises, and she'll play for us."

Chad looked at Christine. "Let's stay," he begged.

"All right, but it'll be nearly eleven when we get back. We'll have to ride slowly, you know."

"I don't mind."

They moved out to the porch, Christine electing to sit on the low step. Chad chose the other side, and John and Eleanor stretched out in deck chairs above them. After a little Vera began to play, and they stopped talking to listen, to watch the purple blue of evening settle over the hills. For an hour Vera played, turning from one half-remembered thing to another—

She played on until that peculiar darkness that envelops the earth just before moonrise hid the road from their view; then she came out to join them.

"It was lovely to sit here and listen to you," Chad said, getting up, and making a place for her on the step.

"It's the most beautiful time I've ever had," Christine added, laying her hand over Vera's. "But we really must go now."

"Wait just a little longer, until the moon is up," Eleanor urged.

They sat in silence, watching the light spread from behind the mountain, and as they watched, thin and sweet and elflike, there came to their ears the sound of a distant violin.

Vera said in a whisper, "Jerico's coming," and something tender in her voice made Chad catch his breath. So women spoke of those they loved.

The music began again, grew stronger, and was accompanied by a man's voice:

She bade me farewell. I will see her no more,
But wander a lonely, lorn lover,
Withouten a home where to lay down my head,
And only the earth for my mother.

AT THE last word he stepped from the shadow of the tree-lined road and paused by the gate, where with a flourish he began to play the old dance song "Coming Round the Mountain," and set all their feet to tapping. Then he paused, bowed, and came toward the porch.

John stood up. "Hello, Jerico—this is young Mr. Ransome sitting here with us. You know Miss Christine, I think."

"Howdy," Jerico held out a cordial hand. "Hope you didn't mind the noise I made comin' round the mountain. Christine, you're lookin' purty. Them clothes sets you off."

Christine had risen. "You were born paying compliments, Jerico. I reckon it's a habit you'll never overcome."

"Don't want to overcome it," Jerico said with a grin. "It sets well on me. But I declare it makes me feel right old to see a gal like you I knew when she was knee-high to a grasshopper out sparkin' by moonlight. Courtin' time is a right sweet time of life."

As he spoke the moon rose high, and its clear, strong light disclosed a handsome man in his early forties, whose hair curled above a high white forehead, whose eyes, deep-set and mocking, lingered on Christine, and then passed on to Vera. Then the horses were brought around, and Chad and Christine made their farewells.

"Nice time?" Chad asked as a curve in the road hid the house from their sight.

"Oh, yes. I loved it."

"Will you come up with me again?"

"Maybe."

The road ran like a white ribbon, bordered by the dense darkness of the trees, before them. The horses, rested and fed, impatient to be home, pranced and shied at the black shadows cast by the moon. At the first level stretch they broke into a canter.

WHEN they came to a walk Chad leaned toward her and said, "Riding by moonlight—don't you like it?"

"It's wonderful," she said in a low tone.

"Such strange changes the moonlight makes."

Chad kept his words impersonal, warned by some instinct not to be too hasty in his love-making, and they rode slowly along in the moonlight through a world drenched with sweet-smelling dew. They came ultimately to the last forest stretch, great oaks bending toward each other across the road. Entering its shadow was like going into a forsaken land. The horses pressed close together. Chad's hand met Christine's, and wordlessly they rode through the darkness. Then the shadows ended and treeless and clear lay the last miles home.

"We won't cross the fields," Christine decided. "It's tricky for the horses, jumping at night, though I've done it."

She touched Fortune to a canter, and they finished the distance to Gilead's house at a fast pace, slowing to a walk as the house came in sight.

"Don't come in," she said at the gate. "Sandy is sleeping in the barn. He wanted to do that to help me rub Fortune down. You go along home."

"I'd like to help you."

"No."

He dismounted to open the gate for her and she leaned down to give him her hand.

"Thank you, Chad," she said.

He kept it a moment. "Thank you, Christine," he said soberly.

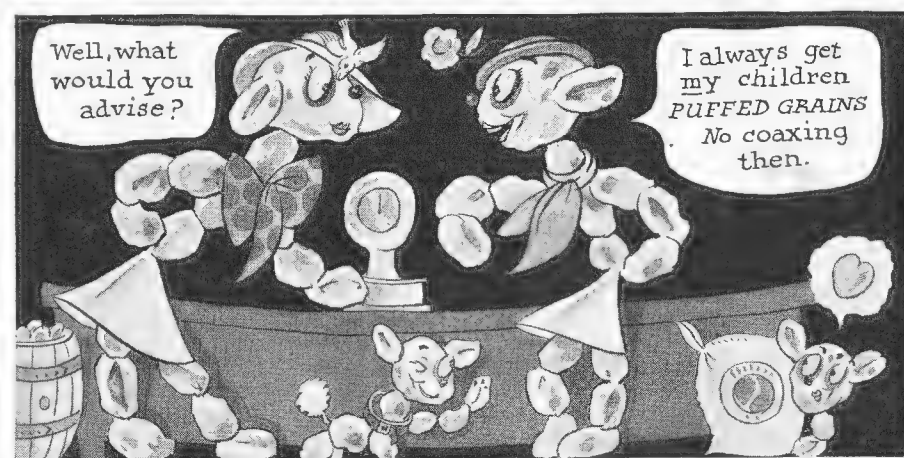
This was all their parting, but Chad rode away comforted. He had persuaded her to break out of her isolation, and she had liked it. The first step was the hardest, and it was over. The time would come when—Chad caught his breath. No, not even after to-night, could he contemplate the time when he might speak to her of love. He put the astonished Tuckahoe into a gallop, riding home exultantly through the night.

For Christine this was the beginning of the happiest time she had ever known. During the week days, when Chad's work kept him up in the hills, Simon came frequently to take her places. He made himself in every way an agreeable and pleasant companion. Toward Chad he assumed the attitude of an older man pleased by the professional progress of a younger one. During the week-ends, when Chad spent all the time he could with Christine, Simon kept himself out of the picture.

But more than this, Simon waged a subtle campaign for himself by emphasizing the position Chad's family held in the State. He told anecdotes of Judge Ransome, Chad's father; and once from a Richmond paper he showed Christine a clipping

Continued on page 38

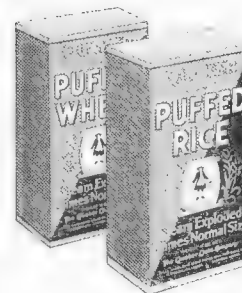
FIGURES MADE WITH QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT

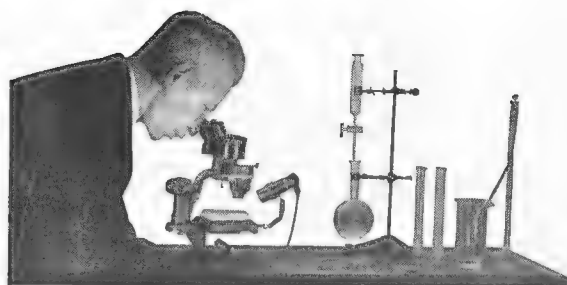


No more coaxing at breakfast in this family!

HOT summer mornings. Lagging appetites. But you can't let children start off to a hard morning of play without a good breakfast. Thousands of mothers say they have found Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice the answer to this problem. They look like a party dish. They tempt where ordinary cereals fail. Yet these luscious, dainty grain foods are packed with nourishment. Get a package of Puffed Grains today. Serve them tomorrow. And watch the whole family scrape their dishes and ask for more!

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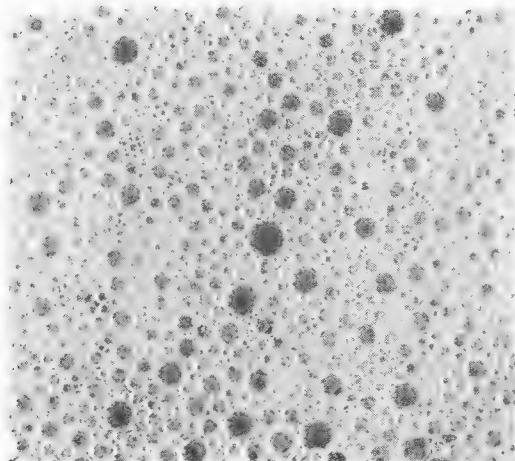


The BETTER

Offers you the proof

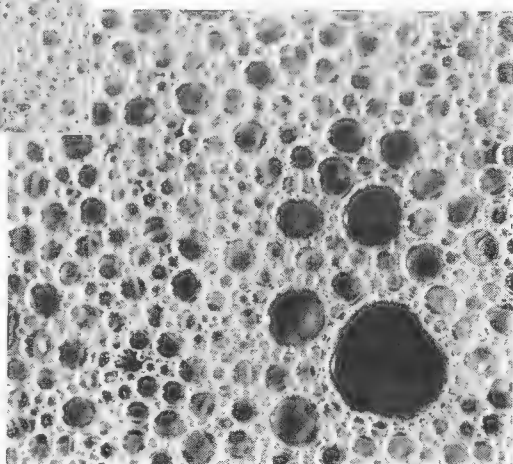
The Story of Good

By HARRY J. WALSH



Large-bubble suds are shown in the photograph below. Note the contrast with those shown to the left

The dramatic illustration above shows how the suds of good soap appear under the microscope. It is in suds of this type that our garments are easily cleansed and suffer no ill effects from their laundering. Note how thick and creamy they are, which means that they will be lasting and effective



SOAP is one of our most important aids to modern housekeeping. It is in almost constant use in every home. Consider, then, what it means to the homemaker to have available at her corner grocer's the right soap for a given job, and carefully inspect the accompanying series of photomicrographs made by the Pictorial Review Better-Buyers' Laboratory after washing tests have been made on various products.

In this issue soaps for finer fabrics, such as for underwear, stockings, baby things, silk and woolen garments, and blankets, have been tested. In the August issue the question of the right soaps for bed and table linens, children's clothes, cotton print dresses, handkerchiefs, etc., will be treated in Part Two.

The soap of to-day is a far different product from that used in the early days, when our great-grandmothers laboriously made the family soap in huge caldrons in the yard! Indeed it is a radical change from the soaps of a few years back.

The genius of some manufacturers of soap, after countless hours of research in laboratories maintained at tremendous expense, has been able to relegate to the discard the harsh soaps of the past. It has produced in its stead products that have greatly reduced the use of the old back-breaking washboard as well as the tremendous boiler of steaming suds. It has removed all the hazards to fabrics which resulted from the use of old types of soaps, and has completely revolutionized the technique of clothes washing.

But not content with these forward strides, these laboratories are still working to improve their products and thus reduce even more the labors of the woman in the home.

What would our grandmothers say if

they could be told that it is possible today to wash a sheet merely by soaking it in suds of pure mild soap and then giving it a few gentle swishes? That finer fabrics can be laundered again and again with no deleterious effect on the color and with no shrinkage?

That quality soaps are now packaged in various forms of such perfection of consistency that they go into solution almost immediately when put in water and form suds of undreamed-of purity and effectiveness?

But all soaps are not alike. Some have in them certain strong ingredients that render them unsuitable for fabrics. Others have not the quality of making good suds. Still others require the use of strong-arm methods to get them to do their work—and then they fail.

IN THIS presentation of the case of the good against the inferior soap, the combination of microscope and camera in the hands of a noted photomicrographer presents the evidence and proves the case of the best products. Seeing is believing.

One of the advances in soap manufacture has been the introduction of packaged soaps. Most of these packaged soaps, which come in flakes, beads, or granules of varying sizes and shapes, are made with such care that all washable fabrics are safe in their suds.

But all packaged soaps are not alike. There have crept into the market inferior varieties which the homemaker should guard against for the sake of her hands as well as the fabrics, for they are a far different product from the soaps turned out by the large manufacturing companies with whose brands she has been familiar over a long period of time.

The same caution should be exercised by the homemaker against flakes that are sold in bulk.

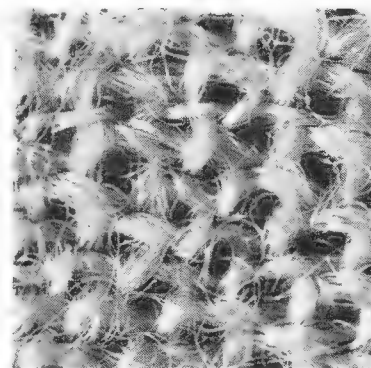
But the arrival of the packaged soap has not pushed the pure bar soap into the discard by any means, and in countless homes this old favorite is still in use.

Good packaged soaps are made with the idea of their providing quick, mild suds. They are of such extreme thinness that they go into solution almost immediately.

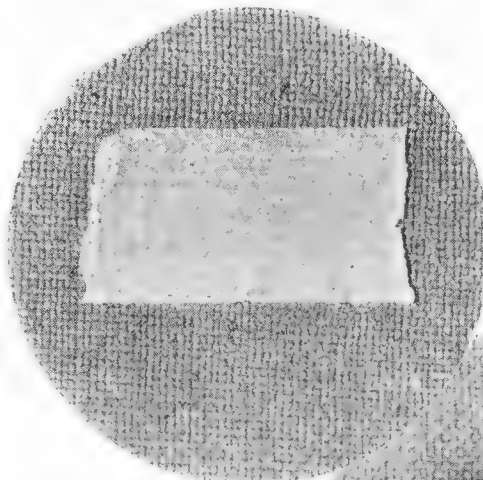
The first function of a soap is that it have detergent, or cleansing, qualities; it must be able to take out the dirt. Secondly, it must take out the dirt with a minimum of effort on the part of the person doing the washing. Thirdly, it must do its cleansing job with no bad effects on the fabric. Two of the illustrations shown here portray in a graphic manner just how good soaps work.

In these cases flakes of two good soaps were placed on a soiled fabric. Four drops of lukewarm water were put on the flakes for a few moments.

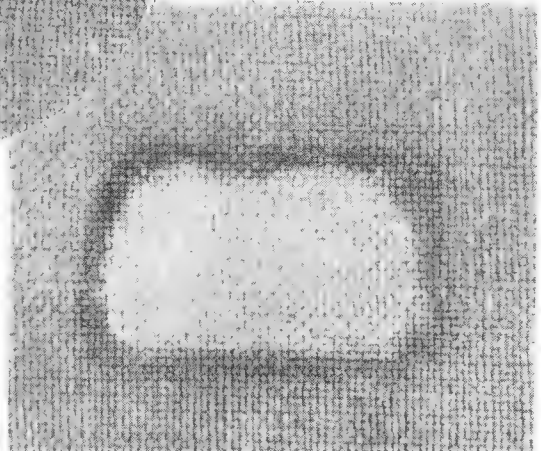
When they had gone into solution (the fabrics were thoroughly rinsed and dried, and then photographed under a microscope. The result is positive proof that these soaps were able to do their job in an efficient manner. Remember, there was no rubbing of any kind; merely a flake of soap and a few drops of water on the fabric achieved this marvelous result.



This and the picture to the right show the necessity for proper laundering methods in cleaning woolens. In the above view the fabric has been properly handled and has not suffered, but—



What further proof is needed of the effectiveness of good soap? In these illustrations is a demonstration of how good soap cleans. On a piece of soiled white linen has been placed a single flake on which water has been put. With no rubbing the soap removed the soil



BUYERS' LABORATORY

instead of mere approval

Soaps—Part One

AND WHY IT PAYS US TO USE THEM

from the shoddy products. As a scientific aid to wise spending, Pictorial Review has inaugurated its Better-Buyers' Laboratory, dedicated to the task of graphically portraying for the homemaker the difference between the good and the bad in many of her everyday purchases. These illustrations and facts were developed only after exhaustive research and examination, using the most scientific apparatus, and are presented in this unique way for the first time.

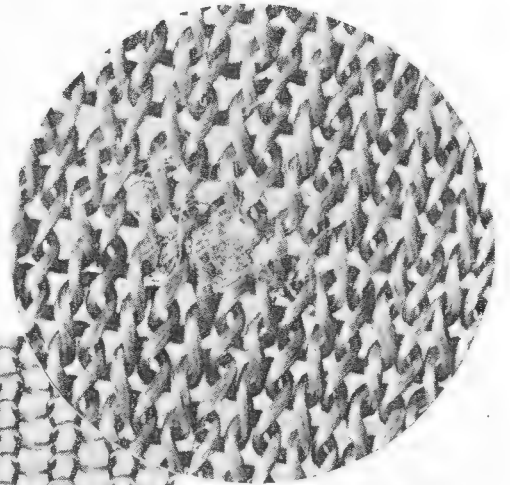
Quick suds that are closely knit is another characteristic of a good packaged soap. Suds from good bar soap are safe, though slower to produce.

Shown here are two illustrations of suds—one of a good soap and the other of an inferior soap. It can be seen that the thick, lasting, creamy suds of the good soap are quite different from those of the other product, which are thin and have large bubbles.

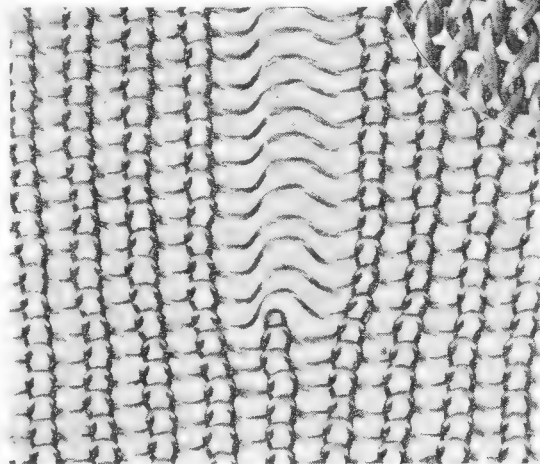
A striking example of the importance of using not only the proper soap but also correct methods of procedure is dramatically shown in the two illustrations of a woolen fabric which have been highly magnified. Under the all-seeing eye of the microscope we are able to detect just what have been the effects of proper and improper washing methods. In one view it can be seen clearly that with a good soap the fibers of the wool have not in any way been affected after the piece was washed in accordance with the directions of the manufacturer of the soap which was used.

The other picture shows what happens when a piece of goods of this type is cleaned with hot water, washboard rubbing, and a bar soap that is too strong. The fabric is matted down and has lost its fluffiness; the fibers are shrunken and distorted by the treatment it has received. Such washing methods are bound to result disastrously as far as the fabric is concerned, and too often the soap is un-

When a run starts in your stocking, here is what happens (below). And how easy it is to make stockings last!



The microscope shows in the illustration above how improper laundering methods break down the fibers in a stocking, which will probably result in a run before long



justly blamed when the methods have been incorrect. The homemaker who values her possessions would never permit them to be handled in that manner.

Many a woman's daily job is the cleaning of her stockings—or it should be. With our mild packaged soaps the nightly rinsing of her hose—and underthings, too, for that matter—is greatly simplified.

Just a dash of soap and a basin of lukewarm water, and, presto! she has satisfactory, lasting suds that are a benefit to the fibers of the stockings and actually prolong their life.

Shown on these pages are two illustrations of stockings which have received improper treatment, having been washed with bar soap of inferior quality. This method has resulted in an unnecessary strain on the texture, and particles of soap have been forced through the weave in such a manner as to distort it, causing a thread to break with a sudden move on the part of the wearer, which often means the ruin of what would otherwise have been a lasting pair of stockings.

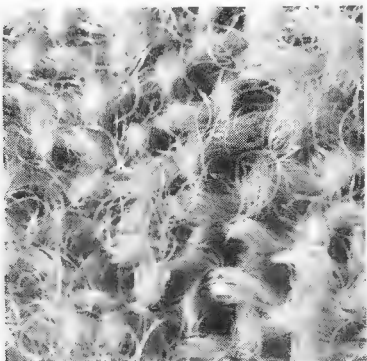
The cupping motion with a solution of mild soap flakes recommended for washing hosiery eliminates all this strain on the tiny threads of the stockings, and at the same time effects a thorough cleansing. The soap solution passes gently through the fibers and carries with it all the dirt from the day's wear.

Lingerie, too, should be han-

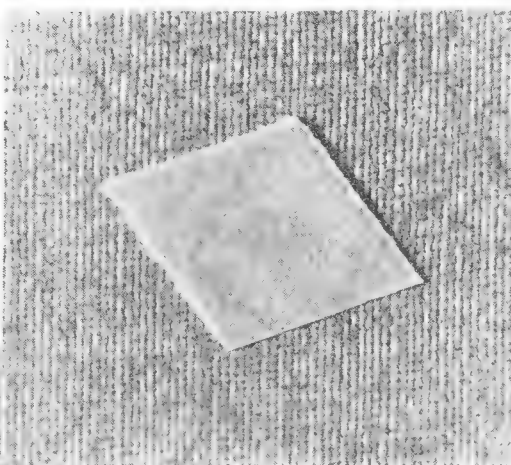
dled in this way for the same reasons, to eliminate the strain on the fibers and prevent the destructive action of rubbing. The increasing tendency to wash hosiery and lingerie after each wearing makes it imperative that the soap be mild and the method of cleansing gentle. This practice of frequent cleansing prolongs the life of the fabric. The marvelous detergent action of these good package soaps, as shown in connection with this article, removes the need of rubbing which the old-fashioned inferior quality bar soap necessitated.

In carrying out these tests it is not the intention to educate the homemaker in the right and the wrong way of laundering. The manufacturers of these soap products are continually doing that, and the directions which they give should be followed to the letter; they have been carefully carried out in these tests. Our idea is to illustrate the results of the correct and the incorrect methods of procedure and the dangers of using products that are not fit for the job. The combination of microscope and camera has pointed out these facts in a most convincing manner.

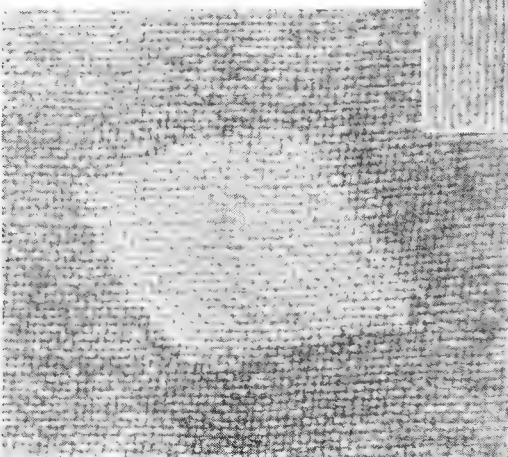
This dramatic evidence to prove the case of good soaps against the inferior products which are flooding the market, is the third to appear in the columns of Pictorial Review. In the May issue the Laboratory portrayed in this graphic manner the reasons for purchasing sheets and pillowcases from manufacturers who stand back of their products with a name and guarantee of service. In June the case of plated silverware was discussed, with photomicrographs to show why good silver lasts many times longer than the inferior products.



—when the job has not been properly done, with washboard rubbing and too strong soap, with water that is too hot, the fabric becomes distorted, loses its fluffiness, and is unnecessarily weakened



Here is another flake of a pure mild soap illustrating the effectiveness of such products in cleansing fabrics with a minimum of labor. In this case the same conditions prevailed as in the case of the flake shown opposite



Miraculous! You shake up this Mayonnaise!



Eagle Brand

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice	1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
1/4 cup salad oil or melted butter	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk	Few grains Cayenne
	1 teasp. dry mustard

Place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, chill before serving.

• Imagine! Deliciously smooth, home-made mayonnaise in 5 minutes! No tedious stirring. No failures! And it costs less! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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7204



Pedigree of Honey

Continued from page 35

which mentioned the presence of the Misses Samantha and Sally Ransome at a brilliant party.

It was too skillfully done for Christine to suspect its purpose. If she thought of it at all she was glad to have a reminder of the fact that she and Chad must remain nothing more than friends to each other. The summer seemed a lovely dream—for her life at last was spent like that of other girls. She often visited the Rogers household with Chad. Once or twice she attended a village dance, part of a crowd that seemed to accept her as it accepted any other girl from the country round about.

Chad was delighted. It seemed to him that she gained continually in poise, that the old shadow had left her face. He could smile now at the thought of Simon as a rival, for though he knew Simon came much to the house, he felt a confidence in his own youth, in the closeness of his companionship with Christine.

Of the three Simon found the time most irksome. His passion for Christine had mounted until he feared it himself at times. He never knew how he got through the week-ends, away from her.

It happened early in August that Chad had occasion to drive down from the mountain one Wednesday afternoon. Simon was standing in front of the drug store

and saw Chad go up to his office. Instantly a wild and unreasoning jealousy seized upon him. He had planned to spend the evening with Christine himself, but if she learned that Chad was in town she might give the evening over to him. Simon turned into the store and went to the telephone. He would put an end to this agonizing uncertainty.

"Christine," he said. "I want to see you."

"You're coming over to-night, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes, but there is something I want to say to you now. Are you busy?"

"A little. I'm in the office doing some work for Gilead. But come on over if it's important."

He hung up, and stood a moment by the telephone, aware that his knees were trembling. The clerk looked at him curiously.

"Feelin' sick, Mr. Fielding?" the boy asked. "You look kind of funny."

"I'm all right—it's this heat." Then as he passed through the store he made an effort to gather himself together. He felt frightened, and on the road to Gilead's he stopped his car and took a stiff drink of raw corn whisky to steady his nerves and to give him confidence to force the issue between himself and Christine.

To be continued

Purely for Pleasure

Continued from page 13

"Does being an archæologist make you the way you are?"

"How am I?"

"Too much inside your shell."

"Does being a daughter of the rich make you the way you are?"

"Me? How am I?"

"Too far outside your shell."

That was all they said as they danced. Five minutes later Peter insisted that he must get back to the Port, and that he must at once see if his anchor had been brought in.

Apple said she would go down to the landing with him. He told her he couldn't stop her from doing that. She loosened Freddy's leech-like attendance and took Peter's arm as he strode down the broad steps to the dock. The moon was out, but even the influence of its bright ebullience didn't stop his pell-mell rush. He was concerned solely with his anchor, which he found in his boat.

Only then did he seem to realize that Apple was still beside him. He faced her in the moonlight. All at once the warm night wrapped itself about them. They were alone in it, alone in the presence of the urging water. Slowly they moved toward each other and their lips met.

THE contact of Apple's fragrant flesh electrified Peter. Through his brain shot the vibrant current that this was delicious. Through that current shot another, more persistent. The second one carried the message that the first was not for him. Not yet, at any rate. To take it now would destroy everything. All his resolve was against it.

He released himself and stepped back. "No," he said.

"Yes," she whispered, her arms held out for him to return.

He hesitated, then leaped into his boat. A moment later he was a moving shadow on a great expanse of mercury, and she was a silver pillar staring after him.

"Shall I see you some day," the silver pillar called after the shadow, "some day like to-morrow?"

Peter didn't go to see her the next day. He didn't go the next week or the week after that. He spent his days, for the first time in his life, fighting his work. He

fought Apple. He battled with her through long nights when his papers were stubborn blank patches before him.

He struggled mightily, and finally he crushed her.

He was working one morning when there was a knock on the door of his house. He didn't answer. The knock came again. Peter riveted his attention to a consideration of the incrustations on Inca temple in Yucatan.

THE next outside thing he knew was a voice from the doorway that asked, "Don't you answer your door?"

He whirled, and it was Apple. This time she was clad in light green beach pajamas and a jumper.

Peter got to his feet. "I'm working," he said.

"Well, stop working and come out on a picnic. I've got the speed boat and some people."

He shook his head. "No."

"Peter, the sun's shining!"

"I don't care if it's shining or not."

"And I've come all the way over especially to get you."

"I can't help that."

"Is that all you've got to say?"

"That, and this." He indicated his piled desk.

She wasn't accustomed to pleading with men. In an aroused voice she said, "I'm sure I won't insist."

"And I won't let anything interfere with what I've got to do."

She regarded him contemptuously, then she turned on the red wooden heels of her small sandals, and clacked out.

He ran after her, out on the street that circled the bay, in sight of the waiting, crowded speed boat. He grabbed her arm and turned her face to him.

"Listen," he said hotly, "you're one thing. I'm another. You live for pleasure. Purely for pleasure. I live for work. Because I've got to. Can you understand that?"

"I understand," she said. "You're a snob. There aren't any bigger ones than people without money who don't think they can associate with people that have."

Continued on page 39



He stared at her, a flush mounting on his cheeks.

From the speed boat Freddy called, "Apple, are you coming?" Apple went.

Peter returned inside his house. He sat down before his desk. He called Apple a selfish wench. He claimed he thought even less of her than before. He labored so hard at maligning her that he made no more reflections that day about the incrustations on Inca temples in Yucatan.

In a week Peter had finished his book. By driving himself mercilessly, he completed it to his satisfaction. It was a good book, well done, completed in the face of unexpected opposition. But after he sent it off he didn't go to Apple. He knew that she still wasn't for him. It was all very well for her to make a smart speech about the rich and the poor. The fact remained that their viewpoints were opposite. For a fortnight he argued with himself and won.

Then one day in the society columns of the *Daily Palma Post*, he read:

Mrs. Sheila S. Fleming of New York announces the engagement of her daughter, Apple, to Mr. Frederic Post of Baltimore.

During the month that followed, Peter Kern thought over this announcement. He didn't leave Majorca now that his work was finished. He listened for the rushing sound of a speed boat, which he saw only from afar. Then he neither heard nor saw it again. It was gone.

Days after that he sailed in gales that the fishermen feared in their sturdy blue *feluccas*. He didn't hear from his book when he should have, and still he couldn't tear himself away from the spot where he had known her. He drank too much in the American bars. He drank too much in the native *tienda*.

Purely for Pleasure

Continued from page 38

It was generally understood that Peter Kern, the serious, severe archaeologist, was going to the dogs over a woman.

A letter one morning brought congratulation, and high hopes from the publisher of his book. The next day it was followed by a cable announcing that it had been picked as a Book Society choice. That meant twenty thousand dollars as a start. Two days later a second cable arrived offering him a coveted post at a great museum.

PETER piled up all this success in one lump and looked at it bitterly. If only these little slips of paper had arrived a bit sooner. He was ready to go home now. But before he went he wanted to make a last gesture, enjoy a little self-inflicted punishment. At last he could live as he wanted even at places like Formentor, and he decided to slap irony in the face by going to the hotel for a few days.

He sat before the bar there at the cocktail hour on the afternoon he established himself, a tall young man with a strong, spare torso covered this time by correct evening clothes. He had an air that seemed to say he owned the place, but he was a little sad and haggard. To the bartender he was



Boughten Gal

Continued from page 19

and you can't get around them—there papers, no two ways about it."

"But you offering to sell her."

"Call it that if you're a mind to. All I say is the only way I'll ever give up the hand-holt them papers gives me, is for the money I done paid out on her."

Allen's nostrils had turned white.

"You want to fight me for her?" he said.

"I don't want to fight you," Haydon said. "Don't aim to. Over and above that, you in my house and I got witness. Try to fight me and you'll come up missing, and the law won't pester me for it, neither."

Then Allen saw it—the shotgun! It was leaning against the mantel, not a foot from Haydon's hand. It came to him in the heat of rage that if he sprang upon Haydon quickly enough he could overpower him. And then, it came to him that whether he won or lost the fight, he would lose Mallie. He decided not to fight.

"How much you reckon you got coming to you?" he said.

"I couldn't take less than a hundred dollars, at the outside," Haydon said. "Since I had her I spent that much on her, to say nothing of all the vittles she et."

ALLEN glanced at the woman. Her mouth, between the drooping cheeks, was crafty, her little eyes greedy. Under his glance she drew her shawl around her heavy shoulders and assumed a caricatured expression of resignation.

"All right, I'll give it to you," Allen said. "I'll go saddle up my horse and ride up on Tater Eye this evening, and get the money I got saved at home."

Haydon took out his knife and started whittling shavings again. He did not look at Allen.

"Suit you ownself," he said.

"I'll bring the money come to-morrow, and I'll take her back with me. Come I give you the money, you got to give me them papers."

"I'll give you the papers, again you give

me the money," Haydon said and went on whittling.

Disconsolate, but still with definiteness in his manner, Allen walked out of the room.

ALL the next morning Haydon sat in a rocker on the dog alley between the two separate parts of his house. He sat in profound inertia, at intervals leaning forward and spitting out onto the trampled ground, squirting the tobacco juice between his fingers not to soil his beard. The first flies of the season congregated over stains on his patched and dirty overalls.

At his right, beyond the open door of one cabin, his wife worked placidly at her slow quilting. To his left, Mallie worked in the kitchen, making a rattling of buckets and pans. Jeems hobbled on his crutch here and there about the place, his eyes moving in their deep sockets like things glowing from darkness. Directly Haydon said: "I hear a hoss, seems like."

"Must be him," his wife said from the quilting frame.

Without turning his head toward the kitchen, he said:

"All right now, Mallie. Mind out I don't have to give you some more of that there what I gave you last night. You hear?"

"Yessir," Mallie said. Her voice was hollow and sad.

Directly Allen came, in a crescendo of dust and galloping hoofs. He came up the road on the horse, his elbows jouncing, rhythmic spaces showing between his crotch and the saddle, his face intent. In front of the house he slowed the horse to a walk, and then sidled up to the gate. He bent from the saddle to unfasten the latch. He rode through, across the yard, up to where Haydon sat on the dog alley.

"Howdy," Haydon said. "Light and set."

Allen looked down on him from the horse, his lip curling.

"I'll jest 'ten' to my business and get on my way," he said.

saying, "Make it another White Lady." "Peter!"

An apparition of Apple was standing there, a ghost in chiffon that seemed a subdued representation of reality.

Peter's voice, usually so dominating, faltered when he spoke. "You're still here."

"Yes, but what's this?"

"This? Oh, I'm staying here now. Moved in to-day."

"Peter, you move right out again. You can't work here."

"Don't speak to me of work."

She climbed up on a stool at his side and stared at him. He told her about the Book Society, about the museum. She said it was wonderful and her eyes were bright.

"I thought you'd gone," was all he said.

"Why did you think that?"

"I didn't hear your boat."

"Freddy wrecked it. We had to swim ashore."

"Oh." He indicated his drink. "What will you have?"

"You. I'll have you."

"I don't understand."

"It's the oldest story in the world."

"But I saw in the paper—"

"I hoped you would. That's why I put it in."

"You?"

"I thought it would make you come."

"Then—"

"Freddy gave up the ghost long ago."

"Apple!"

She offered herself, and he took a bite.

"Now what will you have?" he asked.

"Lemonade."

"Have a cocktail."

"I'll have lemonade."

"Try a White Lady."

"Give me," Apple told the barman, "a glass of lemonade."

"Suit your own choosing," Haydon said, waving the flies away from his lap.

Allen took the bills in a roll from his overalls pocket, the worn twos and fives so carefully saved from back-breaking toil in fields and at lumber camps. He threw it, with a casual flinging motion of his arm, onto the porch beside Haydon's chair, not looking to see where it fell.

Haydon fell forward out of the chair onto his hands and knees. The rubber band holding the roll had broken and the bills blew across the ancient boards of the floor.

With frantic gestures Haydon began snatching them up and putting them into his hat. "You darn fool!" he said.

"Hit's blowing away on me."

His wife flung out from the room and began grasping the money. Haydon got up, shrieking: "Git away from here now!" But even when he pushed her she kept grabbing pieces of the scattered money and poking them into her bosom.

Haydon punched her in the side and cursed her, at last driving her back into the room. He reached into her bosom and tore the money out from among her melon-sized breasts.

THEN he flung her from him, and she fell in a heaving heap on the floor. Haydon then bent to the money, hopping after it like a starving crow after grain. When he had it all in his hat under his arm, he kept walking around, searching.

"Is it all here?" he asked excitedly. "You sure hit was a hundred? You wouldn't cheat me, would you, son?"

"I don't cheat nobody," Allen said.

"Now you got your money, I'll trouble you for them-there 'doption papers. Where they at?"

Haydon took some printed papers from his overalls pocket and gave them to Allen, who lit a match to them without looking at them. He held them in flame until his fingers were burned on the last corner.

Continued on page 41



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MAZDA LAMPS

WHEN A SALAD MAKES A MEAL



Photo by Gladys Muller

Earthenware, Courtesy Theodore Haviland & Co.

As a main course it solves the hot day's menu problem

By

FRANCES HERRICK

AS SPEEDILY as a thundershower cools an August evening a crisp salad stimulates a lagging summer appetite. Accent its cool refreshment by serving one contrasting hot dish. This may be merely a cup of heated canned soup, a plate of hot bread, a toasted sandwich, a health-giving vegetable, or an egg or cheese surprise.

Luscious salads are legion. Before suggesting our pet versions, we are listing some rules of general and great importance.

The first and most essential one is the chemistry dictum that oil and water do not mix. Dry your lettuce; drain your vegetables and fruits.

Emphasize contrasts—in flavor, texture, and color. A bland base like tuna fish or cream cheese requires a bit of pickle, a nut, some celery, an apple, or the like. A golden peach stuffed with cream cheese is improved by surrounding it with bright-red cherries. A crisscross of anchovies on potato-salad hills achieves three contrasts, and thereby delights the epicure. Even the salad greens are more alluring if you use a little of several varieties as a base for full-meal salads.

Marinate vegetables, meat, and most fish, and set in your refrigerator for an hour before mixing with other ingredients. But lightly, please. By marinating we mean to let these salad bases stand in a rather tart French dressing.

Avoid lavish quantities of dressing. Use just enough to moisten and coat each component part.

Be niggardly with sugar in any dressing. Omit entirely for salads that are companioned by cheese or wine.

Use two implements in combining ingredients; two forks are excellent. Remember to toss your salads, never to mix with pressure.

Don't cut meat too fine unless it is used in a gelatine mold. Finely minced meat tends to become mushy when mixed with dressings.

Augment salads by adding canned accessories from your emergency shelf if last-minute motoring guests arrive or remain until the dinner hour. Slices of canned corned beef are delicious additions to your mixed-vegetable salad; a can of boned chicken can be used with your chicken salad; canned peach halves are elegant stuffed with mashed banana mixed with chopped pecans.

Garnish every salad. Your guests' delight will reward you richly for the seconds of time. Nasturtiums add not only color, but their seeds are rich in spicy flavor. Use to top or circle meat or mixed-vegetable salads. Twist an apple peeling in much the same way that you used to toss it over your shoulder in your childhood; black grapes augur luxury; either one is appropriate

not only on a fruit salad but on a meat combination or other delectable surprise. Sliced hard-cooked eggs, radish roses, capers, sliced stuffed olives, and cucumber rings add color as well as flavor.

Sweetbread-and-Pineapple Salad

1 Can Pineapple Cubes No. 2 2 Pounds Sweetbreads
1 Cup Mayonnaise

COMBINE the diced cooked sweetbreads with the drained pineapple and the mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce leaves garnished with lemon crescents and pepper stars.

The success of this salad lies in the proper preparation of the sweetbreads. After cleaning them cook in water below the boiling point for 25 minutes if you use calves' sweetbreads, and for double that period in the case of beef. Add salt and 2 tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar to each quart of cooking water. Drain and plunge instantly into ice water. Dice when cold.

THE DRESSING MAKES THE SALAD

Buy your mayonnaise from your grocer, or prepare it at home as follows:

1 Egg Yolk ½ Teaspoon Mustard
½ Teaspoon Salt 1 Tablespoon Vinegar
½ Teaspoon Sugar 1 Tablespoon Lemon Juice
¼ Teaspoon Paprika 1 Cup Salad Oil

BREAK the egg yolk into a deep bowl. Add the seasonings and beat with a rotary beater until well blended. Add the vinegar and continue beating. Begin adding the chilled oil, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating after each addition until the mixture begins to thicken. Add the lemon juice, beat well, and then add the remaining oil, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Keep in a covered dish in the refrigerator.

Lamb in Lime Mold with Vegetables

1 Package Lime-flavored Gelatine 2 Cups Green Peas
2 Cups Hot Water 2 Cups Potato Cubes
2 Cups Cold Lamb 1 Cup Mayonnaise
Radish Roses Lettuce
Fresh Mint

DISSOLVE the gelatine in the hot water. When partly set fold in the lamb ground rather coarse, and put in a mold that has been rinsed in cold water. When hardened, unmold on a chop plate and surround with alternating portions of peas and potato cubes. The latter should be marinated. Garnish with radish roses, fresh mint, and lettuce.

Austrian Herring Salad

1 Cup Flaked Spiced Herring 2 Cups Cooked Potatoes
½ Cup Cooked Beets ¼ Cup Cold Minced Ham
½ Large Dill Pickle ½ Cup Cooked Peas
2 Hard-cooked Eggs 1 Tart Apple

DICE the potatoes, combine with the herring, one-half of the peas, beets, and eggs, the ham, and the other ingredients. Marinate, and add if you like a half cup of red wine. Just before serving arrange on lettuce and garnish with the remaining vegetables and the hard-cooked egg.

Emergency-Shelf Salad

1 Can Shrimps 1 Can Mushrooms
1 Can Beets 1 Cup Mayonnaise
1 Green Pepper Lettuce

CUT the beets in fine julienne strips. Split the pepper lengthwise and use for two oval containers for the mayonnaise. Surround with lettuce nests filled with the beets, the shrimps and the mushroom caps. Do not mix, but allow each guest to take a spoonful from each one.

Harlequin Vegetable Salad

1 Small Cauliflower, Cooked 2 Cups Green Peas
2 Cups Wax Beans 4 Medium Tomatoes
2 Bunches Young Carrots 2 Cups Mayonnaise

IF THE carrots are tiny, cook whole. Center your service plate with the whole cauliflower, next have a circle of the green peas, then of the wax beans, also cooked whole; then the carrots, with the points forming a frame for the sliced tomatoes. Pass the mayonnaise separately.

THE HOME BUREAU

All Pictorial Review recipes are tested with definite heat and utensil measurements in our own kitchen on gas and electric ranges.



Boughten Gal

Continued from page 39

Then he called Mallie who came and stood in the kitchen door, her glance side-long on the floor. Jeems, on his crutch, stood small and miserable in shadow behind her.

"Mallie, you his'n now," Haydon said. "Get your things; come ride behind me, honey," Allen said. "This-here hoss will tote double."

"You his'n," Haydon said. "Go if you've a mind to."

Mallie stood in silence. Her hands were twisting a dish towel into a hard rope. Jeems made to put a hand on her shoulder and then, with a look at Haydon, drew back his hand.

"Well, come on, honey," Allen said.

"You going with him?" Haydon said. He was down on the ground now, in front of the horse, searching for more bills.

Then the tears began dropping down Mallie's cheeks.

"What all is the matter?" Allen asked.

"Don't you want to come with me?"

"No, I ain't going," she said.

Still sitting on the horse, Allen began pleading in the name of their promise. And she, with an arm upflung over her eyes, leaned with sobbing shoulders against the door jamb. There were blue bruises on the flesh of her arms, and a red welt ran along her neck down her back into her dress.

"Hit ain't fair, pappy; this-here ain't," Jeems said.

"Durn your hide!" Haydon yelled at his crippled son. "You keep your snotty little nose outen this!"

"But hit ain't—"

"Heish!" Haydon hollered. "You want I should take your crutch to you and frail hell out of you right here in front of ever'-body?"

"Ain't no use to cry and go on, Mallie," Allen was pleading. "Just come with me and ever'thing will be all right."

"Ain't going, ain't going," Mallie sobbed hysterically.

"Then give me back my money, Haydon," Allen said.

"The trade's over and done. Hit's my money. Take your gal and go."

"But she don't want to come."

"That ain't none o' my business. She's your'n. You done burnt up the papers."

"But can't you see she don't aim to come?"

"Make her."

"You give me back my money. I'm going to have my money back!"

"You'll do a pretty come-off if you git it offen me," Haydon said.

ALLEN rode the horse at him. He sprang, cursing, onto the porch away from the rearing hoofs. Allen jumped from the saddle to the dog alley after him.

And then Allen saw the shotgun again. It had been on the porch, leaning against the wall all the time. Haydon had it, now, to his hip, covering him with it.

"Allen Norville, this-here is a fair trade and hit is agoin' to stand," Haydon cried. "Fair hell! You got my money and she won't go."

Haydon's wife watched from the living-room door. Mallie and Jeems watched from the kitchen door. Mallie was startled out of crying, and she held the back of her hand to her mouth. Jeems leaned on his crutch, his impassive face below the level of Mallie's shoulder.

"Git out of here now!" Haydon said.

"This-here is a holdup," Allen said.

"Git out!" He made a punching motion with the shotgun.

At last Allen retreated before the steely threat of the cocked gun. He backed into the yard and got the horse and swung up into the saddle.

"You'll pay for this, Haydon Mason!" he said.

"Don't lose old Brown Bess here out o' mind," Haydon said. "I sleep nights with her cocked and loaded 'side my bed." He laughed evilly.

"You'll pay for this," Allen repeated, riding out the gate.

A WEEK from then County Court Day was held in Lebanon. The empty roads were well traveled that day. The hill people rode toward Lebanon in buggies and surreys, on horseback and muleback, big families in jolt wagons with boards cushioned with quilts for seats, all their rigs and saddles held together with hemp rope and baling wire.

Haydon Mason and his family drove in their buggy along the road between rail fences, through air sweet with the scent of blossoms and of freshly turned earth. Haydon and his wife sat on the seat, with Mallie on the wife's ample lap. Jeems sat in the back on the floor of the buggy bed. They all sat solemn and silent.

"Honey, you right heavy on my lap," the woman said.

"Well, I didn't want to come the least bit," Mallie said. "You made me come."

"Well, hit's like this, honey," the woman said. "I've done heard tell before this of girls running off. Now, you know we wouldn't want to have you git lost in the woods, while we was to County Court Day."

"Ah, quit apicking on her," Jeems said from his place behind the seat.

When they rode into Lebanon the town, ordinarily a place sleeping unchanged through the generations, had now awakened and begun the first stirrings of activity that would last all that day.

Haydon drove in from the north and turned onto the asphalt State highway, which was also Lebanon's main street. He drove to the courthouse fence and hitched there, among all the other rigs strung along the fence.

While he tied a knot in the hitch rope his wife got out of the buggy, running pudgy hands down the wide spaces of her dress behind, smoothing the wrinkles. Mallie remained on the seat, staring at the courthouse. It stood on a square of shaggy lawn among leafing maples, its windows portly, its columned veranda imposing, its weatherboarded walls dissolute with rot and ivy and a need for paint.

"The bark eaters is swarmin' in offen them mountains," Haydon said.

"They sure are," his wife said. "County Court Day shakes em outen the hills like bugs outen a last winter's quilt."

"Jeems, you set here in the buggy with Mallie," Haydon said. "Your mammy and me has got something to do."

Jeems got out of the back of the buggy, hobbled around between the wheels, and swung up into the seat. He sat beside Mallie watching the crowd.

Mallie's gaze roved from group to group. There was about her watching something nervous and uneasy. Constantly she singled out one or another lean hard-bitten face, examined it and passed on to another.

"You reckon he will come, Jeems?" she said.

"I expect he will," Jeems said. And then a moment later: "Pears like that's him coming yonder now."

JEEMS pointed a thin finger. Mallie looked, and at first saw only the crowd of people in front of the Lebanon Hotel. Then she saw Allen riding on his horse straight toward where they sat in the buggy.

He greeted them solemnly, in turn. In stiff pride he sat on the horse. The horse, an unusually good one for a hill man, stood pawing up the grass, shaking its head with the bouquet of buttercups festooned in the bridle at the throatlatch. The three of them, Allen and Mallie and Jeems, sat tranquilly in the yellow spring sunlight, talking in quite tones of the weather and of planting and of the size of the crowd.

"That-there a mighty nice horse you own," Mallie said.

Continued on page 42



"IT'S A REAL TREAT AT MEALTIMES — AND BETWEEN-TIMES, TOO!"

says FREDDY MOTZ



"I can hardly believe this husky boy is mine

How he has thrived drinking milk this new way!"



says Mrs. Catherine M. Motz,
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Cocomalt

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"He's lively with spring grass and not being worked none."

"He's plumb pretty," Mallie said.

"You want to ride him?"

"Haydon mought whip me."

"He ain't here to sec. I seen him going in Turner's store. He'll be there a spell yet."

"Go on, Mallie," Jeems encouraged.

"You love to ride."

"Here before all these people?" Mallie said.

"You can sit side-saddle," Allen said, swinging down.

Under their urging she finally got out of the buggy and permitted Allen to lift her up into the saddle. She rode sidewise. She cantered across the lot up as far as the courthouse back fence. Then she turned and came toward them, laughing with the thrill of riding.

Jeems meanwhile was looking Allen in the eye, and then they winked at each other, as with some secret understanding.

"He saddles nice," Mallie said.

"Take another turn," Allen said.

She wheeled the horse and started to ride across the lot again.

"Woah!" Allen cried sharply.

Trained to his voice, the horse drew up short. With a swift, flashing run Allen leap-frogged onto the horse's rump. The beast crouched in surprise for an instant and then scrambled forward under the urging heels. Allen slipped under Mallie into the saddle, kicked into the stirrups.

Holding Mallie in his arms, his hands in front of her on the reins, he urged the horse into a run and took a dirt road out of town. It had all happened in an instant.

Back in the buggy, Jeems sat immobile and watched them disappear. He looked happy, and his hands were gripping his crutch hard.

Haydon came on the run, outdistancing by far the ponderous waddling of his wife.

"Whar they going?" he howled at Jeems.

"Taking a little ride, I reckon," Jeems said.

Slobbering his rage into his beard, Haydon cursed the boy, while men crowded around the buggy, curious of the cause for all the excitement. Advice began coming from all sides.

"We can take my car and catch 'em in no time."

"You can't get no car over that-there road."

"Git hosses and chase 'em!"

"Go tell the sheriff!"

Boughten Gal

Continued from page 41

At the mention of the sheriff, Haydon became fearful.

"If you-all want to git yo' hosses and help me catch 'em, all right. But leave the sheriff out of this."

They began running about, getting their horses to join in the sport of a chase. Haydon unhitched the mare from the buggy and got a sack from under the seat to use for a saddle. Jeems meanwhile sat in the buggy, his eyes secret.

And while they formed into a posse, Allen was riding with Mallie at a gallop along an unused road that led over the shoulder of a hill toward Tater Eye Mountain looming large against the horizon. The road was an old logging trail, full of stumps among the cedars, gullied now from heavy rains.

As they galloped along Mallie kept protesting, but she made no effort to free herself from his arms.

"Why, of all things! You can't steal me like this."

"It ain't stealing," he joked. "You my boughten gal, done paid for."

"Haydon will kill you."

"Wait till we get in my neighborhood up on Tater Eye. I got kin up yonder that would shoot him on sight."

AT THE crest of the slope he reined to a stop. From here was a view of the hollow, which spread in a semicircular panorama of woods and fields around the base of the mountain. Here the old road turned sharply to the right, around the face of the slope. Just above the road a spring bubbled out of the mountain and made a stream that ran off at right angles to the road.

"See that house down yonder!" Allen said. He pointed to a white frame house down in the valley. "Well, that-there is Squire Thompson's place. Friend o' mine. He's done promised to marry us and give us safe hiding till nightfall, and then we'll go on up on Tater Eye."

"But how you know Haydon won't find us before night?"

"I fixed that. When I come this morning I rode up the branch and left tracks from here on. Come they try to track us, they'll ride right on down the road. We'll turn off here."

He urged the horse into the tiny branch,

and they began going slowly, dangerously, down the steep slope. Looking down to where the water ran, Allen saw the tracks were being washed away behind them.

"You ain't asked did I want the squire to marry me to you," Mallie said.

"I'm done with asking," he said. "I'm telling now."

The horse picked a slow, careful way on down the slope. The laurel and the scrub cedars covered them from pursuers on the road above. There was no need for hurry now. Allen was holding her in his arms more as a caress than as one holding a captive.

"Only thing," Allen told her, "we going have one poor start in married life. I had to give Haydon every last cent that time."

Mallie laughed. Then she took from her bosom a roll of money. She held it up for him to see, and put it away again.

"What? What's that?"

Mallie explained. "Jeems, he made me take it. He found out where his pappy hid it under the hearth. Jeems, he made me bring it to County Court Day, because he said if you was the man he thought you was you'd take that chance to take me off with you."

"But if you was willing for me to take you, why didn't you come with me that time I gave Haydon the money?"

"He wouldn't lief me," she said. "He drilled me to wait till you gave him the money and then say I wouldn't go."

"The skunk! The dirty skunk!"

"And taking this money ain't stealing it," Mallie said. "Hit's taking back something already stole. Because there never was no adoption papers. Those papers you burned up was an advertising circular, did you but take the trouble to read them."

Allen was long-faced and thoughtful over this for a moment. He took one arm away from the pleasant duty of holding her and scratched his head in perplexity. As though it might be something that did not concern him at all, he heard horses galloping above him up slope, heard distant voices. The sounds crossed the branch on the road and then died out around the mountain.

"I'm right proud of you for getting that money back," he said. "I take it for a sign you going to be mighty handy to have around the house."

"Just so long as it's your house," she said.

"Our house," he said.

"Our house," said Mallie.

Two of a Kind

Continued from page 15

pletely dominated by the inexorable law of railroads.

It happened that Perkins Landing, where they'd chosen to live because it was so beautiful, was also a tiny place consisting, approximately, of a general store, a drug store, and a sowing of houses. The place was not a Mecca for the railroads.

They had to depend on Harwood to the south and Norwood to the north, which sounded enough alike to be confusing. And Suki and Otis were continually confused by the little stars that signify "Sundays Only."

Now began a wild time of dashing to the station just in time to see a red tail-light disappearing. Now began the furious phone calls:

"... Here I am to catch the train you



mentioned—only it's just a train of thought. What's the matter with you?"

Then serious situations like Suki's best editor disgustedly waiting for them at the station on a sleety Sunday morning. "You can't do that, baby," Otis pointed out. "Must you be so darn dumb?"

There was also Otis's friend and almost only art patron, Mr. Thompson, allowed to starve quietly at Harwood while Otis went to meet him at Norwood.

Just one little drop after another. Then there came the night when Suki had a friend out to see her, a bacteriologist, a girl who had been studying tsetse-fly disease in Dutch Guiana, a sound girl. Only around midnight Otis got tired of her and the flies. He had an important appointment early in the morning. When he had driven her over the slippery road to Norwood, she said he shouldn't wait to put her on the train—so he didn't.

But scarcely was he in sight of home than Suki appeared, one arm upraised. "Darling!" she cried, "don't put up the car! It has to go out!"

"Out! What do you think this is—the village taxi?"

"No," she said, "but—you see—I read

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Two of a Kind

Continued from page 42

the wrong column. There is no such train. Oh, I know—don't say it. I'll go back for her."

But he said it. "You make me sick!" he cried. He had never spoken that way to Suki. "Can't you read? What makes you so darn inconsiderate! You know I'll go out, not you! Why don't you think of my comfort as well as your own?"

She moaned. She had no defenses. "Oh, I do! And I will! Only don't yell at me! I can't bear it!"

"All right," he said, and walked back to the car and began yelling, "Who locked this car? I didn't! No, of course you didn't—it just got lockjaw by itself! Half the time you act like a half-wit. Where are those keys?"

"I don't know," she cried wildly. "I never touched them!"

For the keys were bones of contention second only to the trains. He maintained they belonged on a nail in the garage. She preferred the dresser drawer. But the keys had a will of their own and went nearly everywhere. They looked for them frantically—"while my friend is freezing over," Suki wailed.

"Let her freeze! Let hell freeze over! I'm through!" he said shortly. Then he picked up his hat and the keys fell out of it. "There!" they both cried. Darkly he drove off.

He had never driven off darkly before. She felt this was an ominous moment. She ran shivering to the road. "Honey!" she shrieked.

"What is it now?"

"I'll have a swell hot rarebit when you come back." Rarebits were his favorite food. The thought of one cheered him through the long, cold ride with the tsetse artist.

"Here we are—the wanderers returned," he shouted, flinging wide the door, "with icicles on their ears! Rarebit or we perish!"

There was a tiny pause. Then Suki appeared. "Kill me quick," she said, "but there isn't any cheese!"

They could see, about twenty-four hours later, that this was really funny. But they admitted they couldn't go on just like that. So they decided that, though *laissez faire* might do for lovers, marriage required method; and they bought a book and wrote down the place of everything in the house—if things could only be persuaded to stay there. And Suki tore herself away from an important article on "Youth and Peace" to shine up all these things against the coming of her mother-in-law. She also ventured to make a cake.

IT WAS a nut cake, and it was very handsome. It was so beautiful, in fact, he put it carefully into the empty oven for safe-keeping while he squeezed the oranges. Only, of course, he forgot to tell Suki, so that when she went to light the stove the cake was sitting up above, secretly enjoying a second firing. He brought in his mother to a reek of burnt offering. "But, Otis," said his mother dryly, "is not accustomed to doing things about the kitchen."

"But you mustn't take little things like that so seriously," he protested afterwards to Suki, who was lying wearily on the bed.

"Well, I wouldn't take them seriously if you didn't. You're used to a smooth-running background, whether you know it or not."

He gathered up his tired bride with a fresh resolve. "Suki, darn it! It's spring! Let's run away—out into the woods and the fields for a few days! Let's thumb our nose at all this domesticity!"

So they did—things hurled into knapsacks—and away! They woke to thrush calls and scarlet flitterings of cardinals. They tramped through fresh meadows and cooked over fires and were ecstatic under fiery stars. Bliss recaptured in the spring awakening.

"I know," said Suki a little later, "but if you want I'll go to a doctor."

Otis walked up and down, worried, so

that Lenin and Trotsky whined. But Suki came and put her arms around him. "But I like the idea. I guess I'm sort of like that apple tree out there. It just naturally goes in for apples. Of course I don't expect to have that many. But though I didn't exactly order the baby, I'll take it and like it."

When the order was confirmed Suki went about singing. He found her behind the house by the sound of a saw. She was making a kiddie coop.

All through the summer, which he felt was the hottest ever, he sweated over his drawing board and his financial difficulties, for business had hit a new low for him. Drawings in their cardboard sandwiches stood leaned against the wall with unsold paintings. But Suki took life calmly, lolling under the trees, working with a minimum of energy, like one who has been in Africa and knows how to take hard heat.

She knew how to live, anyway, he reflected as he heard her moving about in her floppy sandals, cheerfully singing African dirges: "Ndokachama kiba . . . ndokachama ke . . ." She feared neither the threat of poverty nor pain nor heat nor cold nor hard work. She would be an admirable mother fundamentally, giving a child all the essentials—sympathy and joy of life and joy of loving and learning. It was only the little things, and he would have to watch out for them. He took upon himself this solemn duty.

THEN his son Douglas was born. He would never forget, he vowed, Suki's pale, ecstatic little face as she displayed him and said, "Isn't he an angelic little ape?"

In fact he did not forget that a baby's life is just one little detail after the other.

"This helpless child," he would say as Douglas grew and flourished, "we have responsibility to this helpless child."

"Yes, but we aren't helpless," Suki insisted, "and I don't see how it's going to harm him to go on a little boat ride." This when he was five weeks old, and she had joyfully accepted an invitation to go motor boating. Of course they were late, yet Suki had not had the time to warm his second bottle. And what about his third bottle? Otis was fretting in his rôle of father as they climbed on board.

"Oh, do shut up—just for a minute!" Suki cried. "I'll do right by my child. I'll warm them on the engine."

So this was the way it was going to be. Otis paid periodic fifteen-minute visits to his little son swinging serenely in a hammock under an awning in the stern.

"You keep expecting me to ruin my child! I'll do it yet just by suggestion!" she was sometimes moved to cry in exasperation at his rôle of watchdog. But on the whole she gave him less cause than he expected. Of course there was that terrible time she left the baby in the bathtub when they were visiting the Howells, where the beds were piled with wraps and the couch was slippery.

"I know!" Suki had said. "I'll rig him up a bed in the tub." So she rolled him in blankets and put his pillow over the drain. She told everybody about him, except one belated squash player, who dashed heatedly into the gloom where the green blind was down, and was just about to turn on the water when, "Gentle Judas! I thought I'd had pretty strong punch when I saw the kid!"

"He might have been shocked or scalded and drowned!" scolded Otis furiously, following her around the room. "If you're going to be so incompetent—"

And then it was he who committed the perfect parental crime. He was painting out of doors these days on a competition entry, and he took Douglas along with him into the old orchard up the road, depositing him snugly in the hollow of a tree. There were plenty of hollow trees. Meanwhile Suki could work, knowing the baby

Continued on page 46

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Beauty under

By Doris Lee Ashley

THERE are more ways than one of letting the sun go to your head. The first way is to underestimate the power of its brilliant rays and rush unprepared right into a sunstroke. That's rather drastic and doesn't happen very often. The second and more noted way is to run eagerly in search of the violet rays, forgetting last year's blisters and pain, while your good looks go to the dogs.

This year, to start the season off right, a

few people have come forth with some grand new ideas for keeping your beauty and enjoying the sun at the same time. And it's pretty certain that the good you get from the sun won't do your complexion any good unless you find some way to prevent the sun rays from devitalizing the skin.

First a sun-tan oil is very necessary. Maybe you remember last year when you allowed your skin to blister and shrivel to the appearance almost of parchment. If you do remember, you will not need to be reminded of the necessity of using a sun-tan oil. But pain is far more easily forgotten than we think, and the same error can be made over and over again. The purpose of sun-tan oil is to keep the skin moist and burnproof, and to allow you to tan to any degree you wish. They are cool and soothing, and whether you are using cream or the transparent liquids the thing to remember is that one dose is not sufficient. You have to keep putting the oil on as fast as it dries.

IF YOU temper your sun tanning with caution you will spend only about fifteen minutes at a time under the sun until the skin becomes less sensitive. If you are near the water each dip in the "briny" should be followed by another application of the oil.

Please don't get the idea that one application is going to last you half a day. Take the oil right along with you and apply it about every fifteen minutes or so. If you dislike carrying bottles around in your hand there are some cute gadgets that hold oil, lip stick, and other odds and ends of make-up to be buttoned right on to your bathing suit.

To the left you will observe that our model selects one of the protective creams or lotions. Her idea is to gain the benefits of the sun and still keep down the freckles. There are several splendid creams and lotions for this purpose. You might use one of the heavy creams, in a shade nearest your own skin or in a deeper color if you wish to simulate a tan, and spread it on like velvet over your skin.

Among the most noted of these creams is one that is used to protect and flatter stockingless legs, or may be used under sheer hose. It looks quite permanent when it's on, and lasts hours in the hottest sun, but melts, at the slightest touch of soap and water, in a most gratifying way. Or if you are on the beach, where such a ritual is inconvenient, a little cleansing cream takes it right off and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

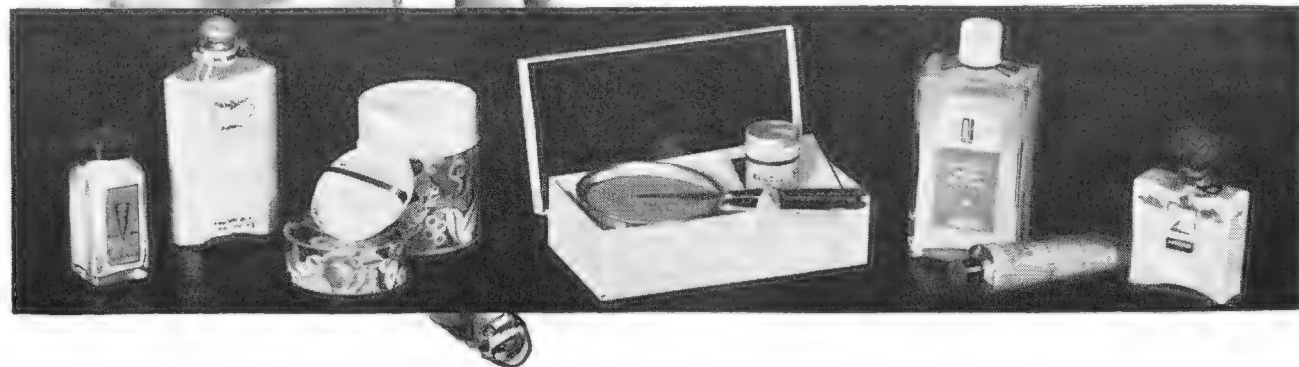
I ALSO like the clean, medicated, healthy-smelling lotion that leaves the skin thoroughly powdered and yet allows the sun to filter right through without changing the color of the skin one iota. They are grand ideas, these lotions, but in the interest of the texture of your skin you should remember that soap-and-water washing is also an important part of the routine.

Long before you reach the beach or the dance floor it will be well to provide yourself with a few products which, while they are more or less of a necessity all the year long, they are imperative during the hot weather of summer. One of these essential additions to your equipment is (as you have already guessed) a good depilatory. No one will dispute the absolute necessity in these days of abbreviated bathing suits of taking care that all hair has been taken off the arms and legs before we parade from our bathhouse to the water's edge.

All of us have seen at one time or another the unforgivable result of this lack of care—a woman who looks to all the world like a goddess in the newest cut of suit but who has not taken the simple precaution of removing the hair from her legs! There are plenty of paste depilatories on the market, which are to be mixed with water and applied with a tiny paddle; then there are tubes of cream that make it possible to apply their contents most readily.

SO YOU see the ever-thoughtful makers of these necessities have seen to it that we are able to make good use of their excellent goods with the least amount of effort and trouble. There's no reason for a woman appearing on the beach these days looking like a shaggy lioness!

Then there are types of depilatories that take out the hair entirely. These are somewhat more complicated to use, but even with these the trouble in removing the offending hair is well compensated for by the effect of the finished job. Among the most noted of these depilatories is one that will lessen the growth of hair if used consistently. And I must say a good word for the faithful wax depilatories which are so



Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

PICTORIAL REVIEW July 1934

the Sun



Drawings by
EARL BLOSSOM

Summer play means the great outdoors—but it also means special
care for our complexions

popular these days and which do their work in such an efficient manner. One can't go wrong with one of these safely tucked away in the suitcase!

I WANT to go on record as advocating a little summertime (and, indeed, wintertime, too) convenience that is almost a necessity in these days of stockingless legs. What I mean is a tiny bit of nothingness which is slipped over the feet and which makes our slippers ever so much more comfortable. Even the best-fitting slipper will feel much better if our toes are incased in these most welcome innovations. And do they save stockings! We all know how easy it is to run our big toes through the front end of sheer hose, but such an accident is next to impossible if the offending toes are incased in a pair of these.

No matter what we may do to protect ourselves from the rays of the summer sun, for one reason or other our hands always seem to be getting more than their share of sting and burn. Whether we are lolling on the sands clad only in a bathing suit, or covered from tip to toe in a beach robe, our hands always go sneaking out where they will get the full blast of Old Sol. Surely there must be some means of protecting them from this danger, and right here the good old hand lotion comes into its own. Goodness knows, we can't sit on our hands to protect them, so let's use them for all

they're worth, and then, with a few drops of hand lotion rubbed on afterwards take out all the sting and burn that may have been poured into them by the hot sun.

And even off the beach such precautions are necessary. After golf, when our hands are of necessity fully exposed in hot weather when gloves are taboo, such treatment will be welcomed. Even sitting on the veranda has been known to burn up hands in this rather painful manner, and again the hand lotion comes to our aid. It is one of the most all-around units in our summertime equipment.

ALTHOUGH a bit away from the line of cosmetics, we should carry with us to meet the summer sun another important item that is also used in the far north for the same purpose—a pair of sun glasses. The glare of the sun on the water, or indeed the summer sun far from the water, and the glare on snow may have an ill effect on our eyes—as well as doing devastating things to the skin around the eyes. So to thoroughly enjoy ourselves outdoors we would do well to include in our equipment a pair of sun glasses of some sort, whether of plain glass or ground by an optician in accordance with our own eyeglass prescription.

If we don't care for really dark glasses it is now possible to get glasses that are a real aid in the sun and with but a slight tint of color which is barely noticeable. We might

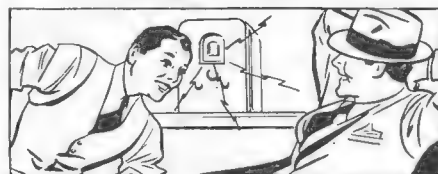
stare every person down with our self-respect, but we can't stare down the sun! And don't try it!

One of the sheer necessities for week-ends at the beach and in summer trips is one of the beach kits. They provide convenient transportation of all the necessary creams and cosmetics and, besides, they are really economical. Most of them are waterproof and are available in plaids, pastels, and vivid shades, and you'll find room for powder, make-up, sun-tan oil, hand lotion, and soap.

And by all means if your kit does not contain talcum or bath powder, pick up a box at the nearest store. They are simply indispensable during the summer. Maybe you would like to have one of these little gift packages shown on this page; it is attractively packaged.

THE summer was made for leisure and laziness, and above all for comfort. And where is there any comfort if we get ourselves all fried to a frazzle? Thank goodness, we don't have to! We can get all the enjoyment the law provides during our summer, and all the good that the sun's rays may supply for us, and we don't have to suffer any ill effects either to our complexions or our physical selves if we take a few simple precautions. Bring on the sun; I'm ready for him! Let him do his worst; I'm prepared!

RADIO ANN She Gets Her Man



VOICE FROM RADIO: You are listening to Ann Mansett, the dream singer.

Phil: I could fall for that girl just from hearing her sing.

Ralph: Why, I know Ann. Come along, I'll introduce you.



Ann: How do you do! I'm always glad to meet any friend of Ralph's.

Phil: I had no idea Ralph knew you.



Phil: What a disappointment! Ann's a beautiful girl but what a terrible complexion!

Ralph: Ann used to have a lovely skin!



Ann: Doctor, you've helped thousands with your broadcasts. What can I do to clear up my skin?

Doctor: The true cause of your trouble is a bad intestinal condition. Yeast Foam Tablets will do wonders for you.



Ralph: I just saw Ann Mansett! What a change! She's completely cleared up that awful skin!

Phil: 'Nuff said, Ralph. I'm phoning her tonight.



Ann announces her engagement to her friends at the studio.

Doctor to himself: There's another romance I must credit to Yeast Foam Tablets.

Why don't you see what Yeast Foam Tablets will do for you? At any druggist's!

was safe, and he would return for lunch and for her criticism of his drawings—an ideal arrangement. This particular day Otis worked with fiery absorption, making great headway on his oil of a workman under a pear tree—a tired workman—a magnificent pear tree.

"And very well done!" cried Suki. "You ought to win it, if they have any sense; but where's the baby?"

"Baby?" he cried. He slapped his head. "The baby? He's in a tree!"

"Oh, you make me cross!" exclaimed Suki. "I bet you haven't an idea what tree he's in!" Then seeing his maniac dread, she soothed, "We'll find him!" So they all set out, Otis and Suki and Lenin and Trotsky, who ran ahead, making for the very tree. They barked and leaped and licked their little charge's hand.

As though snatching him from the arms of kidnapers, Otis seized him from his sound sleep. "Thank God!" he cried emotionally.

AND so it went. These days Otis's nerves were tight as fiddle strings as the deadline of the competition crept stealthily nearer. They went no place; they saw no one; life was work.

Except just one stepping-out when they gave the Thompsons a theater party. They talked, and saved for it for weeks. But they certainly had to do something for the Thompsons, who had saved their lives by buying a picture.

So Suki got the tickets, four in row M, the best the box office offered. On that night, they felt festive and gay, Suki very swish in her sea-green net cascade of a dress, and Otis following her about, insisting that she looked like a lady and a siren, and could he have a kiss where she wasn't powdered?

The dinner was perfect—they had Virgie to serve it.

The ride down was merry. Under the lights that said: "Dinner at Eight" Otis mechanically thrust out his palm, and said, "Tickets, please, Suki!"

"Tickets!" repeated Suki with a rising inflection. "You have the tickets! Haven't you?"

"And how can I have the tickets when you bought them and I haven't seen them?" Agitation raised Otis's voice and velvet wraps and shirt fronts peered with interest here and there about the lobby.

"The bathroom!" cried Suki incoherently. "You were in the bathroom shaving—and I called—the tickets are on your dresser!"

Otis made a sound in his throat and turned to Mr. Thompson. "The tickets," he said with a smile like a hyena, "are on my dresser!"

Mrs. Thompson laid her hand gently over Suki's lips. "Darling!" she begged. "Gong! Go back to your corner! And you," she said to Mr. Thompson, "rub him down! My dear babies, there's no use wasting energy on such trifles. When you've been married as long as we have, you'll know!"

Nevertheless they felt pretty bad trooping over to the speculator's where the tickets came to six-sixty each. But this was nothing to Suki's sensation when Otis reddened and mumbled that he didn't have enough. The Thompsons laughed that off too, and Mr. Thompson paid for the tickets.

THE post mortems took hours that night. Every little thing in the way of an offense over the period of a year and a half was raked up, in the course of the wee small hours. Even Suki hurled a few horrible sayings, many of them exaggerations.

After this retrospective show of sins they lay back to back and would not say good night. Morning brought counsel to Suki, but this was immediately deflected by Otis's, "Well," he said, "it's hot as hell again, and what bright little trick have you got for today Mrs. Bones?"

up these brushes—" Silently she cleaned them.

And at last they stood surveying the finished picture, ready to ship. The white wonder of the apple tree seemed to light the whole studio—thanks, Otis was saying, to the egg-white technique that had given his colors extraordinary depth. No one, they agreed, except maybe Benton, had ever gotten it. "And your man," Suki said happily, "has depth; you can walk

She sat up. "Darling, you may kill me. I deserve it. But honestly, it was just terrible. A study of a garbage can and wires and rusty springs. Who would have thought it didn't belong in the can?"

"Oh!" he thundered. "Is that so? She throws away," he said to the robins, "the best thing I ever did, and then she tells me it's garbage!" He turned from the robins. "And who are you to set up as an art critic? Oh, I've had enough! I'll



"Your elephant is stuffed! I wish I could make you really see animals!"

around him, and there's air over his head. And the composition that leads up to the peak of that tree in the sun—this time you've done it, my boy! Best darn thing you've ever touched!"

THEN, suddenly, he seemed to see her again. He seized her by the hands and shouted, "Hello, Suki! I've been a long way off!" And, exultant at his return, he picked her up bodily and jounced her up and down. "Why, you've lost weight while I was away!"

"From your working so hard."

But no sooner had they shipped off his entry than his fatigue took a fresh alarming turn; from the heights he sank to the depths, declaring his picture was terrible. Then an entirely new idea seized him—at the last minute—and he sat behind the house working all morning. Suki poked out her head at noon and withdrew it, and philosophically set his lunch aside.

In the afternoon Virgie came to do the laundry and it hung freshly on the line, and still he worked. Then Suki heard him go slamming up to the room—to sleep.

She was sitting on the porch after Douglas's bath, dreaming, listening to the robins, when Otis, wild of eye, crashed out: "Where's my painting?" he roared.

"Damn it, woman, where's my painting?"

"What do you mean, painting? Did you do something besides that scratchy study you put on the garbage can?"

"Scratchy study? On the garbage can? It was drying there! It wasn't in the garbage can; it was drying on the garbage can!"

He leaped toward her like a wild animal. "You—didn't—" he said hoarsely.

She lay back, stopping her ears. "I forget," she said voicelessly, "whether I did—or Virgie. But it's been collected!"

His arm brandished over her with a clenched fist. "The best thing I ever did! The only thing! And you—you—"

never get anywhere with you handicapping me!"

She stepped back as though he'd hit her. "Oh," she breathed, "if you feel like that, it's all over."

"Peace," he brandished his arms, "order—that's what you want of a wife!"

"If that is so," she said quietly, "then romance rattles in its throat."

"I want some one to look out for me—my welfare—my—"

"You sound," she said, "like one of those helpless male fish that sit all their lives on their mates' eyebrow!"

But he had stormed inside the bungalow; she could hear him rustling among his things. He reappeared with his knapsack and with a sullen air. Immensely dignified, he walked down the path toward the car. It was at that moment that she noticed that his coat hung over a chair. His wallet was in it. Leaving home, he was forgetting his money. She took the wallet and went down the path and handed it to him. He accepted it, mumbled "Thanks," and off he went.

AWAY! Free of her! Free of everything! Back whizzed the stifling confines of Perkins Landing. Good-by to all that! Vermont, that's where he was going; see his old teacher Hilliard up in the fresh Green Mountains. Show him his sketches. Garbage, eh? She'd see!

He drove all night. In the morning Little Loaf Inn looked deliciously peaceful in the cup of the hills. And deliciously crisp and neat the girl who was playing clock golf on the tidy lawn. Every golden hair in place. Every stroke a little decision, sharp, exact.

He watched her precise playing. It seemed strangely wonderful to him. In fact he applauded and called gayly, "Brava!" The girl raised china-blue eyes, smiled briefly, picked up her ball, and walked into the house.

He saw her again in the evening. She was playing bridge in the wickerware parlor among the rubber plants. He hovered over her. Perfectly she played hand after hand. Now here was a girl—well, he just wanted to know her.

At eleven o'clock exactly she stood up and said good night. "My bedtime!" So he wandered toward her and stopped her with some question about the mountains. He learned about mountains from her. He also learned her name was Hildegard Heaton—Philadelphia—school-teacher—and really she just had to go to bed now, for she got up early every morning for a dip before breakfast. And could he dip with her? Yes, if he'd be there at seven-thirty sharp. And so to bed.

"Sharp!" he told himself. "Do you hear that? Sharp! Here's a girl who's there on the minute!" He felt immensely pleased. He even woke himself up all night long so that he should be as sharp as she. With the result that toward dawn he fell into a heavy sleep, from which he awoke at exactly seven-forty-five. Making a double jump into another suit, he rushed out on the dock, where he found the golden goddess very chilly. "Seven-fifty!" she exclaimed, eyeing her leather wrist watch. "Oh, quite all right, except I'm frozen to death!"

SHE was very crisp and pretty as she stood beside his car after breakfast, tapping on the radiator cap, though he was hardly late at all. "Are you one of those people who are never prompt?" she asked sweetly. "Because I always feel that if one is really very considerate—"

"Darn it!" he interrupted. "It appears I'm short of gas!"

The impeccable eyebrows lifted. "Oh, really? Now, that's a thing I always make a point of—never to be short of gas." But she suspended sentence on him and offered him her car. "Though please do be very careful," she begged, audibly wincing now and then as they bumped along to Hilliard's. The day was glorious, and she took an interest in the country. "I wish I had my flower book. What is that purple stuff?"

"Fireweed, I think. My wife knows all the flowers."

"Your wife! I didn't know you had one!" she exclaimed, and her interest in botany visibly decreased. For just a second he had a vision of Suki sitting there beside him with her warm wonder, her generous enjoyment; but then they were at Hilliard's, and he was hailing them, all beaming and carelessly dressed, all of which Hildegard accepted in a well-bred way, but with reservations.

HILLIARD, for his part, looked at her hostilely and immediately asked, "where's Suki?" And he was equally hostile to the sketches which he crumbled to a ball, irritably demanding, "What the hell is this supposed to be? A cheap imitation of Arthur Dove. Just about when you were developing a style of your own! Trash! Fire it out!" And for the second time it landed in the waste heap.

"But this," he said, indicating the studies for the man and the tree, "here you have something!" And they put their heads together, master and pupil.

Then suddenly Hildegard interrupted. "We have to go," she said, "if we want to get there in time for lunch!"

"Lunch?" Otis exclaimed. "Who cares about lunch? What does it matter?"

"It matters to me," she said. "I don't eat anywhere, any time!"

"One of those material women with the spiritual faces," Otis muttered to himself. "Practical details mean more than paradise."

His thoughts were with Hilliard on the silent drive home, until suddenly she pierced them again. "Are you asleep?" she shrilled. "Look where we are! For Heaven's sakes!" He looked, and to be sure they were at a dead end of something. "In a frog bog! You're the most impossible person I've ever met! I asked you if you knew the road!"

But on the opposite side of the frog bog coursed a feathery little waterfall over brilliantly weathered stones. "Gosh!"

Continued on page 47



Two of a Kind

Continued from page 46

"That's beautiful!" exclaimed Otis. "Nature certainly paints with a full palette! This is worth getting lost, isn't it?"

"Honestly," said Miss Heaton with fervor, "if I were your wife I'd kill you!"

"We'd probably kill each other," agreed Otis. "Fortunately my wife isn't a bit like you. She's a very wonderful person and a good sport." And suddenly he made up his mind that he must go home at once and ask her pardon, darling Suki.

From Massachusetts he phoned her. Her voice was so far away it sounded like a voice from heaven. "Suki, my angel, I'm so sorry that I acted like a brute. I'm a bum—but I love you. Say is anything the matter? You sound so weak!"

It came back, blurred but undeniable. "The baby! He's been so sick! Bronchitis—terribly. Better now. He has only a hundred to-day and he can breathe—"

It was like a blow in the pit of the stomach. "Suki, sweetheart! What can I bring?"

"Well, there's his medicine. You could pick it up. No, never mind, I'll get it."

"No, let me—"

"No, never mind—"

"Yes —"

"Your time is up," announced Central.

"No, don't—good-by!" called Suki.

"I love you!" he shouted to the click. But he told it to her personally, and over and over as he held her tight, so little and pale. "I don't know how I ever could have been such a hound, biting the hand that's everything to me! Because there's never

been anything wrong between us but the silliest little things."

"William III.," she nodded, "died by falling over a molehill!"

As they bent over the baby and felt completely unified, they vowed never to let things come between them again. "And now," Suki broke off, "we must really give him the medicine you brought."

"Medicine I brought?" cried Otis. "Was I supposed to—? I thought you—"

"Never mind!" said Suki quickly. "It must have slipped between our phone call. I'll have it sent." She ran to the phone, and as she talked he heard her voice change.

"Oh! Not really! How lucky!" Then, tremulous with excitement, she called to him, "Oh, darling! How fortunate we didn't call for it! The stupid clerk mixed the labels. The baby would have gotten Mrs. Howard's gargle! Oh, Otis!" She hid her face in his shoulder.

"You see," he shouted, "it's a good thing we're the way we are! It's not a curse; it's a gift!" And then they began kissing the baby because he was safe.

"Let's celebrate!" cried Otis. "Let's celebrate everything! As it happens, I didn't eat in Massachusetts as I intended. How about a rarebit?"

"Oh, there isn't any cheese!"

"Good! Who cares for a rarebit on a hot day? What I want is—just a minute—" he peered into the refrigerator—"what I want is a bottle of beer, a tomato, and—just the thing—ham! Ham of my dreams! Beautiful ham!"

Tempest Pastoral

Continued from page 17

wrinklings as of pain no longer touched and drew his face. It was as if he, passing through an ordeal, had found reassurance. Raquel did not withdraw her hand. Very quietly, so as not to disturb him, she sat down and remained motionless by his side.

AT THE Hacienda Aguila the day passed in comparative quiet, though in the village all was activity. A full two hundred horsemen were Colonel Monterro's guarantee against sudden attack by any remnants of the Mendoza forces that might possibly be wandering about. Twice a company of fifty went off—one in the direction of the Mendoza hacienda, the other vaguely toward the hills as though to comb through them for possible stragglers.

The remainder loafed about the village, made themselves pleasant to the girls, or prowled at will, unchecked by their officers. A captain found Manuela excellent company. A troop of riders went off toward where the vaqueros still rode the hacienda's herd. They returned with eight young steers to augment their diet of frijoles.

Colonel Monterro set up a temporary headquarters in the home of Pascual Ribada, with whom he spent the best part of an hour alone. After learning that Ribada had formerly been an officer of the crack Rurales he accorded him a flattering respect.

One at a time the vaqueros and retainers were brought in and questioned. When he heard the story of Felipe Gutierrez and his delivery from the cárcel by Gordon, the colonel was plainly puzzled.

"I have always thought that all Americans are crazy," he mused, turning to the officer who was helping in the investigation, "and here's one who certainly is. He could have shot us down when he had us under his guns on the field; yet he did not—though he insulted us. Also, from the stories these men tell, though he dislikes Mendoza, he saved him from being captured!"

The colonel shook his head as though it were all beyond him.

"The saying we hear so often is quite true," he said. "All Americans have a mad streak."

He nodded to an aid who stood at the door, and in a few minutes Old Pedro was brought into the room.

"We have been told," said Colonel Monterro, "that you have spoken often with the American, Gordon. Speak truthfully: what do you know of him?"

Old Pedro stood, stooped and bowing, peering at the colonel out of his deep-set eyes. If he felt any fear it was not evident. He smiled.

"I know nothing but good of Señor Gordon," he said firmly. "He is brave and also one who can be relied upon."

"What more?"

"Under his hands the hacienda prospered. He was kind to the men; in every way he was what a true hacendado should be."

Monterro laughed.

"He has a firm supporter in you, I see. Who sent him to Los Hernandez, and what was his purpose?"

"He went of his own will," the old harness maker answered. "His purpose was to persuade Don Mendoza to release the men taken from this place by the revolutionists, who wanted to make them fight for the revolution."

"WHAT is there between Gordon and Mendoza? Is there not some political relationship?"

"None, my general. They are men who dislike each other. The only tie between them," and the old man smiled, "is that they love the same woman."

"Who is this woman?"

"The most beautiful," said Old Pedro, nodding his white head, "the most gracious, and who, my general, could that be but Señorita Aguilar?"

"Does one man save the life of another whom he knows is his rival?" Monterro demanded.

Continued on page 49

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"



From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

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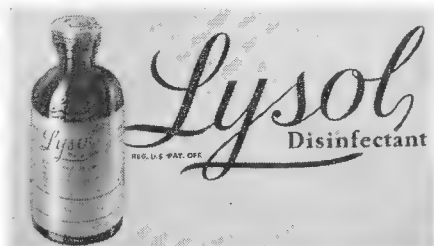
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WHEN YOU TRAVEL WITH BABY

By

DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE



Drawings by
Lucile Patterson Marsh

WHILE one would not travel with a baby from choice, it is very often necessary to do so, especially in summer when the father takes his vacation. Many now have their own car in which to travel, but to my mind it is not as good for a baby as traveling more quickly by train. Best of all is a steamer, where plenty of fresh air and more space may be had.

If you go by train or boat a traveling basket, in which the young baby may be carried and which may be used for his bed throughout the trip, is extremely useful. It is far better for the baby than to be carried in someone's hot arms. These traveling baskets may be bought in many large shops. If you cannot obtain one you may use a large market basket with a strong handle.

The basket should contain heavy pads or a folded blanket as a mattress, on top of which is placed a piece of rubber sheeting, rubberized material, or enamel cloth. Small crib sheets or pieces of an old sheet from a large bed, which may be torn to fit the basket and then thrown away when soiled, will be needed. A cotton pad should be put on top of the under sheet.

Blankets or small afghans to cover the baby, the number and kind to suit the climate in which you are to travel, are also necessary. If these are dark in color they will not show the dust or dirt as much as lighter ones. One or two with real wool are warmer and lighter for the baby than several of cotton.

If you travel by automobile there are many ready-made beds or small hammocks which may be bought for the baby's use on the trip.

For clothing on the trip take enough, but try to have only such as is easy to rinse out and dry quickly. Cotton bands, shirts, and stockings will usually be warm enough for a summer trip, provided you take warm sweaters for sudden cool weather and a blanket or special rug with zippers to wrap the baby in while on deck or on an observation platform in a train.

Little simple dresses, or rompers if the baby is old enough to wear these, may be used of colored gingham or crepe. The latter does not need to be ironed, and may be quickly washed out in the toilet basin of the boat or train and dried in the state-room. A porter on the train will often be helpful in getting clothes dried. Crepe and rayon nightdresses may also be bought now.

Diapers must be taken of course. Many take old ones or make some of old cotton or linen which may be thrown away when

soiled. Paper pads or diapers to be used inside of the other kind, or in some cases alone, are most useful. If the baby has been trained to have his movements on a chamber a small one should be taken along. They come in a little case resembling a hatbox.

A rubber-lined bag for wet diapers should be taken, and well-ventilated rubber diapers or pants may be used part of the 24 hours if necessary. This does not mean, however, that the baby may be left in wet or soiled diapers worn under the rubber ones. His skin will suffer if not kept dry and clean. Soft, paper-tissue handkerchiefs may be very useful.

The baby's toilet articles used at home may be taken, and a sponge bath given every day, at least once. In some cases it is possible to give a full bath in a basin, or a small tub of folding rubber may be taken if the trip is to be a long one. Keep all of the baby's belongings together in one suitcase especially for him, so that articles needed may be found easily and kept clean. It is a good plan to keep one full set of better clothing for the baby to wear when the trip is over and you are about to leave the train, boat, or car.

A little folding baby carriage is very useful on a steamer for deck use. One may be needed also when you arrive at your destination, regardless of the way you travel.

Most important of all is the question of the baby's food. If he is fed from the breast and is still very young you will need little else, but if old enough to take ad-

ditional foods or if he is a bottle baby there is much to be considered. First comes the milk supply. It is possible in many cities to have a laboratory put up enough modified milk (regular formula) to last for even a long journey.

If you do not want to go to this expense, either canned milk or powdered milk may be used. Ask your doctor who prescribes the formulas at home to advise you which to use while on the trip, and begin its use about a week before you start, so that the baby may become accustomed to the change if any is to be made.

Take plenty of bottles, all freshly sterilized and capped at home, and a good supply of sterilized nipples in a covered glass jar. Some sort of stove is usually needed. Solidified alcohol stoves are good; or if you can have the use of an electric plug on the steamer or train a small electric plate will be excellent to take along. A bottle warmer and some sort of vessel for boiling the bottles and water needed should be thought of, as well as a bottle brush and some pure soap, of course, and a tin of bicarbonate of soda or borax.

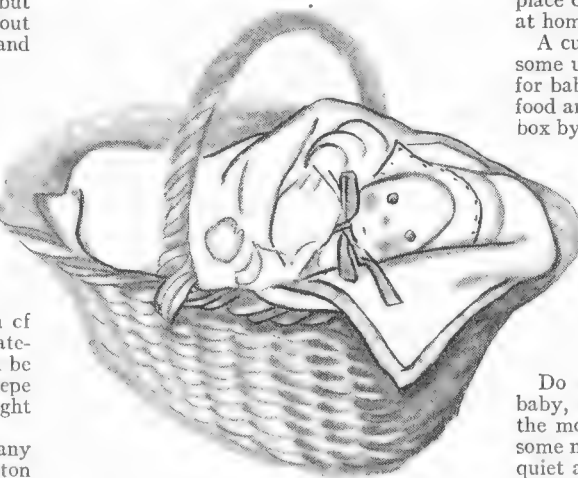
If the baby is old enough to take semi-solids or solids, cereals, soups, puréed vegetables, some fruits, and tomato juice may all be taken very easily, selecting these from among the many varieties put up especially for babies.

Oranges may be taken or bought on the way in many cases. A few very fresh eggs that can be placed on ice by the steward or porter and cooked on the small stove, or given raw in the milk, may be needed. Zwieback, unsweetened, may be used in place of bread while on the trip as well as at home sometimes.

A cup, spoon, and small plate or dish of some unbreakable material will be needed for baby's use alone. Here again keep all food and feeding utensils in a small case or box by themselves. They are for the baby alone and should be kept separate from other articles. All drinking water used for the baby should be boiled.

Be careful to keep to the regular feeding hours and follow all the home routine as much as possible. This will keep the baby well and good-natured far more than if you are irregular.

Do not allow strangers to handle the baby, nor ever to kiss him, especially on the mouth. An older baby will be under some nervous strain, and should be kept as quiet as possible both during the trip and for several days after your arrival.



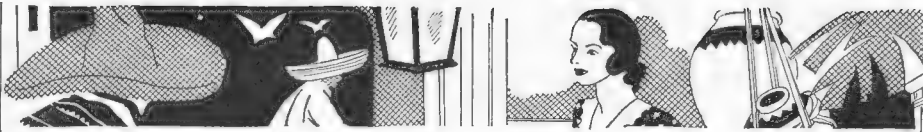
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How do you KNOW you can't WRITE?

Tempest Pastoral

Continued from page 47

"I am old," said Pedro, "and the old often have wisdom. My wisdom tells me that a man may be brave and generous and still not understand a woman. Señor Gordon does not understand the beautiful señorita. He thinks she loves Don Mendoza; and it was because of that—because he would not see her heart hurt in any way—that he rode to save Don Mendoza."

"I am now sure that all Americans are mad," said Monterro. "Though, to be sure, this one does seem to have eyes in his head where women are concerned. If I were twenty years younger he'd have still another rival. But, old man, tell me this: what does Señorita Aguilar really think of Mendoza?"

"She is sorry for him."

Monterro laughed.

"Then there is dashed all his hopes," he said to the other officer. "A woman cannot love the man she is sorry for."

As Old Pedro was leaving the building he saw the young vaquero, Ramon, being led toward it. The youth was sullen of face and refused to meet the old man's eye. A little further and Pedro met Carmencita. The pretty mestizo maid was weeping and wringing her hands.

"Father Pedro," her voice was pleading, "Ramon will tell. I begged him not to, but he will tell."

"He will tell what?"

"Where Mendoza is hidden. Where Señor Gordon is hidden. He has learned of the place. He was one of those sent to gather in the stray cattle over by the abandoned hacienda yesterday, and he saw Señor Gordon and Mendoza ride through an opening into the mountains where it is said there is an old mine. I begged him not to tell, for the sake of Señor Gordon and Señorita Conchita. But he is jealous because Mendoza once kissed me, and now he thinks I asked him to be silent because I would save Mendoza. Ramon hates him. He would sacrifice any one else, no matter who, if he can but be revenged."

Old Pedro took a step toward the girl, and his voice lowered.

"Go, quickly," he said. "Tell Don Rafael and Señorita Conchita. But do not tell any one else."

THE color left Conchita's cheeks as she listened to Carmencita. One hand was clenched in front of her, and she grasped the girl's wrist.

"Are you sure that he will tell?" she asked. "But no, we cannot take the risk. Oh, why—for the sake of a few cattle that I could have spared a hundred times over—"

She made a swift gesture.

"Call me the servant Roberto—no, wait! You go yourself, Carmencita. Hurry. Find Tigre. Tell him to saddle two horses: the gray mare Estrella for me, and for himself that black stallion with the white blaze. Tell him to have them down behind the mill at once. And he is to prepare for a long ride. Hurry—please, Carmencita, hurry!"

Carmencita's dark eyes were sad, as though pleading for forgiveness because her lover had been the one to betray.

"Go!" All appeal and uncertainty were gone from Conchita Aguilar now. Her eyes were aglow.

The mestizo girl left the room. Head high, face alight with a purpose that brought something finer to her beauty, Conchita went up the stairs to her room and emerged within a few moments clad in riding outfit and carrying a heavy jacket. Into one of its pockets she stuffed a bag and a small revolver. Then she was gone through the rear of the hacienda and out, across one of the garden patches and into a copse of shrubs where a path led to the taller groves.

Protected from observation by the trees, she hastened down the slope away from the village to the gully through which the tumbling creek came down past the mill. There she stopped and waited. Something tightened within her breast; a lump came

into her throat. She could see the roofs of the village dwellings above the rim of the gully. There was the little church her grandfather had built for the retainers and the school for their children.

The latter had not been used for some years, but Conchita had planned to open it this autumn, bring a teacher, and insist that the little ones get at least an elementary education. She had liked that thought. Perhaps even some of the adult workers, none of whom except Pascual Ribada could read or write, would take an interest. It was one of her many dreams.

The gay roar of the creek where it plunged in a shallow cataract reminded her of still another of her pet ideas: to put in a plant that would provide electricity. She did not understand how it was done—merely knew that it could be done. And there in the well-watered bottom was the land she had expected to divide up so that each worker could have his own small parcel on which to cultivate what he chose in his spare time and which would continue to be called his so long as he remained in the employ of the Aguilars.

THERE were many delightful and pleasant things about this hacienda of hers. She loved the flowers, the great, spacious rooms, the clear air of the hills. Then there was Old Pedro, in his music the soul of a people—her people; and the song of this land—her land. She had loved the birds that came in the pleasant coolness of the winters. How often, as a little girl, she had gone with old Marguerita to take crumbs out near the shrubs, and to stand and watch as the birds came to feed!

Vivid memories flooded her, memories of the time when the old nurse had left her standing there alone, and a brilliant little tanager that she had been feeding for weeks came and sat on the rim of the pottery bowl she held. How excitedly she had run to tell her father! He had swung her up and kissed her, and pretended at first not to believe—and then to be so proud that he took her straightaway to tell the story to Old Pedro, who promptly played his "Song of the Sunrise," simulating the notes of various birds by whistling.

She recalled how pleased she had been the day her father insisted that little Carmencita be brought up from the village to the hacienda to live, because Carmencita's mother, a half-blood Indian woman, had died, and Carmencita's Mexican father drank so much that he was not to be trusted with the care of a child.

Down there in the lower, walled pastures beside the creek, where the grass was lush and thick, she saw a mare with a colt that galloped playfully about in a circle, then stood staring at its mother as though wondering why she did not join in its frolicsome mood. Its sire was another thoroughbred stallion that had been bought in the United States while Conchita was in Europe—a magnificent horse, none of whose offspring had yet been saddled. It was one of her father's rules that no horse should be broken until it was three years old.

Where was Tigre? She was fiercely impatient, yet an agony of yearning surged up at the thought of leaving. It seemed but an hour ago that all had been peace and calmness.

Even now, hidden here in the gully, she could feel that spirit of strength in the land on which she stood, in the sound of the waters, in the rocks, the trees, the grass, the living things. Turmoil and strife had come, but they had seemed to touch every one lightly but herself.

She had a moment of resentment. Why should she leave all this? It was a part of her. It belonged to her. Her very life was woven into the pattern of it. Hers was the task of holding it all together, of carrying it on. These were her people. There was something possessive in the thought. If she did the thing that was now in her mind she

Continued on page 50



"My first fiction appeared in the April issue of the Household Guest. Just a small check, but at least a beginning. My earnings up to date are \$142.75. One hundred dollars was a first prize for a ten-word slogan. It takes N.I.A. training to pack just the right meaning into ten words."—Mrs. Ruby I. Sammis, 238 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"Perhaps you will be interested to know that I got up my nerve and sent my first story (a housebuilding experience) to The American Home, and they bought it for \$59.00. Isn't that nice for a raw beginner?"—Mrs. Alice Tisdale, St. Louis Park, Minnesota.



"After the good foundation the N. I. A. has given me, I should have enough backbone to get out now and make some use of my training. And I am, in a way. I have sold ten children's stories and two short articles to magazines."—Mrs. E. Gladys Stone, R. R. 6, Muscatine, Iowa.

"I sold my first article last week. It was a short one entitled 'Baby's Sun Bath.' There were 750 words that brought me \$25.00 and an invitation to send more."—Mrs. Mabel B. Baker, James Block, Room 20, Fort Madison, Iowa.

Have you ever tried? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance? Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer"? If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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Many people who should be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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would be delivering them into danger rather than protecting them.

Why had this man come here to disturb them so? True, the manner of his arrival had put her and hers in debt to him; but it might have been better to give the price demanded for freedom on that occasion than to yield the tribute now to be paid.

Why had he ridden after Carlos Mendoza? Why had he been so quick to assume that she had an interest in Mendoza? But if he hadn't Felipe Guitierrez and Antonio and Pancho and Ramon would have been dead by now. And that little boy. It might be better if Ramon were dead. A traitor! One who held personal revenge above everything else!

Two horses came into view along the edge of the gully, a gray mare with slender legs and creamy-white tail, and a long-limbed black horse whose lines bespoke enormous reserves. Tigre, who held their bridles, led them to Conchita. Together they walked back among the trees. She mounted; the Indian vaquero swung up as the black horse curvetted.

"Tigre," she said, "take me to Señor Gordon, and let us ride fast. Ramon knows where he is hidden and will tell the soldiers."

"Yes, Mistress," the Yaqui said. "Shall I try to kill Ramon first? There is time maybe."

"No. It would do no good. And I do not want him or any one killed. Ride fast, Tigre."

"Yes, Mistress."

The horses were put at a fast canter, the Indian leading on the black stallion. The very earth over which they rode seemed to Conchita to reach up as though appealing to her to stop; the trees were beckoning. She dared not look back as they held to the gully through which the creek came down, for at one spot they might have caught a glimpse of the hacienda.

But if she had glanced in that direction she would have seen a foam-lathered horse being jerked to a rearing, sliding stop among the flower beds, and a uniformed rider fling himself from the saddle to demand of the enraged Joseph where Colonel Monterro was to be found. But they did not look back now. Conchita rode easily, and when they had crossed the hill through the gully, and the rising plateau opened ahead, she let out the mare and pulled ahead of Tigre.

"Mistress," he called, "it is a long ride, and maybe we shall need the horses after that if the soldiers come."

SHE drew in on the bridle, though every surge was to greater speed—to everything that these superb mounts had in them. She was not aware of the thin dust that rose, or of the heat, or of the strands of hair that had got loosened; not even the darkening of the mare's shiny gray neck as her steady pace worked her into a sweat. Those greater heights where the mountains rose came slowly nearer.

Now Conchita looked back often, and saw that the Yaqui's eyes searched all the distances watchfully. Here was a long dip, an arroyo in the plateau. They were about to avoid it, circling wide, when the Yaqui hissed and swerved, almost colliding his mount with hers, and grasping her bridle. Both horses went plunging down the side of the depression, sliding and leaping. Conchita barely escaped being unseated.

"Soldiers!" the vaquero said. "They come from the south, from the direction of the Mendoza hacienda. I saw a cloud of dust such as is made by a large number of horsemen. I think they ride along the bottom of the mountains, hoping to find where the Señoritas Mendoza have gone."

His dark face relaxed into a grin. "They are fools! They will not find anything. I led the Señoritas Mendoza and Señor Gordon high up among the rocks where the horses would not leave marks except turned stones. These Mexicans could sit down beside such signs and would not see them! We will wait here until they have passed."

Tigre dismounted, and Conchita took the bridle of the black stallion.

"But what if the others come behind us?" she asked.

Tempest Pastoral

Continued from page 49

The Indian shrugged and went off to the far side of the arroyo, which he climbed easily. He crouched below the rim, looking over. A loneliness possessed Conchita. All her world was left behind her, cast aside so that she could repay her obligation to this American. Stubbornly she insisted it was that—and knew it was not. Back there were the things she loved: home, her people, the future of her life. She tried to picture her uncle when he read the hastily written note she had left.

She felt afraid. She was sure that by now those mounted men guided by Ramon would be on the way, probably riding hard. And there would be no explaining now, no excuses, nothing by which she



could hope to save herself or her property. She had cast the die, elected to help these who were fugitives, and she must pay, whether she failed or succeeded.

Confiscation of all that belonged to her was inevitable—perhaps of everything that her uncle owned, as well.

The minutes dragged. Presently Tigre turned and scrambled down the side of the arroyo.

"They ride slowly, Mistress," he said. "I think they are searching the ground, but they will find nothing. Soon they will be gone from sight."

Calmly enough he examined the saddle girths, then went back to the rim of the arroyo and sat there, hunched up, looking out. At last he returned.

"We can ride on now," he said. "They are gone."

They climbed steadily upward along the foot of the mountains. Once they halted a moment to ease the breathing of the horses, and Conchita looked back over the distances. Something caught in her throat and closed in on her heart. It was unbearable. Why had she done this, come here? What madness had possessed her? She could have sent Tigre and depended upon him. Now almost everything had been offered up in sacrifice.

They rode on. Once again she looked back, out over the reaches of hill and flat. Far away, beyond the range of vision, was the hacienda. She dabbed at her eyes and swallowed hard, and the breeze that played along the mountain side touched her softly, caressingly, as though it understood.

AS they entered the saddle-like gap into the mountains the Yaqui pointed to the rocks over which they rode. Conchita saw nothing.

"Horses do not travel over stones without leaving a trail that can be seen," he said.

Presently they came to the decrepit old cabin, and then to the open space before the

steep wall in which was the dark entrance to the mine shaft.

Occasionally Tigre pointed at the earth or the rocks without expression, but Conchita neither looked nor cared. There was a heaviness, a fear about her heart that defied understanding. From behind her something seemed to tug, some invisible force that beckoned her to return. It was a thing of dreams, of hopes, the pull of a heritage of land and people that needed her, that she needed.

There was still time to turn back, to re-enter the life that she knew now even more surely she loved and wanted. The storm would blow over. After all, it was but a little gale where it touched her and the things that were hers. All would be peace and quiet again, and there would be gaiety and contentment. If this were all that the trouble amounted to that so many had been foretelling, she could weather it smilingly, with only regrets for those of her friends who had been involved and would pay a terrible price.

Yes, that would be easy, much easier than this utterly mad course she had chosen. She would even consent to go to Mexico City with her uncle for some months. The social life there would be pleasant, though she would rather remain at the hacienda for this season, in order to get some of her plans started. But even with these thoughts she made no move to turn back when the Yaqui dismounted and went cautiously to the side of the mine-shaft entrance.

"Señor Gordon, Don Carlos—it is I, Tigre, the vaquero, and I have brought Señorita Aguilar."

There was no response. The Yaqui called again.

"Señorita Aguilar and I will stand out openly, so that you can see that there is no trick."

He beckoned to Conchita. She dismounted and walked to the Indian's side, out in the open before the entrance.

Almost immediately they saw a man's figure in the dark tunnel, and Lane Gordon emerged, in one hand a revolver hanging loosely. He looked different—gaunt and haggard. The wide, strong shoulders sagged and he walked unsteadily. Beneath the brownish stubble of beard his skin was of an unnatural, waxen hue, and high up on his cheeks were vivid spots of red. His eyes were bright and glassy. His fingers opened slowly, and the revolver fell to the earth. As though looking at something unreal he advanced, his feet dragging.

THE throat of Conchita Aguilar contracted. She stood fascinated. Now he was within a few feet of her. She searched the bright feverishness of his eyes.

"Why did you do this?" he was asking. "He is safe—in there, and his sisters. I would have taken him through and sent you word. By to-night I shall be able to ride again, perhaps. You should not have—"

Her eyes met his fairly, proudly, and though she heard footsteps, and saw a feminine figure at the shaft's entrance, she paid no attention.

"I came for you," she said. "One of my vaqueros betrayed the secret of your hiding place because he hates Mendoza."

She saw his eyelids droop slowly. He swayed ever so slightly and his lips were dry; but he smiled.

"You will pardon me," he said, "if I sit down. I am a little weak."

He bent, and one arm reached downward as though he were searching for the friendly earth. He sank into a sitting posture, propped on one arm.

"You say one of your vaqueros told where we are hidden? Then the troops will be on their way soon, I suppose."

His other hand rubbed downward over his face as if to brush away mists, and there was a far-away look in his eyes as though they looked back over long miles.

Conchita was aware that others had approached, that Raquel Mendoza's wide, compassionate eyes were looking at this man on the ground. Carlos Mendoza had

Continued on page 54

DOTTIE DARLING'S boy friend—Huskie Horace

By
Corinne Pauli Waterall



Our Canned-Food Supply

Continued from page 22

Moreover, fresh peaches are on the market a short time only, and we appreciate having this delicious fruit in canned form all the year round. California, Michigan, and New York are the three most important peach-canning States. In the East the varieties are most commonly of the freestone type, and in the West of the clingstone persuasion.

Recently the great canning companies have made noteworthy advances in perfecting this product. Not only is it raised with special regard for the specimens which give size, flavor, and juiciness, but nowadays it is allowed to get absolutely ripe before being picked. Remember that even a few days of extra sunshine considerably increase the amount of sugar and juice.

But when a fruit is fully ripe it must be handled both swiftly and artfully if firm contours are to be preserved and bruising and color change avoided. Therefore canners who dare wait until the sun has achieved its final magic are they who have so organized the picking, peeling, and canning processes that top speed can be maintained. A view of one of those vast orchards when the downy fruit is all gold and ruddy pink is to realize that consumers buy canned beauty as well as canned nourishment.

MANY a great adventure has occurred within this commercial field. For example, the modern method of waiting until fruits and vegetables acquire the most perfect ripeness before picking means an exploit in speed. For the desired ideal is to accomplish in a single day the transfer from branch or stem to sealed can. When one reflects upon the great assortment of fruits and berries grown in this country—to mention only one type of crop—and reflects also upon the uniform development and tenderness of the fruit ready at a moment's notice in canned form, the proportions of this adventure take on new significance.

One might select any number of examples which illustrate the drama of this industry. Because it is perhaps less familiar, let us give you an idea of the way pineapple canning has developed.

This fruit was once a rare luxury, talked

Some thirty years ago the bold maneuver was begun. Action took place in the Hawaiian Islands. Probably it is not too much to say that the dream of one American, James D. Dole by name, gave this branch of the canning industry its original push. Now about seven companies, three of which are nationally famous, are competitively engaged in it. But they are all members of the Hawaiian Pineapple Association, which supports a research bureau. The story of this activity 2,000 miles from our Western coast is one of vision and courage. The outcome was the taming of cactus-covered acres.

THIS type of fruit culture requires a large outlay of money. In the first place, each plant produces not more than four pineapples in a season, and consequently a large crop requires enormous territory. Secondly, from fourteen to twenty months are needed to grow the first crop of fruit, and, finally, after the third or fourth crop is harvested from the same plants, the land is all plowed up and in due time is replanted.

Compared to what it was at first, that mammoth job is easy now. Beneath the rough and prickly growth torn out by great tractors lies volcanic soil of marvelous richness which responds to the expert work of the growers. The plantations are so beautifully cared for that to visit one is to have quite a new idea of human achievement. Yes, human. For to nature nothing is absolutely left except the familiar yet unfathomable process of creation itself.

Why did the pioneers in this enterprise select for it a spot so far out in the Pacific Ocean? Because in climate and in practically all other respects the Hawaiian Islands constitute the perfect place for large-scale pineapple growing. In South America, Cuba, the West Indies, and in our own South, whence comes fresh fruit, not such monster crops are raised. Distance means nothing to a canned product. And from the start the project in Hawaii was dedicated to canning alone.

Because this is a fruit which does not properly ripen after picking, no consumer eats pineapple at its most perfect stage



Daughters of Hawaii and the Orient can the delicious pineapple immediately it becomes fully ripe

achieved a special contribution of their own.

By the invention of the Ginaca machine, a cylinder of exact diameter can be cut from the fruit, the core extracted, the ends trimmed off—all at high speed. The machine also separates from the skin all the choice remaining bits to be used for crushed pineapple.

Hawaiian canning plants are among the most picturesque in the whole industry. Any large modern cannery is marvelously sanitary. All the girls seen at any of its worktables are in uniform. But in one of those island plants, where many races meet to sort and pack the slices of bright fruit, the visitor seems to get a special message from flashing dark eyes. Those glances seem to say that even amid the clatter and roar of machinery another world lies very close—the world of silver moonlight, white breakers curling on the beach, mysterious hills in the distance, and the plaintive voice of the ukulele.

No tropical softness, however, affects the efficiency required to pack a million cans of fruit and fruit juice in one day. To do so with that regard to cleanliness, appearance, and flavor necessary to please Madam Buyer means rigorous discipline. In this determined effort, in the care of formulas for processing and the uninterrupted rhythm of mechanism and routine, a pineapple cannery vividly demonstrates accepted practice throughout the food-canning industry.

FROM the time the slips are planted in fertilized land, which has been covered with paper mulch, to the last detail of inspection and handling, the pineapple business is definitely controlled. Its most recent contribution is pineapple juice. This is not at all the liquid in a can of sliced fruit, as some people still imagine. It is separately canned by a special vacuum process. The very best type, which is unsweetened and not cooked, but merely pasteurized in a minimum amount of time, has every property of fresh juice. For this reason it is assuming unquestioned place as a breakfast or summer beverage.

During the course of preparing this article many canners have told me that household buyers do not yet appreciate the vast effort put into attaining quality. If true, the fact may be due to our having little contact with factory processes. Perhaps that explains why a woman's joy over a bargain is so often misplaced. She forgets that what she saves at the moment in cash she may lose in value.

Fortunately for our table, foodstuffs offer a sounder relation between quality and price than exists in many other fields of household buying to-day. This is not always true, of course. For instance, you may pay for the mere size of a melon or peach and find little juice inside.

Common sense tells us that to meet difference in our needs and purses it is necessary that we have on the market foods of varied quality and price. We, therefore,

can be especially grateful that to satisfy requirements of interstate commerce all canned foods—even the cheaper grades—must be wholesome and nutritious. But when making a purchase we must realize that flavor, tenderness, appearance, and high food value all enter into costs. With that fact in mind we shall be more likely to select a canned product of the size, quality, and price that will best meet our individual purpose, preference, or need.

CANNED soups are made from carefully selected materials. The more perfect the blend and the more expert the seasoning the better the housewife is pleased with a manufactured product of such indisputable convenience.

It is instructive to learn how a large soup company of high standard ascertains the quality of its every purchase. First of all, it makes use of existing standards by buying only United States inspected meat of determined grade and butter which rates a high official score. Next, all the vegetables delivered to the plant are judged with meticulous care.

Certain samples of carrots, potatoes, and so on, are taken from the carload or truckload and sorted one by one into three divisions—top grade, good grade, and rejections. If the proportion of rejections is too high in the samples, the entire lot is refused.

Naturally, this refusal is a bitter disappointment to the grower. To avoid the accusation that buyers are prejudiced or unjust, many firms employ trained inspectors from the United States Government to grade products in the canning plants. Poultry inspection is not mandatory, but it is a common practice for canners voluntarily to ask for expert inspection.

Aside from protection to consumers resulting from such standards, they have stimulated improvement of vegetable growing. Farmers are directly aided by the canners by the distribution of seeds and plants and advice as to their best cultivation. For example, the agricultural expert in one company, who has experimented for twenty years with thirty acres of hotbeds, supplies 20,000,000 plants to the growers who supply the cannery. From France a very tender carrot of deep orange color has been introduced. As for the tomato, it has been transformed.

Why is canned tomato soup so rich in flavor and deep in tint? Because a firm, meaty tomato of brilliant red color and high sugar content has become the standard. By the magic of cross-fertilization a specially large leaf has been developed on the plant to shade the fruit from the hot sun. To all this immensely constructive work, which has benefited the entire country, county, State, and Federal agricultural departments contribute constantly.

But, indeed, to the mass production of soup, contributions are made from around the world. Rice, seasonings, ingredients of divers kinds come from every corner of the

Continued on page 53

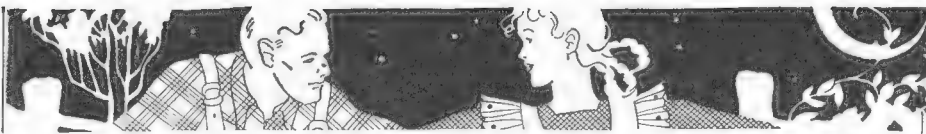


"The output of peaches is larger than that of any other fruit"

of by travelers coming from the South and from England, where it was the favorite snob of the private greenhouse. Now as a drink, salad, or breakfast item pineapple and its juice represent a staple patronized by everybody. The reason for such general adoption lies in its transformation into a canned product. For in that guise pineapple has many advantages over the fresh fruit as it usually appears in Northern markets. Canned pineapple has more sugar content, is far more convenient to serve, is available twelve months in the year, and is considered more digestible and delicious by many.

unless he either lives near a section where it is grown or uses the canned product. The fruit of Hawaii is picked and immediately canned just when it reaches that dead-ripe point.

HERE, then, is a typical example of the high-pressure work accomplished by most canneries which handle a crop maturing during the summer. In the case of pineapple four hundred carloads are often delivered to a canning plant in a single day. Profiting by all that had previously been accomplished by the industry to make processing efficient, the pineapple canners



Our Canned-Food Supply

Continued from page 52

globe. When the chef has finally worked out a recipe, food chemists translate it for large quantities. The blend is tasted and tested until pronounced flawless. Thus modern factory equipment and machinery are supplemented by a great deal of individual attention.

Vegetables, for instance, are partially peeled by machinery. But they must be carefully finished by hand—a task assigned to women employees. And in this connection let no fastidious homemaker forget that any one who touches food in a well-run factory has to pass a physical examination, receive a manicure, wear a uniform, and maintain a rigid standard of personal cleanliness. As for the kettles and instruments, they must keep an impeccable shine!

When the day's run is over, the great factory kitchens send their products around the world again. To the ends of the earth travel American canned foods of every description. By canoe, by mule-back and dog-train, by elephant and camel, they are carried through snows and over deserts, into deep forests and up lofty mountains. It is a concrete instance of the way in which through channels of trade nations do cooperate and share one another's special gifts and talents.

Feeding this nation of over 120 million people, whose standard of living is both high and diversified, is no easy job. With so much responsibility of an economic and civic kind thrust upon women nowadays, the task would be impossible without the kind of relief from routine provided by science, the machine, and efficient organization. Prepared foods are decidedly responsible for women's greater freedom to-day.

In return we should buy intelligently. What size can to purchase is always important. There are cans for the large



family and cans for the one-room apartment. Every buyer will find the size suited to her individual need.

Canned foods are usually sold by brand and not specifically by grade; therefore every buyer needs to become familiar with the brands of canned food. This is not a difficult problem, for many canners have established for their various brands standards of quality that are maintained with great uniformity from year to year, and large grocery houses sell their products under brand names that they have established.

Fruits are usually canned in three grades, known in the trade as fancy, choice, and standard. Most fruits are canned in sugar sirup. The best grade of refined, granulated sugar is used in making these sirups. Some fruits are canned in water, to which no sugar has been added.

At present, vegetable grades are designated in the trade as fancy, extra-standard, and standard.

Fancy vegetables include only the best flavored, most succulent, most tender products of each variety. Sometimes the small vegetable is most desirable, sometimes the large but in either case the fancy grade represents the choicest of the crop and must be excellent in flavor and in other qualities.

Extra-standard vegetables may be a trifle more mature, but their flavor must be fine and they must be tender and succulent.

Standard vegetables will probably be somewhat more firm in texture and less uniform than the others, and the flavor will probably be less delicate. They need not be quite as regular in size.

Next month we shall discuss dairy products, a subject which is very close to the heart of every homemaker, in the "Be a Better Buyer" series.

Women Beware!

Continued from page 4

buying power they have the implements of peaceful victory.

What can be done in this way has lately been demonstrated by the National Woman's Party, which in two instances was instrumental in saving the situation for women. One of the railroad companies let out all of the married women employed in its offices. Another was about to do so.

Immediately the Woman's Party secured the signatures of a large number of its members who lived on the line and who pledged themselves no longer to use the road which had discharged the married women and to swing their patronage to the other which had not yet gone on record as doing so. The result was that there was nothing further heard from the latter about letting out the married women.

DURING the days when the blanket code of the N.R.A. was under consideration, the Woman's Party was a gadfly constantly at the elbow of Donald Richberg, who had much to say about the provisions of the act. While General Johnson and Mr. Richberg were agreed that equal pay for equal work was a fair principle, Budget Director Douglas and Senator Wagner thought that, as lower rates for women and children were an established practice, it would be difficult to force equality.

At one point in the argument Mr. Rich-

berg said, "If you leave out the sex and maturity discrimination you won't have the National Woman's Party biting at your heels." And according to those who were present that was the argument which put the parity clause in the code.

What one organization can do, another can do. And if all worked together there would forever be an end to the injustice which has so long retarded the progress of women. All of the women's groups have indorsed this measure of equal pay.

At different tangents the League of Women Voters and the National Federation of Professional and Business Women have lent their persuasion to it. But at a time like this it is necessary that petty prejudices and differences should be forgotten, that all may work together for the common good of a common cause.

To-day there is a dark cloud threatening the whole world of women. Already it has engulfed the women of Germany, taking away the privileges they had gained since the overthrow of the monarchy, and reducing them to a state that is little more than serfdom.

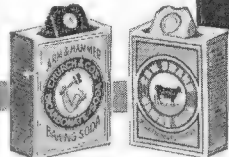
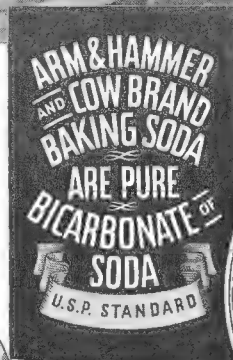
To a lesser degree it has touched the women of Italy. Everywhere there are signs leading to Fascism. While we of this country still have the power to stop it, the trend in many places is ominous. Before it is too late let our women beware.

it cleans

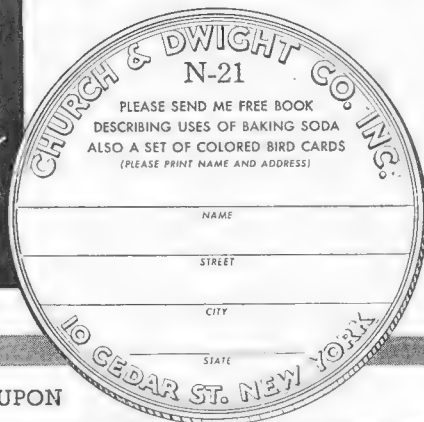
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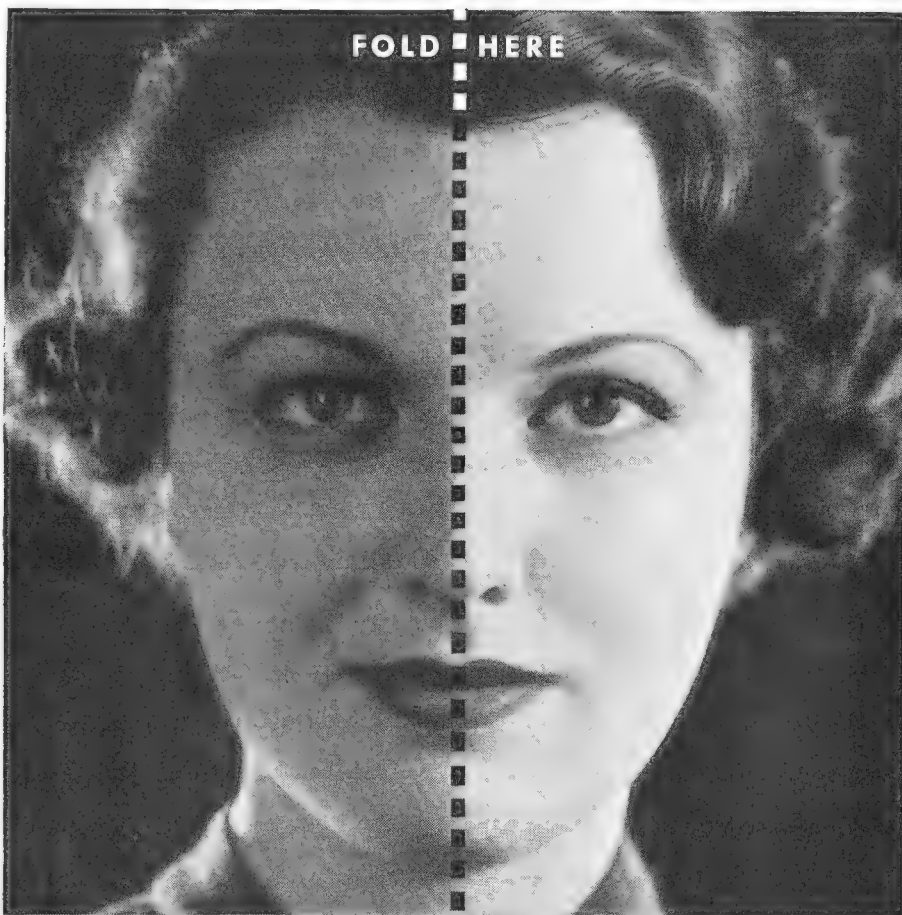
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HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

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What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you

some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

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Tempest Pastoral

Continued from page 50

joined them and the elder sister, Luisa. Raquel spoke first.

"Conchita, he is shot—terribly, in the side, and all I could do was to bathe it with water."

"We have tried to take the best care of him," Luisa said. "He told us he would take us northward in a day or two when he was able to ride again. If we can only get across the border, we shall be able to care for ourselves and reward him."

Conchita did not answer. She had bent over to listen as Gordon spoke.

"There will not be much time," he said. "Take the horses, all of you, and go." He beckoned to the Indian. "Tigre, you will help them to get through."

THE Indian looked at the mistress of the Hacienda Aguila. She nodded and indicated the Mendozas.

"The horses are hidden in the mine," Don Carlos said.

He went with the Indian into the shaft. Gordon got wearily to his feet, went to where he had dropped the revolver, and picked it up. Mendoza appeared with two led horses, and Tigre came out with the other pair. A tired smile lighted Gordon's face. "Yes, I think you will be all right," he said. "And start at once; I will wait a little while where the trail comes through that saddle. Then I will follow you."

Raquel Mendoza looked at Conchita. "He is terribly hurt," she whispered. "I don't see how he can possibly ride!"

"I will find you," Gordon said. "You must have as much lead as possible." Conchita and the others mounted. She sat in the saddle and watched Gordon as he walked heavily, lurching a bit, back down the trail up which she and the Indian had come.

"Tigre," she said, "can you find the way through to the border?"

"Yes, Mistress," the Indian answered. "With women it will take five days in the saddle, though we will travel by night after we come down out of the mountains. Then few people will see us, and I can go into the towns and buy food. During the day we will hide, though here in the mountains it does not matter since only a few Indians live up so high as this."

She nodded and motioned toward the north.

Tigre had already started, with Luisa following him. Don Carlos was waiting for the others. Conchita saw a look of horror cross the face of Raquel Mendoza as she cast a quick glance toward where Gordon had disappeared.

"It is all right, Raquel," Conchita said reassuringly. "All that can be done will be done. Don't be afraid!"

"But he was so brave!" Raquel exclaimed. "He saved Carlos. And he saved us, too! Oh, we cannot leave him, Conchita! Isn't there any way we can take him with us? I will hold him in front of me on my horse. I'm sure he can't ride—I've seen his wound!"

"Be quiet, Raquel," Carlos said. "You couldn't hold him, and one horse could

never carry two over this rough going. He said he would come along after us."

Something flamed in the girl's eyes, and she said:

"You think only of yourself. I am going back to help him."

She wheeled her horse and would have ridden back, but Conchita intercepted her. For a moment they looked at each other; then Conchita spoke calmly.

"Do as he says, Raquel. Señor Gordon will not be left alone."

"Oh," Raquel Mendoza turned her horse again; and the glances of the two girls held. Then all followed the Yaqui.

For ten minutes, perhaps, they rode in silence before Conchita spoke.

"Have you any money, Carlos—you and your sisters?" she asked.

"We have plenty."

"Tigre," Conchita directed, "stop a moment."

The Indian drew rein, and she went to his side. From a pocket she brought a small bag and handed it to him.

"This gold is for you," she said. "You will be faithful and obey my orders. Take these people through to safety. Then return if you care to and can."

"But, Mistress—"

"Tigre, of all the people at the hacienda I trust you the most," she said impressively.

"Conchita!" Mendoza said. "Conchita, what are you going to do?"

She looked at him.

"I am going back home."

Mendoza brought his horse close.

"Conchita," he said, and reached for her hand.

She drew it away and sat upon her horse, looking at him.

"You are going back—back to that cursed gringo vaquero who is not fit for you to wipe your boots on!" he said.

"I am returning to my home. Good-by, and take care of yourselves. Tigre will lead you all safely through."

Then she spoke more gently. "Farewell—and may God take care of you! Tigre, you will be faithful."

"Yes, Mistress. And I will return."

She swerved the horse and rode back as she had come.

Carlos Mendoza looked after her. Then he turned and headed where the Yaqui led, higher into the mountains and toward the north.

CONCHITA AGUILAR rode at a gallop through the open space in front of the abandoned mine, past the remnants of the old cabin, and down the trail where it turned in from the saddle-like gap. She reined in sharply, dismounted, and looped the bridle over a branch. Once afoot, she stopped after a few steps. She could see the gap through which she and the Indian had come.

There sat Lane Gordon among the rocks, partly protected by a boulder. His body was slumped over, his head resting against the face of the rock. One arm hung loosely

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Tempest Pastoral

Continued from page 54

at his side, and his revolver lay near at hand.

Apparently he did not hear her until she was close. His head turned, and he looked up at her. She saw his incredulous wonder and she came slowly to where he sat.

"You—you haven't gone yet?" he asked. "You had better hurry. I think I see horsemen." He nodded toward the lower levels, and made a gesture with one hand.

"The others have gone," Conchita said. She sat down beside him and looked where he had indicated. He was right. Surely those tiny dark things were horsemen—the troops. And there was a heavier dust haze above and behind them.

"They have gone?" Gordon asked. "What do you mean?"

"I have sent them away. Tigre will guide them safely through to the border, I think."

He looked at her. "But you? You, too, must go." There was a silence; as she made no reply, he went on, "And Mendoza was willing to go and leave you."

"I preferred to have him go," she said.

He did not answer. The black spots that were horsemen moved steadily toward them, enveloped by the dust cloud.

"I despise Carlos Mendoza," she said, "though even for him I would have sent Tigre to try to save his life."

"You mean—you—you—"

THOSE horsemen were coming in a straight line. Another fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes.

"I mean what I told you: I came here for you. You assumed many things, but it does not matter now, does it?"

"Conchita!" He was struggling to rise.

"Be quiet," she said. "We have not long to wait." She reached out and rested one hand on his arm. "I wish that you could ride so that together we could make one last attempt to get away; but I know you are too weak."

"Conchita!" He was half up, bracing himself against the rock wall. Then he sagged and slumped down at her side heavily.

Her arm caught his head and held it close to her breast.

"Oh, querido!" She breathed the words softly. "Vida mia! Do you hear me? Do you understand? I am here because you are here. I came because of you, because of what I saw in your eyes when you first looked at me that day, because of what I have seen in them every time you looked at me, though you so often turned away. I do not care who you are—what you are. It does not matter—now."

He looked up at her.

"Conchita, please, my darling, you will go now. I am very happy at last. Take my horse. You can escape."

She laughed, a gay little laugh.

"The mare Estrella is there, fastened. There is not a horse in the Mexican army that could overtake her."

"Please," he begged. "Go back to the hacienda, to your uncle. There will be no punishment for you. Now, before it is too late!"

She looked down and realized suddenly that distances from a height were as deceptive as when one looked from the lowlands toward the mountains. She could see that these riders were urging on their mounts. They were small, like toy figures, and they bobbed and plunged and raised such a cloud of dust that she could not count them. She held Gordon tightly in a passion of protectiveness. She tried to lift him.

"Come," she whispered. "They shall not take you. I will help you to mount, and Estrella will carry us both to safety. She is fast and strong."

Gordon hung limply in her arms. His head fell to one side and his face was drawn as with pain. She saw that in some fashion, probably in her efforts to lift him, one side of his body had been bared. A crude

bandage made of torn strips from a handkerchief held a compress in place, the compress itself made of something folded, pitifully inadequate—a delicate silken undergarment bearing the initials of Raquel Mendoza. It was dark now, and caked with dust.

Conchita Aguilar smiled at the feeling of resentment that assailed her briefly. She sat down and drew Gordon's head close to her breast. One of her hands stroked his hair; she bent and kissed his forehead.

"One who is a lady does not offer her love," she whispered; "not until the man has spoken. But in this case—in our case—nothing of that kind matters—nothing!"

A mistiness was before her eyes, veiling her sight, yet through it she seemed to see clearly things that were far away, remote as in a past long gone. There were Carmencita and her uncle, and her loved father, who had taught her to be so self-reliant, so assured—yes, perhaps a bit willful. She did not regret it.

A quick panorama whirled before her mental vision. She saw Joseph working among the gorgeous flowers. She had wanted another arbor of bougainvillea. Poor old Marguerita would be so upset, and Pascual Ribada or her uncle would very likely shoot Tigre if he ever returned to the hacienda—that is, if it were not confiscated and all of them driven off.

What would become of Old Pedro? Perhaps they would punish him, too. Governments could be most tyrannical and inhuman. What if the old fellow were ousted from the only place he had ever known as home? She could see him wandering, weary in body and spirit, with his guitar and his half-blind eyes, offering to play for those who would not know nor care that in those thick old fingers was the soul of a land, the ageless heart of a people.

To her ears, it seemed, came the voices of the birds in the patio, the chatter of the mozas, the noisy play of children in the village, the soft splashing of the creek where it came down to the little falls, the whisper of the lambent breezes that drifted from the hills as evening fell.

Two warm tears were upon her cheeks. Then a last desperate urge came to seek a place of safety. She was young and strong, but she could not move him far; and the pursuers would find the horses and search. At most she could drag him only a short distance among the rocks. She held him tight and waited calmly, her own body protecting him and she heard the riders who were now ascending the slope.

ONE of the servants at the Hacienda Aguila, a thin, frightened old fellow named Alfredo, who performed the more menial tasks, was passing through the great room with a tray of charcoal and a brush when a uniformed capitán swung from his horse and came pounding at the open doorway, with demands for Colonel Monterro.

Alfredo dropped the tray and brush. He was knock-kneed and partly bald, with a tuft of hair that stood up straight from the top of his head. He gulped in awe, and his head moved like that of a bird trying to swallow. Then he came scurrying to the doorway and pointed down toward the aldea.

"The colonel—the colonel is down there at the village," he said. His eyes blinked owlishly. "Only Don Rafael is here. Even the Lady Conchita has gone, for I saw her go with my own eyes not long ago. Shall I call to Don Rafael?"

The capitán did not answer, but went back to his horse. As he mounted and touched spurs home, Joseph called down maledictions on his head and pointed to the flowers through which the horse had plowed.

"Pig, shut up!" the officer called.

"Swine yourself!" Joseph shouted.

"Swine, and son of a swine!"

Continued on page 56

A DISCOVERY THAT ENDS "RAZOR STUBBLE"

After Removing Arm and Leg Hair

A Way That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Definitely Ends The Stiff Re-growth Problem

Now one can actually get rid of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where



hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble"* . . . When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Comes in two sizes: medium and large.



Neet Cream Hair-Remover

WANT TO MAKE \$5.00?

In Spare Time That Would Ordinarily Be Wasted?

Then write post-haste for our spare-time plan of neighborhood representation. We want one woman in each locality to look after our new and renewal subscriptions.

The work is pleasant—as easy as making a call—and your earnings depend entirely on the time you devote to it. We tell you what to do and how to do it. Address: Personal Effort Division.

Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.



MERCOLIZED WAX Keeps Skin Smooth and Young Looking

IT is the one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. So simple to use, too. Just like an ordinary cold cream. You need such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax has been making complexions radiantly lovely for over twenty years. Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and clearer. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of each individual complexion.

PHELACTINE removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair-free, soft, smooth and clean. Phelactine is odorless and non-irritating.

POWDERED SAXOLITE dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel is a refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion. When used daily, fatigue lines fade away and skin glows with fresh, warm color.

Sold at high class drug and department stores everywhere



WE BUY ODD MOMENTS!

Pay You Cash for Spare Time Ordinarily Thrown Away

We want one woman in each town who has a little spare time during the week to help us handle new and renewal subscriptions in her locality.

Let us show you without obligation

how others are earning from \$5.00 to \$100.00 a month. No special ability is required. A postcard brings you full information. Address Personal Effort Division. Pictorial Review, 222 W. 39th St., New York.

Now.. RELIEVE ACID-INDIGESTION *New Way* ..AS MILLIONS ARE DOING

PEOPLE everywhere are thanking their lucky stars for this new "Tums" way to quick relief from acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas. For it works utterly without soda or strong, caustic alkalies. Just delightful, candy-like mints, containing a soothing, antacid compound, soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected, the remainder passes on undissolved and inert. No over-alkalizing the stomach. No irritation!

Prove all this for yourself—without risking a penny. Just go to your nearest druggist's and ask for the new 3-roll Tums Carrier Package. Only costs 30c. It offers you a special "Guarantee Test," for attached to the package is a test supply of Tums. When you feel distressed, first use this test supply. If it doesn't convince you that Tums gives quickest, safest relief, just return the unopened Carrier Package. Your druggist will refund your money. That's fair! This Carrier Package also contains a handsome gift for you—a metal carrier that keeps a Tums roll freshly intact in pocket or purse. This "no risk" offer is SPECIAL—so act TODAY!

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THIS TEST
PACKET ATTACHED
MUST GIVE YOU
QUICK RELIEF
OR YOUR MONEY
BACK!



Special

Beautiful Satin Finished Metal Pocket Carrier Included FREE! Test Packet Comes Attached to New Tums Carrier Package, Which Contains 3 Rolls of Tums.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



Tempest Pastoral

Continued from page 55

He fell on hands and knees and carefully gathered up the stalks and blooms that were broken, and gently packed earth about roots that had been torn out. The two Indian mozos who worked with him saw the officer reach toward his holster, but he changed his mind and rode off toward the aldea, and they came to Joseph's side.

Colonel Monterro had Ramon, the vaquero, before him when the officer arrived. The officer burst into the room—it was in Ribada's house—disregarding the two sentries who stood at the door. He saluted and held out an envelope.

"You must be the bearer of bad news to come in so great a hurry," Colonel Monterro said as he took the envelope and tore at its corner. "Only those who bring bad news are ever in a hurry. Is it not so, Captain Gonzalez?"

"My colonel, I was told to bring the message to you both by word of mouth and by written dispatch in case anything should happen to me on the way and I would have to send it along. The peons are up in revolt. General Angeles and Generals Sanjines and Salas have taken the field in rebellion with their troops, proclaiming for Madero. The Zapatistas also are in revolt in the south. The railroads have been seized in the north, and all the border garrisons are beleaguered or have gone over to the revolutionists. You and your troops, who are considered loyal, are ordered back to Los Hernandez to entrain for Mexico City at once."

AS THE messenger talked, the face of Colonel Monterro became grave. Deliberately he finished opening the envelope, unfolded the paper within, and read it. Then he rubbed his chin and read it over again. The bit of paper dropped from his fingers.

"It is too bad," he said calmly, "but it was in the air and had to come. Anyhow, that finishes this business, for the present at least." He looked up at Ramon. "You may go now. But if this Mendoza returns tell him we may be back some day!"

The young vaquero bowed and departed. When he had gone Colonel Monterro said: "It is too bad. Angeles—he is the best artillery commander on this continent. I studied with him at St. Nazaire—a gentleman. Zapata—a savage, an Indian! Even the people will come to hate him if they win. The Zapatistas—hard riders, hard fighters, good cavalymen. They are the idols of the peons."

He turned to the others. "Gentlemen, if all this is true, we shall have fighting such as Mexico has never seen. It is not merely that the garrisons have rebelled under such leaders; they have rebelled at the same moment when a people held down too long and perhaps too harshly have revolted.

"In the study of military history we learn that when a people long oppressed finally enter into desperate revolution, the military most often sides with them because the rank and file of the military are the sons of the people. Leaders often forget that; they forget that these men have not—merely because they have put on uniforms—forgotten the mothers who bore them and the fathers who sired them. The military are a weapon to use in oppressing the people up to a certain point. Beyond that it is not safe to go."

He rose and spoke to the aid. "Send patrols to bring in our searching parties from the Mendoza Hacienda and elsewhere. They will ride directly to Los Hernandez." Then to the others, "Come, gentlemen. Our three thousand rifles may serve General Diaz well at Mexico City."

Calmly as one going to a pleasant siesta he walked out and waited while the frightened workers of the village stared from the doorways and windows of their homes until his horse was brought and the ranks of mounted men formed behind him. A capitán dismounted hurriedly, as though

to tighten a cinch, and grasped Manuella closely, kissing her laughing lips.

"Maybe I will return very soon," he said as he swung back into the saddle.

She pouted prettily. "When you are gone," she said, "there will be no handsome men here!"

As the column rode away from the village toward the north Colonel Monterro beckoned to his aid.

"Ride to the hacienda. Pay my respects to Don Rafael Aguilar and the señorita. Tell them we have been ordered to Mexico City, where I hope to see them and ask them to accept my apologies for our visit. Tell them it was an unpleasant duty."

THE aid saluted and was gone. Colonel Monterro rode with head bowed, lost in reverie. These men who followed were the flower of the garrison cavalry; but perhaps he was wondering as he rode when the shot would come that would send a bullet into his own back.

The column had not yet disappeared when Ribada emerged from his dwelling, a slip of paper in his hand. His eyes were wide, unbelieving. He saw the gathering villagers as they came from the safety of their homes, chattering like so many birds. What was it, they were asking, that had taken the soldiers away so suddenly? Where were they going? Had they found Mendoza? Would they return?

"Go on with your work," Ribada ordered. "I do not know why the soldiers left, or when they will return. There is fighting elsewhere to which they were called. You are worse than a lot of magpies."

He scratched his head. Personally he had no use for Don Carlos Mendoza or anybody else who would rebel against constituted authority. He had served too long with that splendid police force, the Rurales; his were the reactions of an officer of police. Slowly he walked toward the hacienda, for Pascual Ribada lacked youthful powers of recovery and was not yet the man he had been before his being shot.

On the terrace before the hacienda he found Don Rafael Aguilar, haggard of appearance, wild-eyed, calling orders and countermanding them as servants ran to obey. Margarita, the old dueña, clasped her hands and pleaded that it was not her fault. Carmencita stood by, crying. Alfredo ran in and out as fast as his inebriated knees would permit, the brush still under his arm, obsequiously bowing as he repeated, "Yes, Master, Yes, Master. It shall be done. What are your wishes?"

Ribada appeared in the midst of this hurly burly.

"My niece!" the hacendado cried. "My niece has gone after Mendoza and Gordon! Send the vaqueros. Saddle me a horse. Come with me, Ribada. She has left me a message. She has gone completely out of her wits. We must stop this—at once."

The mayordomo then offered him the note that Colonel Monterro had dropped. Don Rafael took it and read. His comment came, low, doubtfully:

"Generals Salas, Sanjines, and Angeles are in revolt with their troops for Madero. The Zapata brothers are in the field, and the peons are joining them. The railroads have been seized—the whole border is in rebellion."

At its end Don Rafael fell quiet, icily calm, as though he who belonged to the old order saw quite suddenly that it had passed, and he was left standing bleakly alone. His voice was hushed.

"Ribada," he said, "my niece is gone. We must find her. Is there any one at the village who might know?"

A world had toppled about his ears. He was pleading.

"It may be she has told Old Pedro," the mayordomo said.

"Bring him—at once," Don Rafael commanded. "No—wait. We will go to him."

Carmencita's hand had gone to her

Continued on page 65

GINGHAM

IT'S SMART TO BE PRACTICAL IN SOAP-AND-WATER COTTONS

TAKE it any way you like, gingham is a good answer. And if it isn't gingham, then it's gingham checks and plaids in seersucker, gingham swiss, piqué or printed cottons—sometimes even in cotton lace! Black and white, brown and white, yellow or blue, and blue with white, yellow or pink are refreshing color combinations, getting smarter by the minute!

It's smart to be practical—which is just another way of saying that fashion has put a lasting stamp of approval on gay, washable fabrics, not too expensive for the modest budget. Now cottons are correct for every occasion from dawn till dark, and sometimes on till dawn again, for you'll find them dancing at the most exclusive country clubs and roof gardens.

This page shows you a distinguished group of Easy-to-Make daytime frocks for the new cottons. And please note the stitched-trimmed cape-coat for piqué or natural linen. Your accessories may be cotton, too—a white piqué cart-wheel hat, or crisp plaid gloves like the coated figure's.

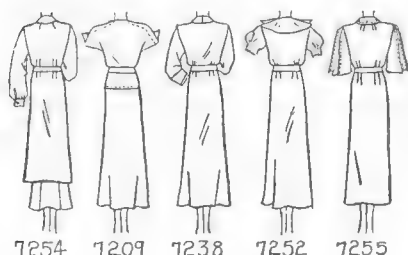
7209—Frock. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16— $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch plaid, 2 yards ribbon. Width about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

7238—Frock. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—4 yards 36-inch plaid, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain. Width about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

7254—Frock. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch checked, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard dark, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard light to trim.

7255—Coat. Starring the natural linen cape coat. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16— $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material.

7252—Frock. Designed for 12 to 46. For 16—3 yards 36-inch plaid, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard plain, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard ribbon. Width $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.



TROUSSEAU CHIC

CONGRATULATIONS — we're glad you landed him! And now — may we give you a few smart tips on that trousseau?

Remember, you'll be going heaps of places, this summer—he'll want to show you off. Which means, that no matter what the thermometer registers, you're expected to look as cool and as fresh as a daisy. And that takes thinking: about clothes that don't wilt and don't wrinkle.

First, blouses. You'll want lots. Sporty plaid seersuckers, checked taffetas, frilly cotton nets. And one white sheer or embroidered organdie as well.

Next, a finger-tip swagger, in the biggest, noisiest plaid you can find. Cotton again, or linen, looking like wool. The two frocks below show you types that will carry you coolly through the day, and which follow the smart light-dark rule. The facing page has a grand taffeta coat to wear with them.

For frivolous evenings, a white double organdie wrap, a frilly lace frock with its own little jacket, and a whispering taffeta gown will make him doubly proud of you. These are shown on the facing page.

You can make them all yourself, too—that's the exciting part!

7228

7225

7211

7228—Blouse. The collar drapes to form a soft jabot—and what could be smarter with a jacket? Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—1¾ yard 39-inch material.

7225—Blouse. With seersucker first of the new cottons, you'll want this in a bright plaid. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—2¼ yards 36-inch material.

7211—Blouse. A hot summer afternoon will mean just one more excuse for wearing this in cotton net. Designed for 14 to 42. For 16—1½ yard 54-inch.

7214—Coat. A big, bold racetrack plaid in a novelty cotton will add zest to your sports life. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—3¾ yards 36-inch plaid.

7248—Frock. Two-piece, and lower in the neck—plenty of reasons for its chic. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—4½ yards 39-inch print. Width 1¾ yard.

7246—Frock. A divine collar and jabot in crisp white on a dark frock. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—3 yards 39-inch dark, 1¼ yard light.



7228 7211 7225 7246 7260 7256 7262 7249 7263

7214



7214

7248

7246

FOR BRIDES

FOR that golden moment, we have in mind as glamorous a gown as ever floated down the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin. Eyes right, please.

Choose dull, dead white sheer crêpe for its supple, high-waisted lines and cascading draperies which merge with a sweeping train. The yoke and picturesque medieval collar should be rose point, Alençon or lovely Duchesse lace.

A froth of tulle for the veil, with a diadem of matching lace, dull crêpe slippers, a bouquet of African daisies, and there you are . . . the sort of bride you've always longed to be.

7263—Frock. Designed for 12 to 46. For 16—7½ yards 39-inch material, ½ yard 36-inch allover lace. Width 3¾ yards.

7260—Frock and Jacket Ensemble. Designed for 12 to 46. For 16—6¾ yards 36-inch allover lace, 5 yards ribbon.

7256—Frock. Designed for 14 to 42. For 16—3 yards 36-inch plaid, 1¾ yard for ruffling, 1¾ yard ribbon.

7262—Wrap. White organdie! Designed for 12 to 46. For 16—5¾ yards 42-inch material, including pleating.

7249—Coat. Taffeta makes your dark summer coat. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—4¾ yards 36-inch material.



7260

7256

7262



7249

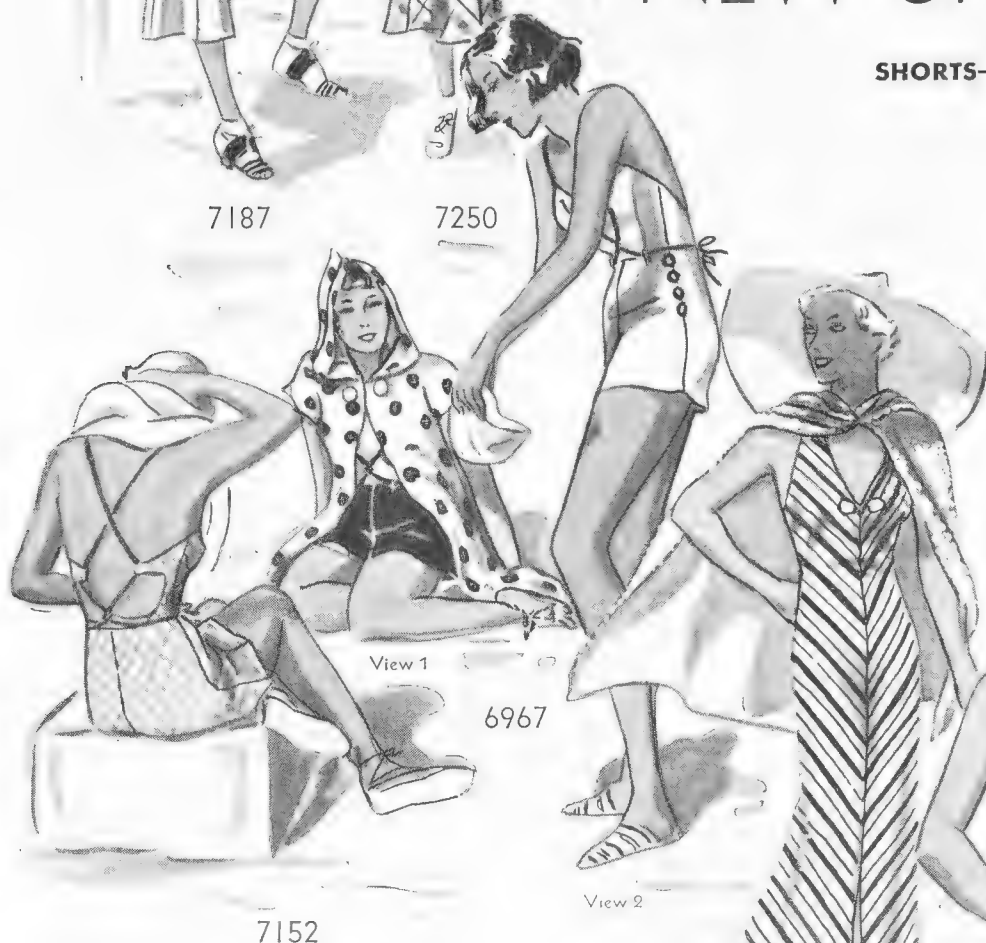
7263



NEW UNDER THE SUN

SHORTS—TAFFETA SWIM SUITS—SAILOR GIRL FROCKS

GET ready to laze on the sand in the glorious sunshine—or to win that tennis tournament with skill and chic. Keep in mind that linen shorts plus a striped linen top, plus a wrap-around skirt will serve no end of sporting purposes—that checked taffeta makes the smartest and most seaworthy of swim suits—that we're in the navy now, and fashion demands that we boast a bit of braid, a few stars, or at least a nautical-patterned cotton in our sun-back frocks. You'll find more sun-sand style news on the facing page.



7187—Frock and Shorts Ensemble. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16— $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch plain material, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-inch striped, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for belt. Width about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

7250—Frock. Wear it as a beach frock, or as a jumper with the blouse that's included. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16—3 yards 36-inch plaid material. Width about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard.

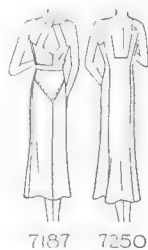
7152—Bathing Suit. Checked taffeta makes the grandest swim suit you ever saw. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16— $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch checked material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard plain for straps.

6967—Bathing Ensemble. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16—View 1, 4 yards 36-inch dotted material, 1 yard 54-inch light, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard dark; View 2, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 54-inch material.

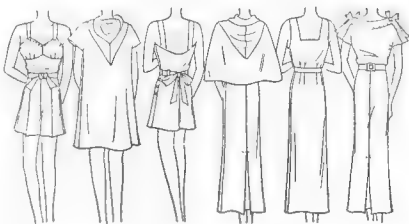
7251—Frock and Cape Ensemble. Designed for 12 to 40. For 16— $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch striped material for frock, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards plain for cape. Width of frock about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

7231—Frock and Jacket Ensemble. Designed for 12 to 44. For 16— $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch light for frock, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards braid, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 31-inch dark for jacket and belt, 3 yards braid.

7222—Frock. You may button the deep sun-back if you'd rather. Designed for 12 to 42. For 16— $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain. Width about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard.



7187 7250



7152 6967 6967 7251 7231 7222



7251

7222

7231



7015

7239

7245

7015—Sports Ensemble. Make the jacket alpaca, the sun-back blouse and shorts of checked taffeta! Designed for 12 to 40. For 16—2½ yards 36-inch dark, 2¾ yards checked, ¼ yards binding.

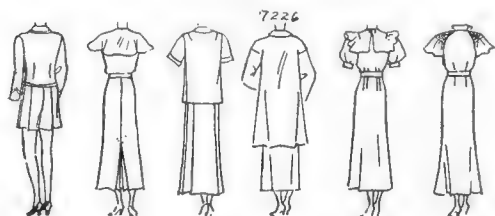
7239—Frock. For spectator sports, make it of pastel crêpe with velvet ribbon bows. Designed for 14 to 52. For 16—3¾ yards 39-inch material, 2¾ yards ribbon. Width about 2¼ yards.

7245—Frock and Jacket Ensemble. Taffeta makes this a sporting choice. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—3½ yards 39-inch print, 2¾ yards 36-inch plain for jacket. Width about 1½ yard.

7226—Coat. Designed for 12 to 46. 7217—Frock and Gilet. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—3¼ yards 36-inch light for coat, 2¾ yards 39-inch print for frock, ¾ yard 36-inch to trim.

7220—Frock. You can't pick too big a plaid, or too flattering a ruffle. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—3¾ yards 36-inch plaid, ¾ yard plain. Width about 1¾ yard.

7213—Frock. Printed sheers are cool news for a frock with shirred epaulets. Designed for 14 to 48. For 16—3¾ yards 39-inch printed material, 1½ yard ribbon. Width about 1¾ yard.



7015

7239

7245

7217

7220

7213

Coat 7226
Frock 7217

7220

7213

... A word or two more about action clothes—of course you're going to make yours! Gingham is getting more and more cheers in those bold plaided knee-length beach frocks and shorts costumes. Everything's bold, in fact—striped linens and seersuckers in vivid Mexican colors are trying to outshine the sun. The new terry cloth capes make grand beach rugs, too, and the Eskimo hoods that swing back so nonchalantly from the shoulders when not in use, are a life saver, if the wind is making too free with your tresses. The nautical note carries over into brisk little reefer jackets of flannel or alpaca, that are worn with everything from your tennis sailor frock to your bright checked taffeta play suits.

Now for spectator sports clothes. Femininity is the thing—just notice the big-brimmed hats on this page! Pastel crêpe and linen frocks are dressed up with capelets, and chic bows and sashes of velvet or grosgrain ribbon. Gay plaid taffetas and cool printed sheers, and these include quantities of sheer cottons, dot country club porches—they're perfect ice tea fashions.

Almost every frock has its jacket—reefers, hip-length boxy styles and finger-tip swaggers.

LOOK SLIM

YOU CAN — IN THESE LITTLE WOMEN AND LARGER-HIP FROCKS

HERE are a group of "ageless" frocks—by which we mean that they'll do wonders for any woman, regardless of whether she's young or on the sunny side of forty—if she happens to possess one of three types of figures. These are: the larger-than-average type, the average bust, but larger-hip type, and the type which is shorter in height than the average.

No. 7210 shows you how to make the most of the matronly figure. Aside from its very chic air, every line of it is calculated to make you look your slenderest.

The two frocks at the top of the page are accurately proportioned to suit the figure whose hips are a bit too prominent to suit their owner. Notice how decorative necklines, and the use of vertical stripes and seamings help to make hips a matter of little moment.

If you're short, you'll need lines that lift you up on your toes—like the straight stripe effect of the trimming of No. L.W. 7230, or the grand hip yoke of No. L.W. 7235. Those new raglan shoulders have an up-and-up look, too.

7210—Frock. Designed for 34 to 50. For 34— $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch printed material, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards pleating. Width about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

7259—Larger-Hip Frock. Designed for 35 to 49. For 41— $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch striped material, 1 yard plain. Width about 2 yards.

7240—Larger-Hip Frock. Designed for 35 to 49. For 41— $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch printed material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard plain. Width 2 yards.

7230—Little Women's Frock. Designed for $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $46\frac{1}{2}$. For $20\frac{1}{2}$ —3 yards 36-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard light, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard dark.

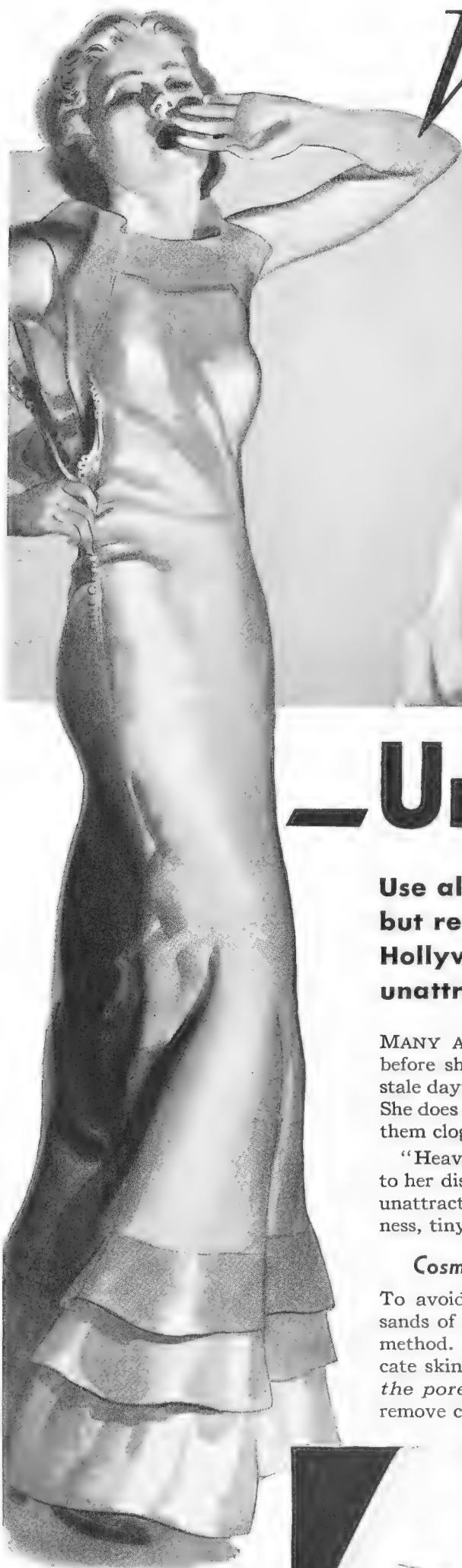
7235—Little Women's Frock. Designed for $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $46\frac{1}{2}$. For $20\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch print, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard plain. Width $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



7210 LH7259 LH7240 LW7230 LW7235



When you undress for bed—



—Undress your FACE too!

Use all the cosmetics you wish . . . but remove them thoroughly the Hollywood way . . . guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

MANY A GIRL who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed is actually leaving bits of stale daytime make-up to choke the pores all night. She does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but leaves them clogged day after day.

"Heavens! What's *wrong* with my skin!" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich

ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you can protect it—keep it so clear and beautiful!



Precious Elements in this Soap

In this remarkable soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are priceless, have used this pure soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!



I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin

Joan Blondell

WARNER BROTHERS STAR



7229

7227

Blouse 7223 Skirt 6771

7229—Frock. Dark prints are smart. Designed for 6 to 14 years. For 12—3 yards 36-inch printed material, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard plain, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard ribbon for tie.

7227—Frock. Why not plaid tissue gingham? Designed for 8 to 14 years. For 12—2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch plaid, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard plain, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard ribbon for sash.

7221—Coat. Cashmere is perfect in pastel shades for a top's summer coat. Note the stitching. Designed for 1 to 6 years. For 4—2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch.

7223—Blouse. Designed for 6 to 20 years. 6771—Skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. For 12—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch light material, 2 yards 31-inch dark.

7162—Suit. Young men like their summer suits in broadcloth. Note the smart British cut. Designed for 4 to 14 years. For 8—2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch.

7219—Frock and Panties. Dainty in dimity. Designed for 1 to 5 years. For 4—2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch print, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch plain, 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards edging.



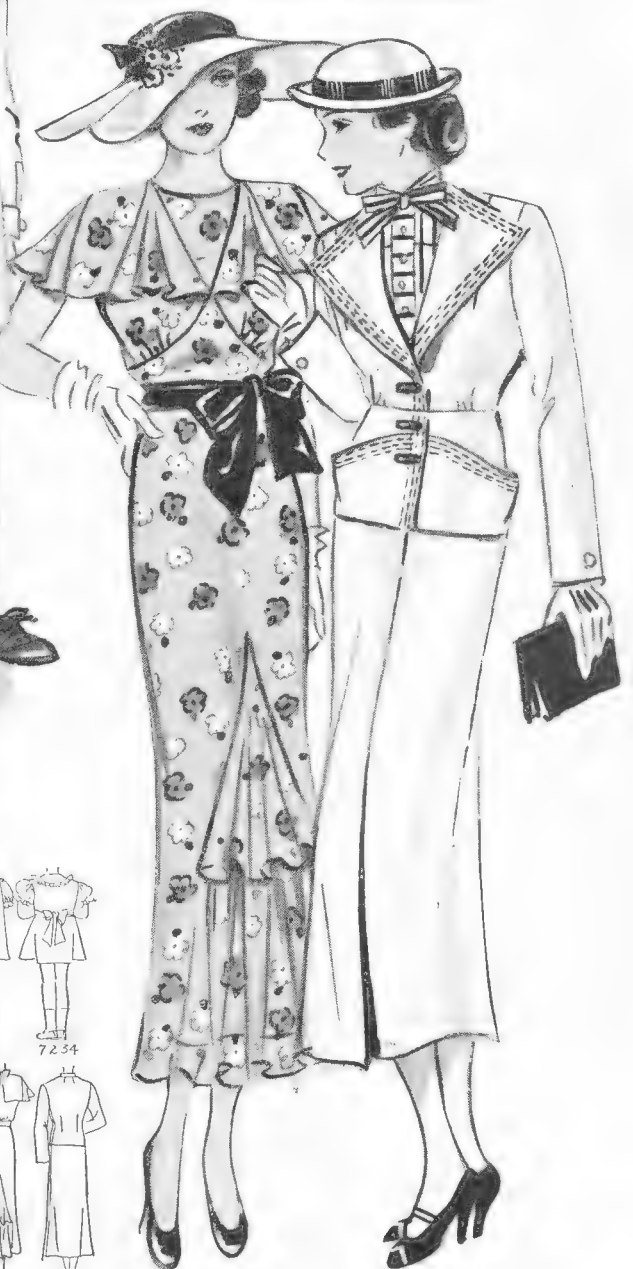
7219

7234

7234—Frock and Panties. Note the fichu collar that crosses and ties in back. Designed for 2 to 6 years. For 4—2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch print, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard ruffling.



7162



7165

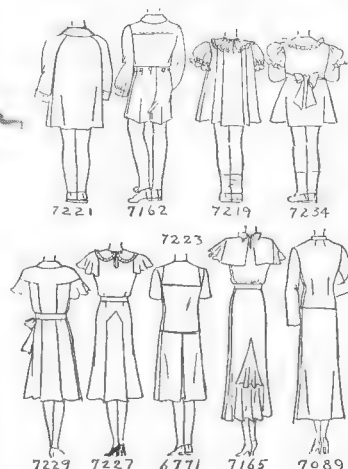
7089



7221

7165—Frock. Flounces make a sheer frock airy. Designed for 11 to 17 years. For 15—3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch print, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard ribbon. Width about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

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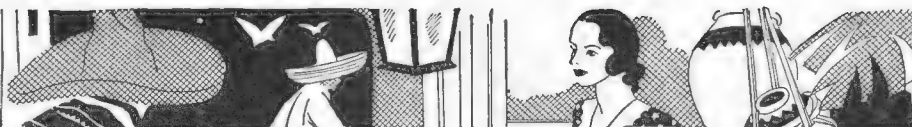
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Tempest Pastoral

Continued from page 56

mouth—a stricken gesture, and fear showed in her eyes. Suddenly she darted after them.

"Don Rafael," she called, "I know! Ramon can tell you where she has gone. He knows where Señor Gordon and Don Carlos Mendoza are hiding."

The hacendado looked at her, then started toward the aldea, his face grim. Kibada followed.

"Order every vaquero in," Don Rafael

commanded. "Have each one freshly mounted. Bring this Ramon to me at once. Ribada, will you remain here—or are you ready for such a ride?"

"I am ready at your command, Don Rafael," the mayordomo said.

"I am afraid we have kept you too long on the side, and allowed one who has done much harm to be dictator of our affairs!"

To be continued

Marie Dressler Turns Down a Fortune

Continued from page 11

store by Leila than even by her other daughter, who did turn out a beauty.

Even when Leila's infantile development proved to the neighbors that this was no little goddess born to the world's adornment, her mother saw her through prejudiced maternal eyes, which was not only unfair to mamma but a terrible despair to the ungainly little offspring. As Father Koerber's musical activities would take him to various Canadian towns, the mother would make church connections and always see to it that little Leila was in the spring parties, Christmas shows, and summer festivals.

Leila's propensity for looking impossible in her tulle skirts, for falling off pedestals at inopportune moments, for getting a laugh instead of applause, in no way brought despair on her doting parent, but it registered something important in the quick-witted baby Leila's mind.

At parties she was the wallflower until she made them laugh; at church suppers she was a flop unless she made an awful mistake and did something ridiculous. Even then she had not become reconciled to the fact that she was to be laughed at because she was funny. She learned.

As Father Koerber's income dwindled and the family obligations mounted, little Leila with her sense of responsibility felt she should do something about it. She and her pretty sister never went to school. They were taught at home by their mother, and most of Marie's education has been gleaned from the daily papers, as well as from a hard-fought and successful battle with life, which after all is the best teacher.

At fourteen Leila Koerber was completely surrounded by a hungry family. Her father tried hard enough, goodness knows, but he didn't seem successful. And Leila felt it was up to her. She was interviewed by the manager of a traveling musical show and given a general-utility job at the munificent salary of six dollars a week. It was then she changed her name to Marie Dressler, that of her favorite aunt, and her age to eighteen because she thought it was better. Every week she sent half of her meager stipend to the family at home.

After all these years, Miss Dressler still recalls that last night in her home, when her mother packed her few belongings in the general family suitcase and gave her last-minute advice on how to stay a good girl and how to keep her mind open to new things. Even then Marie dreamed she was destined for tragic parts. She hadn't yet learned her great gift for laughter. But she did learn.

For years she tramped all through Canada and the States. Her existence then was a continuous migration from furnished room to hall bedroom, and sometimes she wondered, when the company failed, how she would exist at all.

And she was so romantic in those days, it was pathetic. She couldn't see herself as others saw her, and she was always getting violent crushes on the handsomest man in the troupe, though his eyes invariably were focused on the pretty blond ingénue.

It's humorous now to read it, and occasionally it brings a half-sad smile to Miss Dressler's lips to recall it. But when you're

sixteen and think you're in love, unless you have some encouragement it's an adolescent tragedy. That's what her haphazard theatrical career was in those impressive years until she realized she was the comedienne and not the heroine. It's not an easy transition.

As she remembers, it was terrible at sixteen not to be taken seriously when you're in love whether you're homely as a hedge fence or beautiful as an angel's dream. Only Marie was never the favored one. That's not fair. She went through sleepless nights over unrequited love and endured hungry days in the wings watching the current apple of her eye. Eventually, I suppose, you get reconciled. At least Marie did.

New York was always Marie's professional dream. She got near and nearer. In fact as proximate as Philadelphia, where she obtained a chorus engagement in an opera stock company at eight dollars a week. Don't laugh. It was a two-dollar raise from her pay in Canada. Anyhow, eight years later she came back to the same city and played for \$1,600 a week in vaudeville. You can't help thinking of the scores of others who never come back.

Manhattan is only a train ride of a few hours from Philadelphia, but it's a step of several years for Miss Dressler, who finally found herself in electric lights over the marquee of the old Winter Garden. Even then she was such a hick that she and another girl got a furnished room where they could look out and see the sign when they went to sleep at night.

Finally she became a member of the Weber and Fields company, and that marked the start of her long friendship with Lillian Russell. Lillian was the beauty and Miss Dressler the comedy relief, but there was something that drew these two together until the famous beauty's death. Probably the tie was that Marie was never jealous. By that time she was accustomed to the idea that she must make people laugh. Now she's glad she was homely. As she says, "So many beautiful women never do anything about it."

Miss Dressler was seen in "The Bohemian Girl," "Black Robinson Crusoe," "My Lady Nicotine," and other productions. She made several detours into vaudeville, and on one migration became a hit in the London vaudeville halls. It was on a passage to the British Isles that she met Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who became her stanch friend and who introduced her to famous society folks, who are now her devoted admirers.

When a stage actor or actress has a long line of successes he or she eventually gets the producing bug. It has always been so. But the producing venture took all Marie's life savings, and after a pathetic effort on her own in London she returned to New York, sick at heart and in body. In her convalescence she signed for "Tillie's Nightmare." That's when your daughter was a baby, "Madame Marguerite." She sang that famous number of hers, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."

Later she was seen in "The Merry

Continued on page 67



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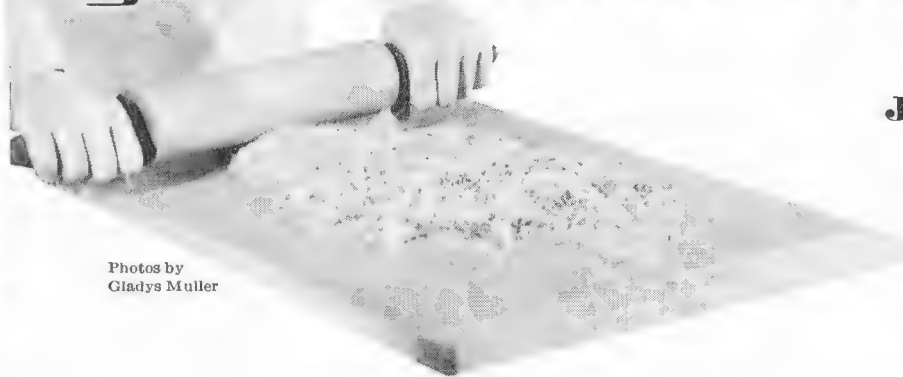
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Try a Cereal Dessert.



Photos by
Gladys Muller

NO MATTER how simple your food requirements in the summer time, a light dessert improves the tone of the simplest hot-day meal. Many housewives, in their anxiety to serve the family cooling, light meals, sometimes overlook the importance of desserts as a necessary part of the scheme of nutrition. Desserts can be as unheating as the occasion requires and at the same time very nourishing. Nothing takes their place.

Some of the most delicious and sustaining desserts are those you make from cereals—the ready-to-serve and uncooked cereals that you keep handy on your pantry shelves for breakfast. These cereals, like white bread, contain the very food properties that are vital to the growth of children and to the health of grown-ups. They furnish the greater part of the energy we use for our daily activities.

If we think of these cereals as foods solely for breakfast we limit their usefulness. The simplicity of a dessert which consists of one of the wide range of cereals, cream or milk, a little sugar, and one of the seasonable fruits appeals to many families. Ripe peaches, berries, and the faithful banana are always popular fruits for this combination. Other families like to add one of the dried fruits—either figs, prunes, dates, or apricots.

If you like your cereal dessert "dressed up" try the following recipes:

Scalloped Peaches

1 Cup Sugar
1/2 Teaspoon Salt
1/4 Teaspoon Nutmeg
1/2 Teaspoon Cinnamon
2 Cups Crumbled Shredded Wheat
3 Cups Sliced Peaches
2 Tablespoons Butter
4 Tablespoons Lemon Juice
4 Tablespoons Water

MELT the butter in the top of a double boiler over boiling water and add the crumbled cereal. Stir until well blended. Mix the spices with the sugar. Use a baking dish 7 inches in diameter and 3 inches deep and cover the bottom of the dish with the buttered crumbs. Add a layer of the peaches and sprinkle with the sugar mixture. Continue until the crumbs and peaches are used, leaving a layer of the crumbs on top. Add the water mixed with the lemon juice. Bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Use either canned or fresh peaches. To vary, use sliced bananas. Serve with cream or caramel sauce.

Caramel Sauce

1 1/2 Cups Sugar
1 Cup Water
1 Tablespoon Butter
1 Egg Yolk

MIX 1/2 of the sugar with the butter and caramelize by heating until melted and amber-colored. Mix the remaining sugar with the water, bring to a boil, and add the melted sugar and butter. Boil for 10 minutes. Pour the mixture slowly onto the beaten egg yolk, beating until well mixed. Return to the heat and cook for 2 minutes longer.

Chocolate Cereal Pudding

2 Cups Crumbled Shredded Wheat
1 Cup Sugar
3 Cups Milk
3 Eggs
2 Squares Chocolate
1 Teaspoon Shortening
1 Teaspoon Vanilla

HEAT the milk in the top of a double boiler over boiling water. Add the grated chocolate, stir until melted, and then add the sugar and shortening. Pour this mixture over the beaten eggs, blend thoroughly, and add the cereal and vanilla. Bake in a greased baking dish 7 inches in diameter and 3 inches deep. Have the oven moderately hot (350 degrees F.). Baking time 1/2 hour. Serve with plain cream or whipped cream.

Cereal Tapioca

4 Cups Milk
1/2 Cup Sugar
1/4 Teaspoon Salt
1/2 Cup Granulated Tapioca
2 Egg Yolks
1 Teaspoon Vanilla
1/2 Cup Grapenuts

PLACE the milk, sugar, salt, and tapioca in the top of a double boiler over boiling water. Stir frequently, and when thoroughly heated cook for 5 minutes. Remove from the fire and pour the mixture over the beaten eggs. Blend thoroughly and pour back into the double boiler. Heat, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and add the flavoring. Cool slightly and add the cereal. Chill and serve with cream.

Brown Sugar Crisps

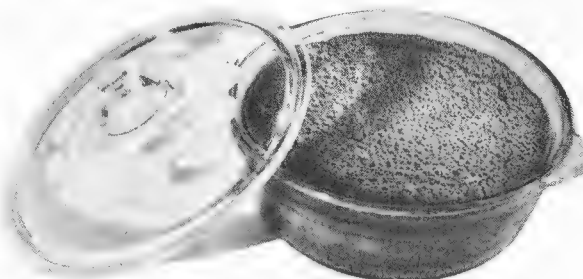
1 Cup Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 Tablespoons Brown Sugar
3 Cups Corn Flakes
1/2 Cup California Walnuts

COOK the sweetened condensed milk and brown sugar in a double boiler over boiling water until thick. Remove from the fire and add the cereal, mixing thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-greased pan about 1 inch apart. Bake for 10 or 12 minutes, or until brown, in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Makes 2 dozen.

Macaroons

2 Egg Whites
1/4 Teaspoon Salt
3/4 Cup Sugar
1/2 Teaspoon Vanilla
1 Cup Crumbled Shredded Wheat
1/2 Cup California Walnuts (Chopped Coarsely)

BEAT the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add the salt and then add the sugar slowly, beating vigorously all the while. Add the vanilla and fold in the crumbled cereal and nuts. Then drop the batter by teaspoonfuls on a greased



By
Julia Bliss Joyner

baking sheet about an inch apart. For baking the oven must be slow (275 degrees F.). Bake from 20 to 30 minutes, or until the surface seems dry to touch. Remove from the oven and allow to stand for a minute before removing from the pan.

Raisin Cookies

1 1/2 Cups Sweetened Condensed Milk
1/2 Cup Peanut Butter
2 1/2 Cups Puffed Wheat
1/2 Cup Seedless Raisins
1/2 Cup Shredded Coconut

THOROUGHLY blend the sweetened condensed milk, peanut butter, raisins, and coconut. Add the cereal. Shape with the hands into small flat cakes. Place on a greased baking sheet and bake for 10 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.), or until delicately browned. Remove from the pan while still warm. Makes 3 dozen.

Honey Ginger Cookies

1/2 Cup Honey
1/2 Cup Sugar
3/4 Cup Melted Shortening
1 Egg
1 Cup Flour
1/4 Teaspoon Salt
1 1/2 Teaspoons Baking Powder
1/2 Teaspoon Ginger
1 Cup Quaker Oats

MIX the honey, sugar, melted shortening, and well-beaten egg. Add the flour, salt, baking powder, and ginger, sifted together. Add cereal. From a teaspoon drop on a greased baking sheet and bake in a slow oven (325 degrees F.) about 35 to 40 minutes. These cookies may be rolled or not as desired.

Pineapple-and-Date Pudding

3/4 Cup Cream of Wheat
3 1/4 Cups Water
1 Teaspoon Salt
1/2 Cup Chopped Dates
2 Cups Canned Crushed Pineapple
1 Cup Butter
1 Cup Brown Sugar
1 Egg

HEAT the water in the top of a double boiler until boiling. Add the salt and slowly add the cereal, stirring constantly. Cook over the flame until the mixture begins to thicken. Add the chopped dates, place over boiling water, and cook for 15 minutes. Cream together the sugar and the butter until well blended. Add the beaten egg. Mix well. Add the crushed pineapple and cooked cereal. Return the mixture to the double boiler and cook over boiling water for 5 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Top with whipped cream.

THE HOME BUREAU

All Pictorial Review recipes are tested with definite heat and utensil measurements in our own kitchen on gas and electric ranges.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

PICTORIAL REVIEW July 1934



Marie Dressler Turns Down a Fortune

Continued from page 65

"Gambols" and toured the country. While on the West Coast Mack Sennett talked her into appearing in a film comedy of his, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," which eventually brought fame to Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand. Marie didn't like the cinema. She felt it was degrading, and longed for the footlights. But then came the War, and, as you might expect, Marie went heart and soul into selling Liberty Bonds. So that the Armistice found her jobless.

It marked a new era which had little in sympathy with hefty comédiennes. The Americans wanted youth and beauty and pretty music. That let Marie out.

It wasn't a season or two. But nearly ten years that Marie struggled along, completely out of the picture. She couldn't admit defeat. She pretended to be resting; she said she was recuperating from an illness, and all the time she felt it was over. She was broke, and I don't mean down to her last \$5,000.

Marie knew that everybody was going into pictures. But what chance had a homely old woman? In desperation she moved on to California. First she took bits which earned her little income, and finally in desperation she had an idea that she would go to Europe and open a tiny hotel there.

As she was making ready for her transcontinental trip, along came "Anna Christie," and you know the rest. It's been a series of successes since that culminated in the award to her of the Motion Picture Academy silver cup for her work in Garbo's first talkie. Now she's under long-term contract to M-G-M, and could have a salary double her present compensation from any West Coast studio.

That's the professional side of Marie Dressler. Personally, there's a different story. She was married for years to an invalid of whom the world never heard. Only Marie and he knew what she sacrificed for him.

Her colored maid, Mamie Cox, who has been in her employ for many years, is still with her. Mamie has a husband who is of secondary importance to Mamie. Her first obligation is to Miss Dressler. Right now Cox is working on the Dressler Beverly Hills estate, but wherever Miss Dressler goes there goes the faithful Mamie.

She chooses Marie's foods, she makes Marie's engagements, and even when Miss Dressler was invited to visit the Roosevelts at the White House overnight, Mamie packed what she thought her mistress would need, and trudged along. When they are in a New York hotel Mamie shares her mistress's suite, supervises her activities, and lays out her costumes. She thinks Miss Dressler couldn't live without her. And so does Marie.

ONE of the most revealing stories I ever heard about Miss Dressler occurred on the eve of her departure for Washington and her White House sojourn. She had just come from a visit to her Manhattan specialist and was not feeling quite gay. But when a friend visited her she had on her hat and was wrapping up a large bottle of spirits that she was taking over to the East Side. It was to be a present to the caretakers of a home for the aged, where an old stage actress was spending her last days.

"I'm giving them this so they'll take good care of—" she said. And off she went in a cab while the telephone rang frantically. She almost missed the Washington special.

When she first obtained her present film contract Miss Dressler rented a two-story brick house in Hollywood. Now she has a beautiful Beverly Hills estate, a cook, and a chauffeur whose name is, believe it or not, Meadows.

She is an excellent bridge player, but often enjoys a game of solitaire, especially in the evening when Mamie Cox decides Miss Dressler has worked too hard that day to go out to any parties. When

Marie returns from the studio, Mamie bundles her mistress off to bed and brings her dinner on a tray. As often as not it is Mamie who decides whether Miss Dressler will go out to a dinner or an evening party, and Marie has learned to abide by her judgment.

When the new Dressler home was purchased the devoted maid packed Marie off to Palm Springs and wouldn't let her return until the house was completely in order. Evidently Miss Dressler was satisfied with the way Mamie had arranged the furniture because nothing has been moved since.

ALL through those ups-and-downs, years of barnstorming and tramping and job hunting, Miss Dressler's dreams were of a home where she could rest, far away from the troubles of a theatrical world. She has her home, but she's still working, for she's been in harness too long to be satisfied with many easy hours.

Even when she was so ill two years ago that one of her productions had to be temporarily postponed, as soon as she was able she appeared on the set, worked as long as she could, and rested between scenes. Two pictures in particular were made under terrific handicaps, but if her public's enthusiastic reaction was anything to Marie, the reception of these films more than compensated her. She has a friendly way of treating everybody around her, whether it's a cameraman or a costar. Everybody is "dear" or "darling" to her, without any affectation.

At fourteen Marie believed she was meant to be a tragédienne. At forty she'd

character, and she had a return of that old longing to go serious in the flickers. Fortunately the proper vehicles were found for her, and on each occasion, whether she were in a supporting part or in the featured lead, she managed to steal the picture.

Hollywood is a strange place of many jealousies, and when a signal honor is handed some particular player there are always mutterings of favoritism. But on that important occasion when Miss Dressler was given the Academy award as the outstanding screen actress of the year, the hundreds who were gathered at the dinner gave a sincere demonstration of their complete agreement with the choice. There was no rancor. How could any one question the justice of recognizing fifty years of struggle with the final crown of glory?

It's been more than half a century since those early years in the little Canadian tank towns when Marie Dressler earned her six dollars a week—some weeks. There has been no time in all those fifty or more years when she wasn't deep in the struggle, and now at sixty-two she's still fighting it out. Many of her associates of the old days are long since gone, but Marie has never been out of step.

SHE likes to surround herself with young people, and they enjoy being with her, not because she's a famous star, but because her wit is always sharpened and her spirit gay. She's the outstanding example of a woman who has given her life to a career. Has the result satisfied her? She thinks so, for, as she says, it's a mistake to expect too much out of life.

On the subject of marriage she has very definite ideas. She believes, like so many others who have given their years to their work, that marriage should be more important to a woman than any activity which might occupy her energies in the professional or business world.

She's strong on a woman's being financially independent but believes that a wife is a fool to try to secure independence at the cost of her home and happiness. She says she has seen too many women in the past ten years who have taken their work into their married lives and have lost their husbands in the bargain. The only married woman who can succeed in a business way, to her is the sort of woman who can manage two big jobs at the same time.

On the other hand, she pities the energetic young wife, used to working every day, who gives up her outside activities and tries to occupy her long hours of the day with doing trivial things or in idleness. When there are children, however, Miss Dressler says, a woman's responsibility belongs to them, and she has no right to work unless she is able to provide the most competent care and training for her children.

Once, Miss Dressler recalls, her ambition was to make a million dollars. Now she's given that idea up completely. She says she'd use up all her energy amassing that wealth and would have none left with which to enjoy it.

Whenever any one asks her for advice she always tells him, "Be patient." But she doesn't expect young people to follow that philosophizing.

On one occasion she was asked, "What gave you the first laugh that you can remember?"

"Looking at people," she replied. "And I'm still laughing."

Charlie Chaplin is her favorite comedian because she believes that comedy and pathos can never be divorced, a conviction she has carried into every role.

And these days out on the West Coast, after she has worked all day in a studio so that people in thousands of theaters will forget their worries for an hour and laugh with her, perhaps cry a little, too, she puts on her hat, gets into her car, a smile spreads across her wrinkled face, she waves a hand to her associates, and says in a satisfied voice, "I'm going home."

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6771	25	1/-	7235 L.W.	50	2/-
6787	25	1/-	7237	35	1/6
6790	25	1/-	7238	45	2/-
6967	50	2/-	7239	25	1/-
7015	50	2/-	7240 L.H.	50	2/-
7089	50	2/-	7244	50	2/-
7152	45	2/-	7245	50	2/-
7162	30	1/3	7246	50	2/-
7165	45	2/-	7248	50	2/-
7187	35	1/6	7249	50	2/-
7209	45	2/-	7250	50	2/-
7210	45	2/-	7251	50	2/-
7211	25	1/-	7252	50	2/-
7213	35	1/6	7253	50	2/-
7214	45	2/-	7254	50	2/-
7217	25	1/-	7255	50	2/-
7219	25	1/-	7256	50	2/-
7220	25	1/-	7258	50	2/-
7221	25	1/-	7259 L.H.	50	2/-
7222	25	1/-	7260	\$1.00	4/-
7223	25	1/-	7262	\$1.00	4/-
7225	25	1/-	7263	\$1.00	4/-

given up all hope. With her features and heavy figure, no theatrical manager in the world could see her in a serious rôle. Even after her return to Hollywood she was put in comedy parts exclusively.

There were those vehicles in which she and Polly Moran shared honors, hilariously amusing and sometimes slightly ribald. But even in these rôles, Marie managed to get over a sympathy for the

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The PACE OF THE ARTS

A Monthly Survey of Events in the Creative World



BETWEEN THE BOOK COVERS. Sinclair Lewis has added another portrait to his group of familiar American faces. While "Dodsworth," the epic of a retired business man, is playing on Broadway, his new novel, "Work of Art," is heading best-seller lists. In the past Mr. Lewis, whose facile pen is dipped in vitriol, has delved into many phases of American life.

In this new book the protagonist is a young boy just beginning his career, armed with the ambition and loving devotion of the artist to create the perfect hotel. The author shows the futility of a man who plugged at his "art," only to find it elude his grasp. And he draws a sharp contrast between the idealistic business man and his intellectual brother who attended Yale for a day.

After reading this saga of hotel management, we feel qualified to step forward as manager and to deal adequately with any difficulties that might arise from a broken gasket in the boiler room to a love-nest murder. In this story of a chain of hosteleries from 1890 to the present time we get a panorama of American life as it flows in and out of these temporary homes—from the traveling representatives of the early days who knew the culinary specialties of each inn to the colony of alimony widows of the present era.

Whether we agree with Lewis or not, we have to admit that he always writes a good story—vigorous and provoking, and one that may prick some of our favorite bubbles. It was fun to speculate as books fresh with printer's ink poured out from the publishers which one would dislodge "Anthony Adverse" from its seemingly impregnable position as first best seller. Sinclair Lewis, the only American who has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, seems to have turned the trick.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS. The interchange between Hollywood and Broadway these days is so felicitous and bright with stars that it makes drama reviewing for our readers a kind of advance notice of what will later be in the movies as well as an account of what your favorite actors are doing when off the "lot."

Walter Huston has been giving distinguished screen performances for the past five years. He returns now to the legitimate stage in a play made from Sinclair Lewis's novel "Dodsworth." His personal magnetism, his perceptive and discriminating acting as *Samuel Dodsworth* have made him a brilliant success.

If you read "Dodsworth" you will remember that Mr. Lewis penetrates the character of the American business man who is happy as long as he is in harness, but who becomes a gasping fish out of water as soon as he gives up industry to pursue "leisure."

Mr. Huston as the retired motor-car manufacturer who leaves Zenith, O., to learn how to enjoy life, finds himself learning about all sorts of things he didn't want to know—chiefly his wife's new flair for infidelity. As the genuine, straightforward, handsome he man, a little bewildered by his widened horizons, Mr. Huston portrays every nuance of character, and as a result exercises a fatal charm upon the feminine element of his audience.

Fay Bainter (who has also been in pictures) plays the childishly frivolous and superficial wife, who demands her last fling at youth. Nan Sutherland (who in reality is Mrs. Huston) is the well-poised woman of the world to whom *Dodsworth* eventually turns in his quest for a new life. Her depth of understanding is in dramatic juxtaposition to the wife's shallow nature.

Since "Dodsworth" is a hit, and since Mr. Huston has an enormous following throughout the country, the

producer promises to take the play to every community where a playhouse is available. But you'll have to wait months for this because New York audiences are not likely to relinquish Mr. Huston very soon.

And that producer, Max Gordon, is worth knowing about. His record of achievement indicates uncanny insight or amazing luck. Short, stocky, businesslike, determined—never without his cigar—he has been a force in the theater for twenty-five years. He has yet to meet with a failure produced under his own name. In the past three years his nine shows have been, in Broadway parlance, "smashes." At the moment, with four current hits, his position is unrivaled. They are "Her Master's Voice," "Roberta," "The Shining Hour," and "Dodsworth." Mr. Gordon, himself, must have had more than one shining hour of inspiration and revelation to accomplish this phenomenon.

This quartet of hits, representing almost all shades of activity in the legitimate theater, proves Mr. Gordon's

GEORGE ARLISS in his latest picture, "The House of Rothschild," succeeds very admirably in being less of Arliss than usual, perhaps due to the fact that he has a real character to portray. There were background and history attached to the founder of the house of Rothschild, and when a movie is founded on such rocks it is generally a good film. This one is.

Arliss, as the old Jew who founds the house of Rothschild while on his deathbed, gives an understanding and picturesque portrayal of that old Jew. Later in the picture, as the founder's son, *Nathan*, he dominates the film to the exclusion of almost all of the rest of the rather lengthy cast. This, however, is due to the work of the scenarioist, and not to the desire of Mr. Arliss to "hog" the picture.

The play was written in that manner, and while such "one-man" stories are usually rather poor, this one is proof that it can be done successfully merely by etching the surrounding characters with a fine pen and giving the parts to good actors. All in all, we would say that this will be remembered as the greatest film achievement of Mr. Arliss—a sincere portrayal given with a thorough understanding of Jewish traits and characteristics.

There is much good character acting to admire in this film. As *Mother Rothschild*, an excellent performance is given by Helen Westley, and Florence Arliss as *Hannah*, wife of the young *Nathan*, is admirable. Alan Mowbray, Boris Karloff, Robert Young, and a host of others all lend excellent efforts to a finished performance. Loretta Young as the daughter of *Nathan* gives a fine characterization of the trials and tribulations of a Jewish girl in love with a Gentile lad.

C. Aubrey Smith, as usual, deserves a paragraph to himself for his human and lifelike portrait of the bluff and blunt and decidedly unaristocratic *Duke of Wellington*. Here is a bit of acting to warm your heart.

The release of this picture, dealing with the oppression of the Jews in Germany in 1780 and their less demonstrative unpopularity in France during the same period, was well timed to coincide with present-day events in Germany under Hitler.

SOME ONE had nerve and good judgment and, remembering Clark Gable's work as a gangster, plunged him into "It Happened One Night," from which the glamorous Gable emerged as a comedian of the first water. By his excellent work in this film, Clark Gable has done what few other actors have ever been able to do—he has lifted himself above and out of the range of "type" parts. From now on you'll see Clark in a variety of parts which will require acting.

Claudette Colbert, too, is an actress to her fingertips, and in this film is just as fine in her way as Gable is in his. Claudette has a knack of inviting your confidence and securing instead your whole-hearted sympathy and love. Also individual credit of the highest order is due to every member of the cast.

It would be difficult to single out any particular person in charge of this production. There are too many. All have worked together with fine taste and discrimination and with an uncanny sense of dramatic value which resulted in a picture that keeps you laughing through the entire performance.

You leave your seat and transport yourself right into the middle of Claudette's worries and Clark's tribulations. You become they, and they become you—and no one can produce anything which is greater than that. The story? What does it matter? It might have happened. At least it is so well done that it seems as though it were happening.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH



Never has the much-maligned American business man been such an appealing figure until the handsome, dynamic Walter Huston portrays him as Dodsworth. Irving Sussman, the artist, has caught in his portrait of Mr. Huston those qualities which have endeared him to his large motion-picture public and to his ever-increasing theater fans

versatility as a showman. "Her Master's Voice" was the first to open, and is a middle-class comedy, brittle and blithe. It takes Roland Young, with his insouciant manner, to point up the humorous aspects of losing one's job.

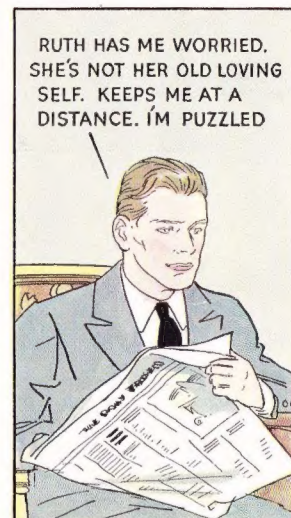
"Roberta" is a spectacular musical comedy, with a style show that will make any woman forget her budget. "The Shining Hour," with an all-English cast, presents some of the most superb acting of the season.

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cleansings. Nothing, dear lady, takes the place of a *pure* soap. **PROCTER & GAMBLE**

FOUND—my fresh, clear complexion. My husband loves it! Even the baby patty-cakes my face as if she's proud of me! I owe it all to Ivory! Heavens, how did I come to forget that I'd been brought up on Ivory? No wonder my complexion felt hurt when I tried all those fancy perfumed and colored soaps. I know now that far-fetched beauty promises do *not* make a *pure* soap. **THRILLED**

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